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Memoir & Remains

OF THE

REV. CORNELIUS NEALE, M.A.

Memoir & Remains

OF THE

REV. CORNELIUS NEALE, M.A.

MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. CORNELIUS NEALE, M.A.

FORMERLY FELLOW OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED, HIS

REMAINS;

BEING

SERMONS, ALLEGORIES, & VARIOUS COMPOSITIONS IN PROSE AND VERSE.

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY

THE REV. WILLIAM JOWETT, M.A.

LATE FELLOW OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

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PREFACE.

To some of those intimate friends, who, after a lapse of ten years, still hold the subject of this Memoir in most affectionate remembrance, it may have been matter of mingled surprise and regret, that an authentic account of his Life and Death was not sooner drawn up, and that his papers were not earlier arranged, so as to be presented in a permanent form. The performance of this office of friendship having, after so long a period, devolved on me, some brief explanation of the causes of delay may be expected.

To become, even in this limited sense, the

Biographer of my dear deceased friend, was a thought that had, till a year ago, never once entered my mind. At the time of his death, I was occupied by Missionary duties in the Mediterranean; from which scene of labour I was not finally withdrawn till nearly eight years after. In the course of last year, however, happening to spend some time near his family, I sought the opportunity of ascertaining, from his bereaved partner, whether there might not be materials worthy of preservation among his papers; and, moreover, whether something might not be done towards securing, to his children and his immediate friends, records which (judging from a few letters I had formerly received) I was induced to suppose would prove interesting and useful.

The result of the conversations and correspondence which ensued, showed me, first, that "the half had not been told me" of those touching and instructive circumstances which attended my friend's conversion; and,

next, that there were various papers left by him, which it would be very desirable to collect and arrange.

The account which I then, almost for the first time, received of the peculiar circumstances of his conversion, and his eminently Christian course from that period till his removal from this world to his eternal rest, appeared to me not only very remarkable, but calculated to impress upon the minds of some, moving in a similar walk of literary cultivation, such deep convictions as ordinary cases fail to excite. To obtain this account in writing, I suggested to Mrs. Neale to forward it to me in the form of a Letter; which, not without much painful exertion, she was enabled to effect. At the same time, his papers were transmitted to me, accompanied with another Letter; some extracts from which will explain the causes of the delay already alluded to, in preparing any thing for the press. Mrs. Neale writes:—

"I inclose the papers you wished to see; together with a faithful, though it may be too particular, account of the latter part of the life of one whose early friendship I know you entirely possessed;—of one whom, I also know, you loved and valued.

"The unfeigned deep humility, and genuine unobtrusiveness of character, of my dear husband made it doubtful, in the minds of his dearest friends, as to the permission which he would have given to the most private circulation of any of his papers. He made it one of his requests to me, in his last illness, that no account should be sent of his last hours to the periodical publications of the day; naming two of them particularly; —because he was afraid, that the partiality of friends, and their ignorance of the interior of his heart, would render them incapable of giving a faithful memorial of him. Subsequently to this, however, he virtually withdrew this injunction, by commencing to dictate to me his own account of the deal-

ings of God with him, for the purpose of printing after his death. But the overwhelming sense of his former state of alienation from God, together with his admiring love of the tender mercy which had drawn him so powerfully, yet so gently, to the Saviour, was too much for his then weak bodily frame. He acquiesced in the reasons urged by me to prevent this exertion, and desisted from his design."

But, if liberty to commit some memorial to the press was thus more than conceded by the manifest design and wish of the deceased, there still remained another difficulty, arising from the nature of the undertaking itself. This cannot, perhaps, be better expressed, than in the following additional extract from the above-mentioned communication to me:—

"That greatly-valued clerical friend," Mrs. Neale writes, "whom it pleased God to make the instrument of so much spiritual good to

the subject of this Memoir, speaks thus of him, in a Letter written some months after his death :—' I know enough to assure you, that it will be no easy matter to convey to others the divine simplicity of your husband's faith ; the holy determination of his mind ; and the deep, child-like humility with which he listened to every thing which was fairly proposed to him from the Word of God. Of his previous character and sentiments (except so far as general expressions dropt in our conversations led me to infer) I know nothing positively : but I should suppose that he had been, in heart, not far removed from infidelity ; that he seldom prayed in secret ; and was deeply imbued with the pride of literature. To show his long continuance in unbelief ; and then fully and fairly to state, that a few poor words were accompanied with such a mighty effect, continued, and increased, to the overthrow of the great idols, Reason and Literature— this will be no easy task.' "

It can excite no surprise, that, shrinking from a task so arduous, and so acutely touching to the memory, Mrs. Neale should, in her Letter to me, sum up her remarks in one brief sentence: "This difficulty has long been most fully felt." The effort, however, having been at length made by her, I will venture to state my opinion, that it was well for her, and for her friends, that she was persuaded to encounter the severe task. That series of circumstances, and those reflections upon them, which her lamented husband expressed to her in his last illness, and was preparing to dictate for her pen, together with a variety of other instructive incidents and observations treasured up in her retentive memory, are, consequently, here communicated in the most simple and natural manner.

Among the papers committed to me for inspection, was a Memorial Sketch of him, drawn up, not long after his death, by our mutual friend, the Rev. Thomas Grinfield.

Of this, by Mr. Grinfield's kind concession, I have so far been enabled to avail myself, as to give an account of Mr. Neale's earliest youth: more than this could not advantageously be used, as the remainder consisted chiefly of portions of Letters describing the circumstances of his death; which are to be found more exactly detailed in the account written by Mrs. Neale. It was also necessarily wanting in all the more important circumstances concerning his conversion; which were confidentially and fully related by him only to Mrs. Neale, and this chiefly in his last illness.

Some account of the interval extending from his school-days, through his College-career, and nearly up to the time of his marriage, has been supplied by myself. Of these memoranda I can only say, that they are strictly faithful; having been drawn from a memory, ever most deeply mindful of that period.

The value of this work to his family and

friends must depend upon its accordance with truth. That the God of Truth and Love had special designs to answer by the remarkable course of his servant, cannot be doubted: under this conviction, care has been taken not to colour, or disguise, a single sentiment or fact. As to any possible abuse of a narrative of this kind, such an account must, it is true, contain some particulars, illustrating the deepest workings of the corrupt human heart; the disclosure of which may, to some, be an occasion of evil; especially to persons of a congenial taste and temperament. But the account carries with it the appointed antidote: and if his friends, the younger among them especially, will but peruse the whole of this volume from the beginning to the end, and carefully compare its representations with the Scriptures of Truth, they will find their judgments far from bewildered: rather, they will gain a clearer insight into the certainty of things sacred, spiritual, and eternal. It would have

been, though not an uninstructive, yet a mournful review, indeed, to his friends, had the moral taught by his life been no more than this:—*God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions.* Wakened, however, from his dream of vanities, and roused to put on the armour of Light, he has illustrated the brighter and more cheering side of Truth; leaving us a pattern of Christian simplicity and devotedness, beautifully adapted to display the reality of that divine principle, on which he rested, and by which he lived—FAITH WHICH WORKETH BY LOVE!

W. J.

September 10*th*, 1833.

POSTSCRIPT.

It may be proper to state, that the preceding remarks formed, in substance, the Preface to a Volume, of which Mrs. Neale had a few copies printed, last year, for private circulation among her more immediate friends and acquaintance.

The very marked interest with which the Volume was welcomed by those friends, amply proved that ten years had not abated, but rather strengthened, their feelings of affection toward the subject of the Memoir. At the urgent solicitation of many individuals, the weight of whose judgment could not but be acknowledged, Mrs. Neale has subsequently been induced to allow the entire Work to be published. It is now, therefore, reprinted; in the hope that its usefulness, which has already been in some measure proved, may thus, by the Divine Blessing, be more generally extended.

The readers of the former, unpublished, Volume will perceive in the present Work some alterations and additions; but these are comparatively unimportant; scarcely touching the narrative, and not materially affecting the substance of the other parts of the Work.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Neale, the profits arising from the sale of the book, if any, will be given to the funds of the Church Missionary Society.

London, April 15th, 1834.

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Memoir.

MEMOIR

OF

THE REV. C. NEALE.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH OF MR. NEALE—THE PIOUS CHARACTER OF HIS PARENTS—ACCOUNT OF HIS ELDEST BROTHER, BENJAMIN—LINES WRITTEN BY HIM, ON THE DEATH OF HIS ELDEST BROTHER—BRIEF ACCOUNT OF HIS SISTER AND HIS SECOND BROTHER, AND OF THEIR DEATHS—CHARACTER OF HIS MOTHER—VARIOUS LETTERS FROM HER TO HER YOUNGEST SON—HER DEATH.*

CORNELIUS NEALE, born August 12th, 1789, was the youngest child of Mr. James Neale, of St. Paul's Church Yard, who for many years conducted a large china-manufactory. His father was twice married: the family by his first wife consisted of seven children, who, all but one son, died in infancy or very early life. This son lived long enough to experience the judicious and tender treatment of his mother-in-law, but died in early manhood.

* The materials of this chapter are furnished partly by Mrs. Neale and other members of the family; partly by the Rev. T. Grinfield and myself.—EDITOR.

Mr. Neale married, for his second wife, a lady from Staffordshire, Elizabeth Simpson, the greatly-revered mother of his seven last children. He was a man of sound and zealous piety: and while sedulously attentive to his temporal occupations, and, through God's blessing, very prosperous in them, he was indefatigably active in promoting the cause of religion. The venerable John Newton was the intimate friend and visitor of this family. With his assistance, in 1792, they established a meeting for social prayer in their house, during the awful period of the French Revolution. Mr. Newton also conducted a monthly lecture in their family, till the period of his death. Of the London Missionary Society, in particular, Mr. Neale was one of the earliest, warmest and steadiest upholders. A small river bearing his name is to be found in some of the maps of this Society's settlements. It was thus called as a slight acknowledgment of their obligations to him. On the capture of the "Duff," a ship employed by that Society in the conveyance of the Missionaries, he came with the tidings to his wife; but under too much distress to be able immediately to relate them; and under such evident grief, that she concluded the calamity he had to communicate must be of a very heavy and personal kind: and no personal loss ever so much affected him.

"It was the custom of Mr. and Mrs. Neale" (as related by one of the members of the family) "to retire together every evening, after tea, for prayer.

I apprehend," he adds, "this was the time that they most especially pleaded for their children, their grand-children, and near connexions."

Of Mr. Neale's second family, only four lived to mature years: Benjamin, Hannah, Samuel, and Cornelius.

Benjamin, the eldest son, was placed under the same course of classical tuition, at Paul's Cray, as his two younger brothers; but, after a few years, he was removed, to take an active share in his father's business. From conscientious motives, and in a spirit of filial obedience, he applied himself sedulously and successfully to the duties he undertook; and his youngest brother frequently remarked, that, if he relinquished the allurements of literature, it was neither from want of inclination for such pursuits, nor from deficiency of talent to have rendered him eminent in them. But, besides possessing a naturally amiable and yielding diposition, the grace of God appeared early to have touched his heart, and made him anxious only to be found in the strait path of duty. His engagements, however, did not preclude him from paying attention to general reading and information in the useful literature of the day: and in the fatigue of committees, and societies for the promotion of the Gospel, his labour and strength were usefully and most cheerfully expended. As a speaker in large meetings and public societies, Mr. Benjamin Neale was remarked, not only for his touching, simple, and perfectly natural, but often-

times for his very powerful, eloquence. This life of usefulness, however, was short. A rapid decline carried him off, in the thirtieth year of his age, August 6th, 1816; four years after his marriage, and two years and a half after the death of his father, Mr. James Neale.

Mrs. Neale, sen. was thus bereft of one, who was becoming more and more the stay and comfort of her declining years. The following lines, written on the occasion, by her youngest son, Cornelius, express his tender sympathy towards his aged and widowed mother, and convey also a very just tribute to the memory of his eldest brother.

TO HIS MOTHER,

ON THE DEATH OF HIS BROTHER BENJAMIN.

O weep not for him! 'tis unkindness to weep;
The weary, weak body hath fallen asleep:
No more of fatigue or endurance it knows;—
O weep not! O break not the gentle repose!

He sleeps, oh, how kindly! on Jesus's breast;
Never more the sick dreamings shall trouble his rest;
And her lips, that would healing and comfort restore,
Shall burn his cold lips and cold cheeks never more.

Weep not, that so soon he is gone to be blest!
He gave to his God the first hours, and the best:
Can the labourer cease from his labour too soon?
He wrought all the morning, and rested at noon.

Short, short was the circuit his sun journey'd through;
But the air was unruffled, the heaven was blue;
And the clouds, the thick clouds, that hung round him at night
Only caught and more richly reflected his light.

We gather the flower when full in its bloom,
While brightest in colour and best in perfume;
And the victim was given to God, in old time,
Without spot, without blemish, a male in his prime.

Then weep not!—Ah me! as I say it, I weep;
The wound is too cutting, the sorrow too deep:
Weep on!—it is nature will have it—weep on!
We speak of his graces;—those graces are gone.

Dear mother! I turn to each birth-day of thine;—
What sorrowful chances have mark'd thy decline!
The winds blow sad music, the yellow leaves fall,
And winter comes gloomily, wrapt in a pall.

Yet murmur not, murmur not! His the decree,
Who is better, far better, than ten sons to thee:
Though writhing and smarting, yet welcome the rod!
Though in doubt and in darkness, O lean on thy God!

Hannah Neale married, in early life, John Dalton, Esq., of Peckham. Possessing a natural strength of mind, very much akin to that of her brothers, and a warmth of affection which especially manifested itself in unremitting care and watchfulness over her children, she lived only to see her eldest son attain his sixteenth year, and died May 5th, 1822, but a few days after the birth of her twelfth child; leaving nine to mourn their loss. Her affection for all the members of her family was strong; but for her youngest brother, Cornelius, it was ardent indeed; and she was most sincerely beloved by him. Death separated this brother and sister but one year and a quarter.

Samuel, the second brother, commenced his academical career in October, 1806; having entered

at Queen's College, Cambridge. He was a regular student, but of excessive and even painful shyness; so that he kept very little society in College. He took his degree of A. B. in 1810, and was eighth wrangler. Soon after leaving the University, he entered on the curacy of St. Martin's, Leicester; where, for the best part of two years, he laboured, with a zeal beyond his strength, in the service of that Master whom he had early learnt to love. He was (according to the testimony of his brother Cornelius) an indefatigable visitor of the sick and poor. By his sermons, which were long, and delivered with a loud voice, added to his other exertions, he brought on, in the course of the year 1812, a cough, which, in a short space of time, assumed all the regular appearances of pulmonary consumption. His brother Cornelius went to Leicester, and for many months attended upon him; and finally removed him up to London, to their sister's residence at Camberwell, where he died, December 30th of that year.

Cornelius, the subject of this memoir, was, as has already been stated, the youngest son in the family. But, before entering upon a further account of him, a few more particulars are worthy to be recorded concerning his venerable mother, who had so considerable a share in forming and directing his character.

This excellent person, previously to her marriage (which did not take place till the thirty-seventh year

of her age), was in the habit of large correspondence with some eminent Christians and ministers. One of her confidential friends was the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, of Madeley, Shropshire. Afterwards, she was acquainted and corresponded with Mr. Newton, Mr. Romaine, and Mr. Cecil: with the last-mentioned Clergyman she consulted upon important occasions, especially before placing her sons at school. Previously to her death, she ordered large packets of letters to be destroyed, or helped to destroy them herself. These were known to be, many of them, from the above-named correspondents. Her son Cornelius often expressed his wonder at this decision; but thought it like her, and arising from a wish to avoid ostentation. It was in accordance, also, with a temper which, as she advanced in years, became remarkably reserved, and averse to speak of her own spiritual experience, perhaps to a fault: but her favourite Benjamin was gone, as were all her old Christian friends; and her spirits were latterly much depressed.

A few passages, selected from her letters, may have a useful tendency in exciting parents to the great duties of watchfulness and prayer on behalf of their children. It will be seen here with what earnestness, simplicity of mind, and perseverance, she bore upon her heart the spiritual interests of her family: and though her intercessions on behalf of this her youngest son were the last answered, and did not indeed receive their desired accomplishment

till after her death, yet the answer, when it came, was indeed full and overflowing. Besides writing letters, she was accustomed, also, on some of the birth-days of her children, to give utterance to her feelings in verse. Several of these compositions still remain. They are characterized by feeling, simplicity, and often by an easy-flowing harmony; but sometimes deviate so far from the ordinary rules of verse, that they will not bear transcription at any length. In her lines on Cornelius's birth-day, in 1796, when he completed his seventh year, referring probably to his recovery from some severe illness, she acknowledges the mercy

"Of dire disease rebuk'd, and health vouchsaf'd;"

adding,

"O rebuke that worst
Of all diseases, sin; and give new life
Within! there plant Thy grace, to overcome
A forward stubborn will!"

More than ten years after, she alludes to these verses; and quotes some of them, in the course of a very affectionate letter to her son; from the opening of which it is to be inferred that he was in the habit, generally, of greeting her birth-days with poetical epistles. She thus writes to him:

"December 9th, 1806.

"My dear Cornelius,

"I was not willing one day should elapse, without thanking you for your remembrance of

me, and the affection expressed in your verses, &c. Will you permit me to say, I like these better than your former ones? I do not now allude to the poetry; I do not think myself a competent judge of that; but I view with real pleasure more seriousness in them. I have been watching over my dear children's minds from their early days, (I will not say, as those who watch for the morning) to see when I could discover any streak which could give me the pleasing prospect that the day was beginning to dawn, and the day-star arising upon the tender mind. This, through the superabounding mercy of my God, I have seen. On my dear Benjamin's birth-day, in 1796, I wrote a few very poor humble lines, in imitation of blank verse. [Here she quotes some verses expressive of her desire for his conversion; and continues—] This, I have no doubt, is accomplished: the dawn in his dear mind has given way to the perfect day; his path is, indeed, like the path of the just, shining brighter and brighter. And may I not indulge the pleasing thought, that my dear Cornelius begins to *see men as trees walking?*—that some bright spot indicates the break of day?

"The same year I wrote upon your birth-day, and find at the conclusion these lines:—

> "O hear the breathings of thy feeble dust!
> That, like that favour'd man of old, whose name
> He bears, he may be just, devout, and fearing Thee!

"I should not have quoted these poor lines, but

as an indication that I was praying, and looking to discover some change in the state of my dear offspring.

"Oh what can equal the importance of a divine change of mind, to be fitted for the enjoyment and employment of heaven? Every thing else, my dear child, is less than nothing, and vanity;—less, did I say? Infinitely worse! Oh could we ask, I will not say death-beds, (for many die insensible of the worth of the soul,)—but ask lost souls, they can tell, and then ask glorified souls, what it is to be saved.

"The Church of Christ has had a severe loss in Mr. ——'s death. Amidst the gloom, I please myself with the thought, that young ones shall be raised up in their room. And oh! if my dear children should be some of that number, what joy! what ecstasy!

"God bless you, my dear child, with every new-covenant blessing! I need not name them. Pray for them, and I doubt not you shall be a partaker of them.

"Believe me, your affectionate mother,

"E. Neale."

In a letter, dated February 13th, 1807, she mentions the approaching death of the venerated friend of their family, the Rev. John Newton; and speaks to her son upon the same subject of his entering the sacred ministry, with much of the assurance of faith.

At the critical and important period of her son's commencing college-residence, she writes with a tenderness of affection, and a solidity of judgment, worthy of a Lois or Eunice.

"October 21st, 1808.

* * * "Now, my dear child, let me again remind you of the important situation you are looking to. Its importance and responsibility I cannot—I am not able—to describe; but must refer you to the thirty-third chapter of Ezekiel, and St. Paul's epistles to Timothy and Titus. I wish you often to read them, that your mind may be well stored with the idea, what a faithful minister should be; and that you may be excited to much prayer, that you may be such a one.

"I hope, and doubt not, you perfectly understand me, when I speak diminutively respecting learning; it is only in a comparative way. It should not be the first object; only secondary. When learning is sanctified to the Cross, then I like it. Paul's determination I wish to be yours: *To know nothing,* comparatively, *but Jesus Christ and Him crucified;* and elsewhere, *Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord.*

"Far be it from me to wish you to omit any opportunity of increasing your knowledge in every thing that has a tendency to render you useful in life. I only wish it not to become a snare, which

it has been to many; nor to endanger your health in the pursuit of it. I hope you will avoid making many acquaintances: it is more easy to form them than to shake them off when disagreeable. And may the good Lord, to whom I commend you, give you understanding in all things! E. N."

It was the constant hope of his mother, though she lived not to see her desire accomplished, that he should become a minister. In another letter, dated July 13th, 1810, she remarks: "Mr. —— preached here last night, from the words, *Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.* May that be your theme, if you are so far honoured as to be admitted into the ministry!"

On occasion of her son's marriage, not very long after the death of his much-loved brother Benjamin, she thus writes to her son and daughter-in-law.

"London, September 4th, 1816.

"My dear Children,

"Though, from melancholy events, well known, I have not been able to show that attention I wished, yet you have my best wishes and prayers, that your union may be as happy, and as profitable, as your late dear brother's; and, if consistent with infinite wisdom, of much longer duration. I hope you both entered into it with the fear of God; and in his holy fear may you continue to walk! It may seem unseasonable to remind you that time is short;

but I do not know when it can be more seasonable, than when setting out in life, with expectations raised, and hopes sanguine, to make a pause, and inquire, 'How may I best fill up this short space of time, to promote the glory of God, and the welfare of my fellow-creatures?'—Many duties, new to you both, are connected with the situation you have entered into. But you know who has said, *If any lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth liberally, and it shall be given.* To that fountain I hope you will both have recourse; and then you will not greatly err.

"I am, your ever affectionate mother,

"ELIZABETH NEALE."

At a later period, his mother, now fast tending to the grave, but not yet blessed to see clear evidences of her son's conversion, addressed one more parental charge to him; which was found among her papers, after her decease.

"My dear Cornelius,

"As this will be the last letter you will receive from me, (it not being to be delivered till after my decease) I hope you will receive it as dictated by the affection of a mother who loves you. The purport is to remind you of what you have so frequently heard—of the great importance of making your calling and election sure. O my dear child! do not rest satisfied, till you have ascertained your interest in that great salvation, without which you must

perish everlastingly! You have seen the uncertainty of life, by the death of your two amiable brothers. Oh, may you follow them so far as they followed Christ! then you will, ere long, partake of that felicity they are in the enjoyment of. As a small legacy, I beg you to accept of my ever dear and honoured friend's Works, for whom you know I had such love and veneration. I also beg Susan to accept Mr. Jay's Works: I know she has Mr. Cecil's, and other valuable authors. Accept, my dear child, my thanks and gratitude for all your kind attentions to me. You have been a dutiful child; and I hope, if your dear boy lives, (whom I pray God to bless!) that you may receive from him all the kindness you have shewn to me. Remember, he is a sacred deposit: be sure, if he is spared, to train him up for God. You have had great afflictions: Oh that the time may speedily arrive, when you will have cause to say, *It was good for me that I was afflicted!* I would say more, but I am weary. Again I repeat, be earnest at a throne of grace for an interest in Jesus. It is the dying request of her who is now

"Your affectionate mother,

"E. NEALE.

"Sabbath Morning, September 27th, 1818."

This venerable parent died December 5th, 1818, in the seventy-sixth year of her age.

CHAPTER II.

ACCOUNT OF HIS EARLY DAYS AT SCHOOL, BY MR. GRINFIELD—HIS RELIGIOUS TRAINING—CHARACTER AT COLLEGE—HIS CLASSICAL AND MATHEMATICAL TALENTS—DELAY IN ENTERING THE MINISTRY—HIS MARRIAGE—EXTRACTS FROM HIS LETTERS TO MR. GRINFIELD.*

My friend Cornelius, with his two brothers, was committed, about the age of seven, to the tuition of an eminently pious and gifted master, the Rev. John Simons, LL.B., Rector of Paul's Cray, in Kent. His eldest brother, Benjamin, entered into the business of his father; and, being originally designed for the same, Cornelius was also removed from Paul's Cray in his fifteenth year, shortly after my acquaintance with him had commenced; having been myself, about that time, sent from Clifton to the same place of education. This was toward the close of the year 1804. The strong bent of nature in him, however, and the clear indications of superior genius, determined his parents, in compliance with the just advice of his preceptor, to relinquish the design of engaging him in a line of life from which he was averse, and to continue his classical educa-

* The brief sketch contained in the present chapter was drawn up several years ago, by the Rev. Thomas Grinfield, M.A., formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge. He was one of Mr. Neale's earliest friends; and furnishes, consequently, some particulars which no one else could, with equal advantage, have communicated.—Ed.

tion with his brother Samuel, who professedly studied for the ministry. I still remember the keen regret expressed in his letters to me, during this temporary banishment from his beloved rural rambles and poetical amusements, to the circle of St. Paul's Church Yard, and the noisy scenes of monotonous business. Those letters were chiefly filled with the pastoral effusions of his infant muse, and evidenced his perfect abstraction from "the busy hum" of the city. I remember also the joy with which, like a bird set free from captivity, he returned to the studious retirement now endeared to him the more by this lamented separation. It was henceforth decided that he should pursue his studies for the University; and ere long he was allotted a place, in association with his brother Samuel, another fellow-student and myself; a select and senior detachment from the rest of the pupils, enjoying the privilege of a separate study, and more familiar intercourse with Mr. Simons and his family.

Our tutor was a man in whom Christian piety, characterized by great fervour and spirituality, was combined with a remarkable degree of ardent sensibility, rich imagination, and cultivated taste. He watched over our studies with a parental kindness and Christian carefulness; and while he led us on through the paths of classical adornment with a kindling spirit all his own, he disciplined us "line upon line" in the Sacred Writings, by his morning and evening expositions, by his frequent remarks in

conversation, his Scripture-examinations on Sunday evenings, and especially the daily habit of our writing a short religious exercise on the portion of Scripture expounded by him in the morning prayers. Thus we received an education not less religious than literary: nor is it possible to calculate the ultimate benefit that will be found to have resulted from such tuition and example to those who enjoyed it; especially as contrasted with the moral injury they would have sustained by having been thrown into the generality of schools, so marked by neglect of the *great study!*

The character of our tutor was well calculated to draw out and cherish the poetical qualities which Cornelius inherited from nature. The situation and scenery, moreover, conspired to fan the flame: our daily rambles together, amidst the meditative quietness of the surrounding fields and groves, especially our favourite Scadbury-wood, with Milton, Shakspeare, Pope, or Cowper, in our hands, when we were together, unless when, in a solitary stroll, we either conned over Virgil and Horace, or indulged in poetical compositions of our own—these habits confirmed that strong predilection at once for poetry, and for rural retirement, which my friend manifested through life; while the happy influence of his early and long-continued instructions in religion had a late, indeed, but a sudden and a triumphant resurrection, as from the dead.

Here his fine mind gathered rich and rapid accessions of beauty and vigour. He "drank deep of the

Pierian spring," both in his native and in ancient lore. Few have been ever more completely at home in the choicest treasures of poetry; and few have ever become more enthusiastic idolaters, in particular, of Shakspeare. History also had an early share in his studious predilections.

I remember that, at one time during these years of useful study and happiness, his mind was evidently visited and impressed by solemn convictions of a religious kind. For some months, he appeared much more grave and thoughtful than he had hitherto been; his native gaiety and playful jocularity subsided into an air of penitential depression; and I observed him statedly engaged with serious reading. But his reserve kept him from disclosing to any individual his inward feelings, on a subject so sacred and delicate. Those feelings, though powerful at that season, were transitory, and declined amidst the growing pressure of literary pursuits: the good seed of the word was choked by "the lust of other things," and became unfruitful. Many years were to pass away, in a kind of intellectual idolatry, before those convictions should return, in transforming energy.

During the last year of his stay with Mr. Simons, he devoted himself with increasing vigour to those mathematical and classical studies which qualified him so successfully for his approaching career at Cambridge. It was during this year that he composed the beautiful stanzas, entitled "Scadbury," in which he takes a reluctant leave of that long-

endeared haunt, and anticipates with regret the "envious cloister, silent cell, and studious gown."

I had preceded him at College about a year. His arrival renewed our pleasant intercourse, with an interest heightened by the separation. The rapid succession of his studies, now chiefly mathematical, suspended his poetical amusements almost entirely during his residence at St. John's. Yet he breathed a moment from the severity of Newton, to welcome his beloved mother's birth-day with its accustomed tribute from year to year.

As an academic, he was a pattern of moral purity and regular diligence; neither trusting to his extraordinary talents as a substitute for steady exertion, nor denying himself those moderated recreations in society and exercise which equally preserve the vigour of the body and of the mind. His associates were few; the most intimate and valued were Jowett, Rippingall, and Gray, besides his brother Samuel and myself.* Each of them entered the

* The EDITOR is forcibly reminded here of a sentiment which was, in melancholy mood, sometimes discussed at College; namely, How generally School and College friendships vanish away in after-life. As to School friendships, they, for the most part, are built on such ignorance of our own hearts, and others' characters, that it is no marvel they are dropped. But the disappearance of College friendships may be attributed to other and more respectable causes; such as, the entrance of the parties upon new engagements; their marriage; their respective family joys, cares and connexions; and, not least of all, to their geographical dispersion. Of the six-fold party above mentioned, two have been removed by death: another soon went abroad: two others settled far away, in the West of England: the remaining one, the Rev. S. F. Rippingall, from circumstances as well as affection, was a close companion to his friend Neale to the last; continually hovering near

sacred ministry, followed therein by himself last, as by "one born out of due time."

The secret of his superiority in mathematical difficulties appears to have resided (as one of his competitors was of opinion) in his peculiar power of fixing and chaining down his attention, without the least deviation from the long-drawn line of argument to be pursued. This precious faculty of patient fixation in thought was, of course, united with a penetrating clearness of understanding, as the basis of its success. But perhaps it would be impossible to decide whether he felt himself more in his element of triumph with Shakspeare or with Newton; in the musings of Scadbury, or in the calculations of the Senate House. Yet, however he might shine in the latter scene, his heart was far more in the former:

near him; sometimes journeying, at other times residing, with him: nor did the marriage of these two separate them: on the contrary, it drew both them and their two families into a still greater intimacy; so that they were, for many months together, on different occasions, dwelling under the same roof. In some points they strongly resembled each other, and were mutually attracted and endeared by real kindliness of heart, quick intuition, and a certain mild, yet penetrating wit; that kind, I would say, which is just the opposite of heartless wit, or the wit of effort and display. At the time of his friend's last attack of illness, Rippingall was with him; and when, at length, death had closed the scene, he immediately came up to London, to render every seasonable aid, as he and his have ever since continued to do, to Mrs. Neale. Since my last return to England, I have often heard with what earnestness he marked the depth, genuineness and consistency of Neale's conversion.

What can I add to these remembrances, but my fervent prayer that the survivors of that little College-circle—and others, less intimate—but not forgotten, may all be re-united to our departed friends in a blessed Eternity!

he addressed himself to the conquest of severer science as the duty and interest of a season; but, having finished his victorious career, he returned with new delight to his former and favourite studies in poetry and elegant literature.

The characteristic beauties of his poetry are, a chaste elegance of imagery and style; a vein of purified and affectionate sentiment; an impression of domestic tranquillity and repose. This last-mentioned characteristic is to be traced to its genuine source—his natural disposition. It is impossible to conceive a person more remarkably attached and adapted to the quiet and affectionate endearments of home; or one more exquisitely formed to relish and impart married happiness.

Having bade a cheerful adieu to Cambridge, which had proved no congenial abode to his domestic taste, he resided for some time with his aged mother, in St. Paul's Church Yard; diversifying his summer months by excursions to the picturesque scenery of the Lakes and Wales, and pursuing at home those studies in History, Metaphysics, Chemistry, &c., for which he had not hitherto found sufficient leisure. He had formed some idea of preparing for the sacred ministry, which he expressed in one of his letters to me; but, besides that the bent of his mind, at this time, was much more literary than religious, he was deterred from the present choice of that office by an apprehension of weakness in the voice and lungs.

My interviews with him were few and brief, from the cessation of our College familiarity. In Septem-

ber 1812, he passed a few days at Clifton: in 1814, I paid him an autumnal visit of a week at Lewisham: in 1815, I met him at Cambridge, whither we had gone for the purpose of taking our M.A. degree; and he returned with me to Clifton for a few days. Once, and only once more, I spent half a summer's day with him, at a cottage near Bath, in the year 1819.

In September, 1816, he married Susanna, elder daughter of John Mason Good, M.D., so well known and highly appreciated both in the medical and literary world. Of his strong and tender affections in this new relation, my friend has left in his verses several faithful and most expressive memorials.

Not long after I had seen him at Bath, he removed, in the spring of 1820, to Eastbourne, for the benefit of his partner's delicate health. It was here, and at this time, that it pleased God, through the medium of bodily affliction, to rouse him from his dangerous state, and visit his mind with effectual grace. He ruptured a blood-vessel; and this gave a shock to a frame that had never been firm. He announced to me the important effect produced on his heart, in a letter, from which the following is an extract: it was written shortly after his recovery.

"Southend, November 8th, 1820.

* * "I have been very ill with a hæmorrhage; whether from the lungs or throat, it is hard to say. I am, however, told that there is certainly nothing at present the matter with the lungs. I desire to be enabled to spend that life which God has spared, in the service and to the glory of God. In truth, dear

friend, by the mercy of God, this illness has turned the tide of my thoughts and feelings and affections. Shall His providences never speak? No, never—till the Spirit of God speak by them. Mercies and chastenings go equally unregarded till then. And if you, or if I, have been led by this providence, or by that, to the seeking after God in Christ; to his Spirit be the glory, as much as if it had been done, without the intervention of any providence at all, by a direct revelation to the heart!"

Of all the multiplied letters which, during the sixteen years of our friendship, I had received from him, this was the first in which he had introduced a religious sentiment, as his own. On looking over the mass of his letters, of which I preserved nearly all, I am struck afresh by the easy elegance and playful vivacity of his epistolary style; but they manifest a mind and a heart idolatrously absorbed by literary pursuits, and (amidst a succession of family afflictions, from the deaths of both his parents, and both his brothers) still unaffected by the solemn truths of Revelation.

The next, and, I regret to add, the last, letter I received from him, dated Southend, April 27th, 1821, is too beautiful and too valuable to be wholly omitted. After alluding to the interesting situation of his family, recently increased by the birth of another little girl, he goes on to remark—"We are very anxious to begin a religious education, as soon as it can be done; and if, by the blessing of God, it

might be, so to stock the mind with real good, as to keep out evil. Human work though this be, yet it is in our own endeavours after good that we must look for the blessing of the Holy Spirit. And, further than this—and what I think of great importance—there are habits of mind, and there are materials of thought, which, when it shall please God really to touch their hearts, may be of incalculable importance. What would I give, could I now forget a great deal that I have diligently stored my mind with! I would always, in short, wish to educate them with an eye to the period when they shall receive a new life from above.

"I am truly glad to find, from your letter, that you also are more and more disposed to give yourself wholly to those things; and shall be most happy that our correspondence may henceforward take a new type. I feel, indeed, that almost every thing about us draws us off from our great concern;—let not friendship do so too! It may be, I am well persuaded, one of the happiest and most useful means to the contrary. A friendship that shall be renewed in another world, where the 'idem velle, et idem nolle' shall be perfect—what an anticipation! And, if people would but consider, what a dreary thing is friendship otherwise! What an end!—eternal separation, or eternal enmity! Blessed be God, for the better hopes now given to ours; and for its stricter bonds in Christ Jesus, and for its higher object in the infinite and eternal good of each other!"

CHAPTER III.

ACCOUNT OF HIS COLLEGE-LIFE, AND OF HIS PURSUITS DURING THE THREE YEARS AFTER; BY MR. JOWETT.*

WHILE I find it easy to remember many particulars of the very endeared friendship which I enjoyed with Cornelius Neale for seven years, it is not equally easy to bear the reflection, that I was almost entirely out of the way of seeing him during the three last years of his life; when that great change of heart had taken place, which made his intimacy a real blessing to those who possessed it. My undertaking will be, to supply a few notices of his pursuits and character during his residence at College, and for about three years after. In attempting this, it is inevitable my blending in some degree my own circumstances and feelings with the narrative of his; for we were, in fact, very much together, and spoke and acted towards each other with all the freedom and affection of youthful friendship.

It was in October 1808 that I became acquainted with him, through the introduction of his tutor, who brought him up to College. His tutor dining at that

* The materials for this chapter were drawn up, as my contribution to the memoir of my friend, in the autumn of 1832.

time with my uncle, the Rev. Dr. Jowett, at Trinity Hall, and understanding that I was of St. John's College, proposed to take me to his pupil's rooms, and introduce me to a young scholar, upon whom he pronounced a very high eulogium. Shortly after we spent an evening together: we took soundings of each other's minds, pursuits, and family connexions; and soon discovered in each other that congeniality, upon which our subsequent intimacy was founded.

From this time, as we were of the same College, our intercourse became frequent; and as we were both of us what is called reading men, we had generally a sufficient fund of classical and other knowledge to make our conversations enlivening to each other. Being his senior by two years, I helped him a little at first in his mathematical studies; and remember well the zest with which he took in knowledge of that kind. But in our walks, poetry and general literature were our chief amusement; nor were we ever long together silent for lack of argument in a two hours' ramble; supplying very often, by extempore versification, the deficiency of other matter. It was our custom occasionally (speaking now of a period of about three years and a half that I remained his companion at College) at certain intervals to devote the chief part of a day to an extensive desultory excursion on foot into the country; not choosing beforehand any direction, but going nearly straight on, over the fields, wherever it might

happen. When we came to a pleasant retired spot, we used to recite pieces of poetry aloud, and sometimes compose, upon any subject that occurred, verses or speeches extempore, both for mirth and exercise. I remember these excursions with much delight, and, generally speaking, with approbation; for they were almost never taken from the mere love of pleasure, but purely for the purpose of total mental relaxation; and great was the elasticity of spirits with which we rebounded then from our graver studies. These *outs* were, in fact, commonly preceded by seasons of close—not severe—application. On this point we were both jealous; he especially so: and in allusion to this, I find an expression of his quoted in a letter of mine of some years' later date, in which, referring to a short tour then projecting in Derbyshire, he asks me, "Are you earning your excursion?"

Besides our College studies, we had together—(as also with other friends, already named in Mr. Grinfield's sketch)—discussions, such as young men will have upon all persons and facts that come before their notice. It is in this way that many of the views and opinions which characterize our conduct through life are formed. The stamp remains, but the particular times and occasions when that stamp was first impressed are forgotten. I have been endeavouring to recall these, but cannot; so many concerns, increasingly weighty, have, since that period, loaded the memory. I thus learned much

from him; and in regard to self-knowledge, I owe to him, and to his brother, then at Queen's College, two of the most useful remarks that were ever made to me upon myself.

The parentage and bringing-up of us both having been strictly religious, we had still further, from this circumstance, a source of much conversation and discussion. But our discussions in this department were far more frequently such as indicate head-work, than such as flow, less critically, but more feelingly, from a heart exercised unto godliness. We had many religious friends in common, both in the University and in London, as also in other parts. We attended Mr. Simeon's church together: we sometimes read or conversed together upon the Scriptures. This was much our custom, at one time, on the Sunday evenings; and towards the close of my visits, then, at his rooms, I remember how much I was struck to see the gravity and settled purpose with which he used to lay his Bible upon the very desk where his classical and mathematical books and papers were to be seen on the other days of the week. This was often at a rather late hour on Sunday evenings; when, from a habit which seemed natural to him, and which most probably was instilled into his mind by his venerable mother, he seemed to take a delight in sitting down to his Bible. As far as I knew him, he never employed the hours of the Lord's-day upon his College studies; but I left twenty months before he took his

degree, and therefore cannot speak to the whole of his time; but I believe he would not have dared to do so. At a latter period, we read together some of Jeremy Taylor's sermons. We often stopped, in a kind of enchantment, at the inimitable poetry of his prose; but for the time desisted from reading them, as feeling that there was less of substantial nutriment to mind and heart, than what we knew might be found in other writers. We both of us greatly regretted the want, at that time, of regularly-systematized books upon Theology, and of College lectures upon the Greek Testament. Horne's Introduction to the Scriptures, which came out several years after, would have been to us most acceptable. It seemed to him strange, that on science we should have so many lectures, syllabuses, manuscript-helps, tutors, acts, examinations, and prizes; while a person wishing to read Theology would scarcely know how to supply himself with books or a tutor.*

An instance of deep sensibility in him I well remember, in his second year; and it was augmented, doubtless, by religious considerations. One of the men of that year, an individual of humble circumstances, to whom success was necessary for his maintenance and advancement in life, overdid his studies, took a fever, and, in a very few days, died. Such events were rare to us. We used to say,

* I would notice, however, the very great advantage derived from the College examinations on Butler's Analogy; which was the study of the young men in their third year.—ED.

"Nobody at College seems to die;" and to a youthful mind, this sudden change from the vigorous pursuits of health to the total close of all by death, is, in general, very affecting. I accompanied my dear friend to see the laid-out corpse of this young man. He was silently, but deeply, affected; he could say nothing. After the ensuing College examination at Midsummer, he declared to me his opinion, that it had been the worst gone through by the men of his year of any they had passed; and he imputed it to the death of their fellow-student. He repeatedly and very earnestly affirmed this to me: he said, that it had damped *all* the reading men—that all saw and felt the vanity of reading for honours. He may have been mistaken in this judgment, so far as it refers to others; but he was evidently himself sick at heart.

While yet at College, and long before he made that use, the only profitable use, of the Scriptures, to which he was afterwards led by God's good Spirit, this dear friend was well read (perhaps I should not be going too far, were I even to say, thoroughly well read) in the Bible. He deeply entered into the profound logic of St. Paul's Epistles. His mind was also keenly sensible of whatever is tender, or beautiful, or majestic, in the different sacred writers. There was, in his imagination, a readiness truly poetic to catch at those particular incidents in a narrative which render it striking. Such a one occurs to my memory; that, namely, in 2 Kings

vi. 30; which I seem even now to see him reading, as he did to me when at College, with a pathos and horror truly expressive of the tragic. Eye, countenance, and voice, all gave out the spirit of the last clause of that verse. This bent of his mind for the tragic will appear in a subsequent part of my account.

Thus the materials of divine knowledge were abundantly treasured up in his mind: but that the word was not, as yet, *mixed with faith*, he came afterwards, with the deepest humbling of soul, to acknowledge; and he desired that all his friends, likewise, should know the awful reality. Yet, not only during all this time was his outward conduct blameless and exemplary, but his moral taste was peculiarly correct and pure. Very early evidence of this came before my notice, both from his remarks while reading, and from the observations which he made on living characters. He did not give himself to much company at any time: a knot of chosen, habitual friends was what he most delighted in.

When I look back on that period of time, so interesting and important to him and to myself, I cannot help feeling with how much more awe I view it, now that he is no more on earth, than I should be able to do were he yet with us in this present scene. The consideration, that, while I am relating the incidents of that time, HE HAS GIVEN IN HIS ACCOUNT—(an account, oh! how true, how self-abasing, how overflowing with thankful and adoring

thoughts!)—this consideration, I say, almost restrains me from attempting to commit a single reflection to paper. Yet, thus much I will venture to affirm—that while we were at College together, the God of mercy was certainly directing us in such a way, as to be, in some measure, a means of grace to each other. I cannot feel a doubt of this; although I am very sensible that I was such to him, far less than I ought to have been; while his brief career of usefulness during his last three years, and his honoured death, are calculated to be a far more quickening excitement to me, than my intercourse can ever have been to him, during our intimacy.

It is very worthy the consideration of young persons who have enjoyed the benefit of early religious training, that from them a greater degree of friendly feeling towards religion may justly be expected. But in College, young and buoyant spirits often carry even those, of whom good may in the main be hoped, into the excesses of mental gaiety. Not but that the leisure of a studious mind may show itself, innocently enough, in the out-burst of the animal spirits; but, in reference to religious subjects and characters, there is sometimes a propensity to indulge in jest and satire and censure, which not seldom amounts to what is sinful. Of my dear friend I can testify, that his wit was, simply considered in its social tendencies, harmless: none feared him: it was a favourite saying with him—whether or not originally his own, I do not know—"Have your jest, and lose

your friend;" and under that restraint his own mirth was kept.* Certainly, he never lost a friend by an ill-natured witticism or pertinacious retort; though he won not a few by his gentle and varied powers of pleasantry, which were well known to those with whom he could shake off reserve. But, closely adjacent to youthful mirth, there is a serious, practical evil; by which I will not say that my departed friend was ensnared, even in an equal degree with myself; but against which, could his voice now be heard, he would raise a protest not less strong than mine. When those who have been religiously trained are not truly living up to the light of conscience, their playful satire, glancing at well-known pious characters, may, indeed, be free from that bitterness with which a wicked man vituperates the godly: still there is a venom in the humour of such satirists, peculiarly subtle in its re-action upon them-

* Since this remark was first printed, I have met with a similar expression in a letter of Lord Burghley, containing "Instructions to his son Robert Cecil, when young." The sentiment itself is such as any sensible person might naturally form for himself, without the least idea of copying the phraseology of others. After many other pithy remarks, Lord Burghley adds: "Be not scurrilous in thy conversation, nor satirical in thy jests: the one will make thee unwelcome in all company; and the other will pull on quarrels, and get thee hatred of thy best friends. For sulphurous jests, when they savour too much of truth, leave a bitterness in the minds of those that are touched. * * I think it necessary to leave it to thee as a special caution; because I have seen many so prone to quip and gird, AS THEY WOULD RATHER LOSE THEIR FRIEND THAN THEIR JEST." (*Strype's Annals, Supplementary Appendix*. No. 253.)

selves. They know what is good; but they have seen, perhaps closely, the frailties of good men. To dwell upon these, and to scan them in the spirit of ridicule, is too congenial to the heart's natural enmity against God. Young critics of this kind imagine so much good of themselves, as that they intend no harm: but the injury which they suffer, and which they inflict, by jesting upon religious characters, is exceedingly great; nor can they fail, themselves, to discover the pernicious effects of this practice, when, being changed in their hearts and cleared in their judgments, they afterwards desire to cultivate holy communion with those very individuals who formerly provoked in their thoughts some sally of wit and raillery.

During this time, I was introduced to my friend's family at St. Paul's Church-yard. His father had become infirm; but his mother, a grave and venerable Christian, of remarkably firm step and piercing eye, received her son's friend with much kindness; with a very encouraging, but, withal, a wistful look, which I cannot forget. Parents cannot always choose who shall be the friends of their children; for friendship is not a thing to be forced; which may make them the more anxious to see whom their children themselves make choice of as friends: for, if the parents have misgivings as to the choice, they may, by gentle methods, check it, and break it off; or, in case of approval, direct and cherish it for the best ends: and the duteous spirit of children may

be known, by the readiness with which, under such circumstances, they fall in with the moral sense of a parent.* As long as I remained in England I visited the family, and knew well both his brother Benjamin, and his sister, Mrs. Dalton.

After taking my Bachelor's degree in January 1810, I remained in College till April 1811; when, having been elected fellow, I left Cambridge to enter upon the duties of a curacy at Nottingham. Thus my intercourse of three years and a half, in College, with my dear friend terminated: but what affection he bore me was afterwards testified, by the frequent visits he paid me during my residence of three years on that curacy, and by a very close correspondence which we kept up by letter.

At an early period after my settling in Nottingham, I wrote to acquaint him with my circumstances, and invited him to spend some time with me in the next long vacation. That he was not pious, was more than I should have ventured to say; though I was aware of deficiencies in his conduct; as he must have also perceived faults in me. But we had on many occasions been faithful and affectionate advisers and reprovers of each other: we had parted, the last evening I spent with him in College, with a deep and tender conviction of the sincerity of our mutual attachment; and it was my hope that future years would bring

* With what force and brevity did his wise mother caution her son, on his entering College, concerning this very point of forming few friendships! See page 12.

with them maturer fruits of Christian friendship.—As he was, in some respects, a very competent critic in Theological matters, I also forwarded to him from Nottingham several of my newly-composed sermons; upon which he freely wrote his pencil-notes. One of these notes may be selected, as tending to show the feeling which was afterwards known to have been long working in his mind, depriving him of all genuine spiritual comfort. The text of the sermon which he criticised was Job xiii. 23: *How many are mine iniquities and my sins? Make me to know my transgressions and my sins!*—At the part where my enumeration of men's transgressions closed, he remarks: "Should you not have mentioned, specifically and largely, the continued, and, in many instances, contumacious refusal of offered mercy?"—This was in the month of June 1811.

At another time, he quoted, in conversation with me, a passage in the Epistle to the Hebrews, with an emphasis which left a strong impression upon my mind. It was the concluding clause of chap. x. ver. 26: *There remaineth no more sacrifice for sins.*—As far as I can now remember, we were both of us acquainted with the sense of that passage and its context; but, from his laying so much stress upon it, I should infer (knowing now, what I then did not, the state of his experience) that he was inwardly troubled with that which is mentioned in the verse following, *a certain faithful looking for of*

judgment; apprehensive, as he well might be, that he was deeply *grieving,* if not *quenching, the Holy Spirit of God.*

Not very long after, he and our friend Rippingall came down to Nottingham; and we spent a week in an excursion to the Peak in Derbyshire. On the Sunday evening preceding, I had preached from St. Matthew vi. 6. on the duty and privilege of private prayer; and we had that evening some general conversation on the subject. While at Castleton, after having spent the day in surveying the wonders of the Peak, we were at night so allotted at the small inn, that my friend Neale and I had beds in the same room; a circumstance which had never occurred to us before. Observing that he did not kneel down to prayer before retiring, I waited till we were laid down, and then spoke to him on the subject. But he was unwilling to be spoken to, and was very close and short in his answers. I said: "You seem to have something locked up in your mind; and you keep the key of that particular chamber, and will let no person enter." It was in vain, however, to press him further: he desired me not to speak on the subject again. What it was that habitually lay working on his mind, I had then no idea of; but, from his acknowledgments at a later period, it is evident that, for many years, while his religious education and convictions were drawing him one way, the consciousness that he was not faithful to those convictions was continually

drawing him in the opposite direction, making him often desire to think religion untrue. How many, alas! not restrained and rescued as he eventually was, have, from wishing to be infidels, finally become such!

In January, 1812, he took his Bachelor's degree. He was Senior Wrangler of his year. He gained also, in the course of the next week, the senior Smith's prize. Being thus released, temporarily, from the severe stretch of academical studies, at the end of that week he came down to me at Nottingham, and spent some days of recreation. His triumph had been a high gratification to all his friends;—to no one more sincerely than myself. I was pleased, however, most of all, to find that he appeared in no wise elated or puffed up. I canvassed him very closely as to his feelings upon, what may justly be termed, so trying an occasion; and the only result was, that he seemed to me impressed with a consciousness of the ease with which he had earned his honours. He had, in fact, never been a hard fagger, but only a steady and regular student. There was nothing but a kind of intellectual quiet observable in the state of his mind: his manners were as simple as before.

If my letters had not been preserved by him, my memory would not have recalled the circumstance, that I had, on the week preceding his examination, written to him in a very serious strain. Although his mind may not have been then conscious of

receiving all that my words expressed, yet (through the grace of Him who renders hearts and minds impressible) this letter may have been the means of conveying to him some thoughts, useful indeed at all times, but especially so at a season when the inmost soul is throbbing with anxious expectation, or with, perhaps, intense ambition. The following is an extract from the conclusion of my letter to him, bearing date January 10th, 1812; just three days before his entering the Senate-house.

* * * "So now, having done all that you can do in three years, think what an atom even a senior wrangler and a senior medallist's exertions form, of that great stewardship which is committed to us. I believe I shall feel more next week, than I am now willing to express; because possibly your feelings need no excitement, probably some sedative. But the properest feelings, which your approaching examination ought to inspire, should, I think, be those of humility. Let me put you down senior wrangler and medallist;—how little a part will this contribute to the general usefulness of the whole world,—how little to the enjoyments of your conscience—at a death-bed—and in another world, if the next world is, with you, to be a matter of joy!"

Some idea may be formed of his character at this time, from a remark made by a very sensible person

at Nottingham, a close observer of mankind, with whom Neale and myself constantly visited. When, two months after, I announced to this friend the fact that Neale had just obtained the Chancellor's gold medal, (he was second medallist) thus adding classical to his mathematical honours, our friend after dinner, drank "Health and Humility" to him. Upon which one of his family took exception, as if it conveyed the notion that the object of this wish was a vain man, who wanted lowering. "Nay," replied the gentleman, "Mr. Neale is not an assuming man; but there is no knowing how soon Satan may fling a fiery dart into gunpowder!"

In the spring of 1813, he was elected Fellow of St. John's College.

Having thus in the first instance obtained what is considered the highest honour which the University of Cambridge has to bestow upon her youthful scholars; and then added to it, by the gold medal, an established character for classical acquirements; my dear friend seemed now to have nothing to do, but to choose for himself a pursuit or profession, upon which to throw forth all the powers of his mind. I find in my letters to him, for some years after, frequent reference to this important subject; inquiring, inviting, urging him, on the momentous topic of deciding on some practical course in life. It may, perhaps, be regarded by some as a disadvantageous circumstance, that his means were too ample to require his applying himself to any profession from

that motive which impels the majority of mankind to exert themselves. Owing to this in part, but probably, in some degree, also, to the secret consciousness that his feelings were by no means accordant with the Christian knowledge which he possessed, his purposes and plans became desultory. Thus, for a period of eight years after he had taken his degree, he continued without any professional engagement, although some detached portions of that space of time were usefully employed.

About this period, though he had ever been a persevering student of his Bible, and a diligent reader of metaphysical, moral, and historical writers, yet his passion for works of imagination obtained such an ascendency over him, that he read novels, plays, &c., insatiably; to a degree, in fact, that I had at the time little conception of; we having, during our College intimacy, nearly confined ourselves, in English, to Milton and Shakspeare. He himself also composed two plays, and printed one. He had such a facility in verse, that I have known him compose thirty or forty lines in his own mind, without writing them down, and then repeat them to me in our walks almost without an error or slip. His inordinate avidity for works of imagination was, as will hereafter appear, the miserable refuge of a heart destitute of real happiness, aware of its own wretchedness, and yet reluctant to yield to the strivings of God's Holy Spirit, and to the convictions of conscience.

I would here notice, in the order of time, and as being due to the memory of my friend, that when, in the year 1813, my mind was turning towards Malta, his good sense assisted me materially, by confirming the persuasion that a short visit of two years in the Mediterranean, which was the plan originally proposed to me, would be a very imperfect scheme; since thus, by the time I might have in some degree qualified myself for Missionary service, I should be on the point of retiring from it. Yet he was opposed to my leaving England, in general. He was with me also when I quitted my curacy at Nottingham, in the Easter of 1814, and affectionately sustained my spirits at that season. But on my afterwards saying to him, that I trusted the time would come, when the cause of the Heathen would be made out so strongly, that senior wranglers and medallists would see it to be their duty to go abroad on Missionary work, he coolly replied, "Well, it may be so; but I do not see it yet." In reference to my going abroad, he amused himself with the idea that I should have a great advantage in translating the odes of Horace under an Italian sky. How completely was all this literary trifling superseded, by the desire which he subsequently manifested to promote, to the utmost of his power, the great cause of missions!

He began now to attribute the pleasure, which religious persons feel in their work, to a kind of natural turn in them: he saw them, he said, happy

in the pursuit of their object, and supposed that the gratification they felt sufficiently accounted for their activity. His own heart being, as afterwards appeared, truly forlorn, and destitute of the glow of Christian motives, he inclined to the inference that such motives have no existence in the breasts of others; and aimed at resolving the course they took, into considerations of a more refined sort of selfishness.

In the midst of this darkening picture, it is still a pleasing recollection to the minds of his friends, that the one particular passion which predominated in his own breast, and which now began to be drawn out into operation, was such as is, in its nature, both amiable and highly useful;—it was, a taste for educating the young. In this he delighted and excelled. From an early period of my acquaintance with him, I had the opportunity of observing, that he made it his study, even with the youngest children, to amuse them in such a way, that it might also convey instruction. He would purchase for them instructive toys; making himself their companion and teacher in the use of them. He played with children, but never treated them as play-things: pleasantly to impress and instruct their minds was ever his aim: he loved to observe their artless ways; and his own observations upon them were as simple as that behaviour of theirs which drew forth his remarks. "See," he said to me, as we stood with a group of children about us, "see how natural all their attitudes are!

whether they come when you call, or listen, or start off to their play again, standing or moving, there is nothing affected in their manner. They move just as they feel."

In the summer of the year 1814, he commenced house-keeper, living first at Lewisham, and, after a few months, removing to a house at Penge, near Sydenham. He now devoted himself in good earnest to the education of his two nephews; to whom were added two other young pupils. As I had quitted my curacy at Nottingham, and was engaged in a course of study preparatory to my going to Malta, he invited me to occupy a room in his house; and I was with him more than half a year. Though I had been in holy orders more than three years, yet, as he was master of the house, and as I anxiously wished to see him engaged in the actual exercise of something like a religious service, I, during this time, voluntarily ceded to him the performance of family-prayers; a concession, for which he expressed very grateful acknowledgments. Yet, during all this time, there was much that was to me very unsatisfactory.

On one occasion, at this time, I remember quitting him late at night; and observing him to be about sitting down to the Greek Tragedians, preparing the next day's lesson for the boys, I hinted the unfitness of such employment as closing the day, referring also to private devotions. His look, at once repulsive and ready to be angry—a look altogether so

unusual towards me—intimated that I had touched upon a part of his mind where he chose not to be touched. I remembered his remark to me at Castleton.—When I reflect, even at this distance of time, on such a scene as this, it is still embarrassing and painful to the mind. It naturally suggests the inquiry, "How are we to deal with closed consciences?" Are we utterly to sacrifice all the intimacies and endearments of friendship, because we are not admitted to see the interior of conscience; or because so much, as we imagine we do see of it, appears very doubtful? I think not. Rather, may not congeniality of affection be specially designed by Providence to furnish opportunities of occasionally and gently pressing home-truths? Besides, there is some distinction to be drawn between a commencing and a continued friendship. Before the obligations of intimacy are contracted, individuals are perfectly free to accept or to decline a friend; but not equally at liberty to withdraw, when kindly intercourse has long subsisted; and when, consequently, to cut short former friendship in an abrupt manner might stir up bitter prejudices against religion. Our chief defensive rules should be—not to yield in essentials; not to conform to manifest evil; never to sanction what is scandalous and contagious; and to put a double guard upon the leaning and sympathizing propensities of our own spirit, which might draw us from the right line. Our duty towards our friend is—to suffer long; not

to expect from him more openness than he chooses to grant; to make good use of opportunities; and, not to faint in prayer. Very imperfectly to have discharged these obligations, may, to a survivor, justly form grounds for self-abasement and grief; as the recollection of that period often does to me: yet the line of duty seems clear, though difficult.

The most grieving circumstance, during this period, was his habit of making visits to the London Theatres, to which he gave himself almost systematically, always aiming to witness the best acting;—thus soliciting the incentives of eye and ear, to heighten the pleasures of an unsanctified imagination. As he abhorred all the licentious abuses and concomitants of this fascinating profession, he endeavoured to justify himself to me, whenever I remonstrated with him, by asserting, which was very true, that he chiefly wished to see *Tragedies* well acted; of which he would sometimes give me an account, till I required him to desist, lest I should appear to lend a sanction. We often argued on this subject: and his last resort generally was, that I was arguing upon what I did not know, as I had not seen a *Tragedy* acted. But, above all, he entreated me not to communicate this part of his conduct to his mother and his brother; of whom, on account of their great piety, he stood in some awe; besides, that he was extremely reluctant to cause them the least pain.

From about this period, till the year 1820—during

which interval we both of us married, and were settled, the one in England, the other in the Mediterranean—was nearly a complete syncope in our correspondence. In the autumn of 1820, touching at Gibraltar on my first return home, I learned the news, that a decided and complete change had taken place in my old and dear friend's character—that sudden and alarming sickness had overtaken him—in brief, that he had been *apprehended* (Philippians iii. 12.), at length, by the grace of God. On my arrival at London, in the month of October, I rested for a week near where he then was. We had an almost immediate interview. How different was the conversation, now, from that which I have already related as taking place in 1811, at Castleton! Being very desirous to ascertain whether he had good reason to regard his conversion as having only very recently taken place; and touching, in my remarks, therefore, on the many advantages he had formerly enjoyed, the convictions he had often experienced, and the kind of religious profession, imperfect as it was, that he had maintained;—as if impatient of such partial views, he abruptly said, "All that is very true: but there is no use in dissembling with you—I never prayed." Here was, indeed, a short confession, which answered all the interrogatories I desired to put; and one which clearly showed that he knew, now, by blessed experience, what it was to have *passed from death unto life*. This, as being the most remarkable point in

all our conversations, I have never forgotten;—and how well it is confirmed by his bereaved partner's account, who tells me that he ever after lived a life of prayer, may be further seen in her Memoir. But I have always felt so deeply that single interview, both for the matter and the manner of his communication, that it has often seemed to me like the whole history of his converted life. And so, alas! it was, or nearly so, as far as I was personally concerned: for I soon became absorbed to that extent by Missionary engagements in England, that I had very little more opportunity of conversing with him. All that I afterwards saw of him was a day or two's visit at his house at Southend, when I was suffering from extreme languor; then, a day or two's hurried intercourse during the Missionary Anniversaries in 1821, when I was much engaged in public; and, for a short hour, near the time of my departure the second time for Malta.

The very last trait of character which I had, at this broken interview, the opportunity of personally remarking in him, was one that proved him to have become a very vigilant and humble cultivator of his best spiritual interests: and it struck me the more forcibly, from the contrast it bore to what I had seen in him eight years previously. I will mention both the incidents. When, in 1814, I was quitting him in order to attend a party of clergymen for religious conversation and discussion, he, being desirous to detain me, said, "You will learn nothing from them

which you did not know before: you know as much as they do:"—a very presumptuous suggestion, truly, to fall on the ear of a young clergyman of only three years' standing! Now, the very reverse of this spirit appeared in him: he coveted to learn. As he came to take leave of me and my family, just before our setting off for Malta, two other gentlemen were present; and while I conversed with one of them, he was engaged with the other. They were both strangers to him. I happened, at breaks in the conversation, to hear what was the subject upon which he was drawing out the other, who was a person of long-established piety, somewhat advanced in years. He was inquiring of him, how he at first became converted; and how he had been enabled to overcome temptations to decline from his religious course, &c.; to all which inquiries the gentleman gave him very frank, judicious, and instructive replies. I was sitting near enough to hear the most part of them. When they were gone, I noticed to him the topic he had chosen. "Yes," he said, "I feel it right, when I meet with a tried servant of God, to learn from him what he has experienced, that I may be the better guided myself." Eight years before, he would not have said so; but he was now converted, and had become as a little child! This was the last time I saw him.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM AFTER HIS MARRIAGE, TILL HIS FIRST DANGEROUS ILLNESS—CIRCUMSTANCES OF HIS CONVERSION—HE DESIRES TO ENTER THE MINISTRY—DIFFICULTIES—HE AT LENGTH SUCCEEDS—HIS LABOURS THEREIN—HIS LAST SICKNESS, AND VARIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES DURING THAT PERIOD—HIS DEATH.*

THEY little know the hardness of the heart, who suppose deep conviction of sin, and the strong internal struggle of the two natures, to be the effect of mere excitement of the nerves and of the imagination; or who would regard external circumstances (such as religious training, even in that best school, the school of sorrow) as an efficient cause of conversion. Long before the period of his great change, my husband, as you are aware, had tasted of sorrow;

* With regard to the following chapter, it should be stated, that it was originally written by Mrs. Neale as a letter to myself, at the period (Autumn 1832) when it began to appear practicable to form these Memorials and Remains into a Volume, for the use of her own immediate family-circle. This method of relating circumstances, which she alone could communicate, was suggested as being the best adapted to draw forth, from the strong-holds of memory, facts and expressions so deeply affecting to the mind. Hence occasionally the appearance of the epistolary form of writing; which it was thought fit not to alter, through fear of changing the character and style of this, by far the most valuable, part of the three memorial sketches.—EDITOR.

and watched the sick and dying bed of his second brother, Samuel, with tenderness and deeply-felt interest. Some years after, he told me, not without tears, of the hardness of his own heart then; and looked back with mourning and astonishment at the state of mind, which led him, whilst watching by Samuel's bedside, to employ his time, unknown to his brother, in reading the lightest books of mere amusement. At a later period, I mean that of his marriage, and the very morning previous to the day which was originally appointed for it, and in the midst of the usual preparations, another awakening circumstance occurred; he received a summons from Tunbridge to attend immediately the death-bed of his brother Benjamin. This event, though fully expected as likely to take place some months later, was very sudden at the last. Of course, some little time elapsed before I saw him, but the general tone of his letters was not changed; though a friend told me, that when the corpse rested at Southend for some hours in the progress to town, he refused to see any one, and was heard to walk up and down his own chamber, evidently in a state of extreme excitation. But the gentle voice of the Saviour, the call of His gracious Spirit, was not in this storm.

You know the most unusual kindness and love of truth, which ever shone forth in your departed friend: his promises made previously to our marriage were, certainly, most strictly adhered to. I

found family-prayer had been his established practice; if such a name can be given to such a heartless form, as ours was. My health made all visits to public places, had I been disposed to them, impossible; and my husband's unwearied kindness, his employments at home with his pupils, and attachment to domestic pursuits, prevented him from ever attending a theatre after his marriage, excepting once, at an Oratorio. One, at a time, of his younger nephews was daily sent in to me for a little while, to help them forward in minor points of instruction; but one or two feeble efforts, in their uncle's absence, to interest them in religious subjects met with his evident dislike. Our Sundays were not, indeed, interrupted by visitors; but when (which was very frequently the case) ill-health prevented me from getting to church, my husband used to send the boys there alone, and himself walk to Camberwell; contriving to spend with his sister the hours between the services at her church; that is, between the morning and evening service; and return home as she went to church in the evening;—thus carefully avoiding, as much as possible, these means of grace. I mention this the more particularly, on account of his high value and diligent improvement of every moment of the Sundays, at a later period.

As showing his state of mind under these circumstances, I will just name a few of the books read to me:—Reid; Stewart; Shakspeare, very

often; Milton; large selections from the old dramatists, and from Swift's works, of such pieces as he said were fit for my hearing; Byron, with the same limitation; Walter Scott's novels; Southey's Poems, &c. The small portion of time on Sunday passed with me, I heard occasionally a little of Hooker, Ogden's Sermons, Jeremy Taylor, sometimes Bishop Horne; but Leighton, Scott, and Henry, all of whose works I have since heard him read with such delight and admiration, were then never opened.

A Christian minister may perhaps gain some useful hint from viewing the strange inconsistency of character, which one like your friend, possessing an entire knowledge of the Truth, yet struggling against its convictions, exhibited. He always appeared pleased to see me, as was the daily custom, with the Bible in my own room; and never discouraged my private reading of it, or private prayer. Once, in our sojournings by the sea-side, I remember particularly, on seeing I was going into my chamber, he expressed regret that he had called me to take a short evening walk. In times of more serious illness he regularly read to me the Psalms for the day, though without remark. And, in the beginning of amendment from a dangerous sickness, for a very few days he knelt down in prayer; but it was prayer of that kind which, however reverent in manner, a heathen might have offered; and, upon a little strength regained, I heard with sorrow that,

now I was able to pray for myself, I must not request this again.

The sickness and death of his venerable mother, and his attendance at her dying bed, produced no feelings beyond those of grief. About this period he gave up his pupils; and, in his expenditure of time, talents, money, influence, consulted only his own inclination; which led him to make an idol of our boy, then beginning to emerge from his very infantine age. Scarcely was his will permitted to be crossed; and nothing was regarded as too great an expense of trouble or money, which in any way contributed to adorn or teach this little idol; for such he was. How unfeignedly such a course was afterwards mourned over, I cannot express to you; or how willing and complete the after-resignation of the once, and always, dearly-loved treasure.

In this state of things, and during a long visit to Hastings, I requested him to take me to Dr. Fearon's church. I was not attending *for myself;* and some things were strongly stated, and gave offence. On our return home, he said, "I do not like to refuse you any request, but you must never ask me to go to that church again. Go, if you please, yourself—and yet I think you had much better not—at least, you must go without me." I obeyed the injunction, and we never mentioned the subject. My own mind, however, in the midst of so many pleasant things which surrounded me, and kindness unvaried, began to feel more deeply the

awful state in which we were both placing ourselves. I allowed myself to hope he prayed, yet every thing proved the contrary. We removed from Hastings to Eastbourne.

I once ventured to remonstrate about our two little nephews; and mentioned my persuasion that they seldom, if ever, said their prayers, expressing my sorrow; and stating strongly what it would be, if, when Mason got of sufficient age to speak, such a plan should be pursued with respect to this dear child. It was the only time that any thing bordering upon anger towards myself ever fell from his lips. I left the room, and began a little more to understand the meaning of the word Prayer, which I had been speaking of. A few days after this, on seeing me suffering, and, with his usual feeling, lamenting it, I expressed the belief, that not only general circumstances were ordered for the best in my case, but every daily portion of suffering was particularly appointed and limited: this was the substance of my remarks; at which idea he laughed heartily; and, in a gentle and playful manner, spoke of my presumption, in imagining that all which concerned me was of as much importance, even to human creatures, as to himself. My own mind was, by God's mercy, preparing for the scenes which followed. I felt these remarks, of course, very deeply; and seriously requested, that if he could not feel the comforting truth himself, he would not attempt to take it from me. On my return to the room which I quitted,

I found him, with all his usual kindness, waiting for me, but more thoughtful than before. God was on the point of manifesting His mercy, when I was beginning to despair: then it was that the many years' fervent and persevering prayers of his pious mother were about to be answered.

Very shortly after the above remarks, in the usual evening reading to me, something led to the mention of the first chapter of Genesis; when, to my suprise, he began attempting to prove to me, through all its parts, that the history of the creation, if inspired, was allegorical; the work of the six days, and the rest of the seventh, &c., especially so. I could not argue; the conversation was short: I was driven to one comfort, and one resource. I state these circumstances, to show that the awful departure from God was becoming evidently and increasingly rapid.

The very day succeeding this discussion, after breakfast, my husband was seized with a slight hæmorrhage—so slight, that, but for the evident terror I saw it produce in his mind, I should not have heeded it. The medical man who came confirmed me in this opinion; said it was of no consequence; and ordered quiet, and some mild remedies. Being in ill health at the time, by my husband's wish I prepared to take a short ride; but was grieved, on just going away, to be recalled, to wait till the servant should first get for him, from the circulating library, the last new novel of Walter

Scott's; or, if this was not to be had, some others. The man returned with two or three, which were placed on the sofa, and I went out. I did not go farther than the end of a short street, before I regretted having been induced to leave home; and returned more speedily than I had quitted it, after an absence not exceeding one short quarter of an hour. On entering the room suddenly and unexpectedly, words cannot express the surprise that seized me at the change so strikingly depicted in my husband's countenance, from fear and agitation, to marked sorrow, but comparative placidity, and, as I thought, mental prayer. The first object which drew my notice, and against which I had nearly stumbled, as it lay at the entrance of the door of a large drawing-room, and at the furthest extremity of the room—the opposite end to that where my husband lay on the sofa—was the very novel I had left him reading, lying half-open; as it had evidently been thrown there with considerable force, and by some one in great agitation. To avoid recurrence to this scene, I will here give you the explanation; which was never given to me till my husband's last illness, when he felt it right to withhold it no longer. It appears, that, fearing his sickness to be of the same nature, and perhaps likely to have the same issue, with his brother's, he determined to put away thought; and endeavoured, with this view, to get interested in the story before him;—that he read the beginning, but in vain; turned over many successive

pages, still in vain; and found himself looking at the end blank-leaf, when, suddenly, a strong impression came across his mind, not indeed in the same way, but as forcibly as if a voice were speaking to him, "There is mercy yet!"—reiterating the expression, so that he could, as it were, see or hear nothing else. With unutterable indignation against himself for thus trifling, and unspeakable joy to feel persuaded of the truth of the suggestion, and that it was indeed sent in mercy, he threw with violence the book as far from him as possible; and could only, with thankfulness, determine to accept the offered mercy: and from this moment, *to* and *through* his dying hour, no doubt that he was one whom this mercy had accepted, ever really, or *at all abidingly*, disturbed his mind.

This firm apprehension of mercy is the more extraordinary, as it stands contrasted with a former remarkable experience which he passed through at the age of fifteen or sixteen; the particulars of which he also related to me, at the same time with the preceding statement, but a few weeks before his death. It is as follows. He became, at that early age, while under the roof of Mr. Simons, so deeply convinced of sin and its awful nature, and he so strongly felt himself exposed to the wrath of God, that he could scarcely endure his own thoughts. In extreme anguish he wrote to Mr. Scott, determining to abide by his advice, and take any comfort he should offer. No doubt, numerous engagements prevented this

servant of God from attending to the statement so soon as he otherwise would have done; or, at least, so soon as the young and impatient sufferer expected. Days and weeks rolled over his head, and the anguish was increasing: he saw, as he thought, his doom: and saw, strange to say! no means of escape; or at least could not lay hold of any. At last he determined to endure present suffering no longer—to make up his mind to banish from it all thoughts of religion, and all care for his soul, and (to use his own expression to me) "To live as I list, and die as I could." Soon after this awful resolution was taken, Mr. Scott's answer arrived; but the fear of being again called to think upon the subject, and to endure a repetition of the anguish he had gone through, induced him to reject all thoughts of it, and to throw the letter into the fire: but I understood from him, that he was never able to persuade himself to scepticism; he could not doubt the truth of the Bible, as being the word of God. His unblameable moral conduct was owing, through God's great mercy, in early life, to his love and fear of his mother: and, as he told me, the not being able to bear that she should hear of misconduct, restrained him from many evils at Cambridge. In later life, his domestic habits were a barrier of a similar kind; together with a most unusual and self-denying kindness of disposition, so that he could not bear to wound the feelings of those he loved: and yet, as you may see from what I have already stated, these feeble barriers

against scepticism, and all its wretched consequences, might probably soon have been overleaped, had not sovereign mercy interposed one infinitely stronger.

From this detail of the secret workings of his mind, or rather of the gracious dealings of the Spirit of God, in his first serious attack of illness, I would now go on to tell you something of their effects in his life; after stating an observation he made during the conversation just mentioned, that it was the especial mercy of God to deal with him according to his weakness, and to spare him a second time any views of sin apart from a Saviour; under which, had they been at all akin to his former experience, his frame must have sunk. He saw, indeed, the awful nature of sin, his own helplessness, and the holiness and extent of the Law; but now the love of the Saviour was clearly revealed to him.—I do not here give you his exact words; only the substance of them.

To return to the scene from which I have so far wandered. I found my husband, as already stated, lying on the sofa, in deep thought, but more calm. On inquiry if any fresh circumstances had occurred to cause uneasiness, he replied in a whisper, "No: but bring me the slate; I have a great deal I wish to tell you."—I could little conjecture what was passing within, only I saw increasing illness; and then first the conviction took hold upon my mind of the probable result of this, or some subsequent attack. I

was mercifully enabled to appear calm, and earnestly to request perfect stillness; and to express the hope and expectation, that whatever he now wished to tell me, a few days would give him much more strength to state. I allowed no words to be spoken; and, only remember, this day was spent by me in silent watching and much mental anguish; and that the sufferer appeared, though in some agitation, much more calm than I felt.

In the night, the hæmorrhage returned with increased violence; and I dreaded the effect, knowing his terror on its first appearance: but my husband was much less agitated than before. I gained his permission to send off to town, to my dear and most kind father, in whose medical skill this, his only son, reposed implicit confidence; for he loved him, and was beloved by him, with exceedingly tender affection. The usual remedies succeeding for a time, I left my husband's room, for a few hours' rest.

Early in the morning, the servant came to tell me she was sure her master was very ill; though he had not sent for me, or spoken. The former surprised me, for I knew he did not like being alone in indisposition. On reaching his bedside, before I had time to make inquiry, he said, "Oh, how good is God, how very good! I have been praying!"—and, on my expressing a fear that he had had little sleep, he answered, "I have not closed my eyes; but, oh, how good is God!" Under this feeling he seemed almost overwhelmed. No inquiry made as to when

he should get medical aid, &c., so contrary to the conduct I had expected, that I could not but wonder; especially as, though the words I heard were few, the manner was indescribably impressive. A peace and holy breathing of soul were manifestly visible in the whole countenance, and the life of God shone forth in it. The nature of the disorder forbade any inquiry or conversation. I felt thankful; but forebodings of the future so astounded and oppressed me, I could do nothing but watch the disease. Some hours after, on a removal into another room, he desired me to pray by him:—this was a request new indeed! I fetched a book of prayers, and read one of the most suitable: on my concluding, he said, "You have left out a part of that prayer, which speaks of being prepared to die. I know I am in danger; I am not afraid of death. If it please God, I should be glad to recover; but pray earnestly that I never may recover from this illness, if I am to depart from Him, and to live the life I have been living. Oh, how good is God!"—at the thought of which he was again overcome. I now saw there was some work going on within the heart, which I was quite unable to speak upon or understand, far too deep for me to venture to direct: yet help and direction seemed to be needed. We were far from home, and no faithful minister then near us: I knew not what to do. After some consideration, the thought crossed my mind of sending immediately to Dr. Fearon. I saw all the difficulties, the greatness

of the request, to travel forty miles for a stranger, and immediately after Sunday, and where the plea of danger of death could not be urged; nevertheless, I determined to send; wrote an incoherent note on Sunday evening, and requested Mr. Daniel Wilson*, then very young, and on a visit with us, to take it; hoping Dr. F. would receive it more favourably, as carried by the son of his friend. Remembering the injunction formerly received†, I did not venture to consult my husband, lest I should be forbidden; nor even to tell him, either that day or the day following till evening, what I had done. This was a time of fear and anxiety on my part, and certainly of prayer.

As soon as I knew of Dr. Fearon's arrival, I then ventured to say I had sent for him. "*Thank you very much!*" was the reply: "I shall like to *hear* him; but you know I dislike to *see* a stranger, and could only bear he should come into the further part of my room." I went away, to see Dr. Fearon; and hope always to remember with deep gratitude his kindness and judgment, under circumstances so exquisitely trying. I told him my permission, and then went to state his arrival. My husband gladly welcomed it, and expressed a wish to see him at once. The difficulties of this visit were not a little increased; as my dear father had arrived, and told

* Son of the Bishop of Calcutta; and now Vicar of Islington.

† See page 54.

us there was some danger from the present attack, though he anticipated recovery from this illness; but perfect quiet was essential. After, however, some conversation with Dr. F., who was chiefly anxious to know if I could feel assured whether the feelings of sorrow for sin, implied in all my husband had said, did not arise from a conscience struck with remorse for some gross immorality; and on my replying that I knew it to be otherwise, after a short prayer, Dr. F. went into the room, and desired to be left alone; in which request my husband acquiesced, and I obeyed. On returning some time after, I found Dr. F. expounding the third chapter of St. John's Gospel;—but how deep the interest, and fixed the attention, both of speaker and listener, I cannot easily tell you!

From this period there seemed an almost daily growth in my dear husband's Christian character. It pleased God to grant him a slow recovery from this sickness, and to spare him to labour for three years. As soon as he recovered sufficient strength to write, his first effort was, to address letters to one or two of his oldest friends;—of course, in a very different tone of feeling from that of his usual correspondence. Without at all entering into particulars, or describing to any one the past state of his mind, he mentioned that his views were changed;—and his letters gave evidence of this. One of these communications, I know, lamented his having lived in the prayerless state, which the friend he wrote to

must have been aware of. I witnessed the feelings with which these letters were written, and which his correspondents could little realize, from the calmness of the expressions used by him: but, oh, how bitterly, how intensely he mourned over the past scenes which the remembrance of these friends brought before him; telling me, in reference to his College life, "I had influence—great influence; but abused it, wasted it! Oh, what I might have done!" and then again breaking out in admiration at the forbearance of God.

In the course of a few weeks, he again commenced family-prayer, and, for the first time, exposition. Of his peculiar talent for this kind of instruction, I will only now say, that he entered on it, the very first morning of the trial, with all the ease and fluency for which he was afterwards remarkable, and all the calmness of one who had had much experience and deep knowledge of Scripture-truths, and who was thoroughly accustomed to this kind of teaching. Certainly this was to be, in some measure, accounted for, from his early education, and most unusual knowledge of the Bible. But the goodness of God was manifested in this also. The time permitted him to labour here was short; and his growth in grace and Christian experience proportionably rapid. His deep views of the *exceeding sinfulness of sin*, with which first convictions and the probable prospect of death were attended, far from ever lessening with returning health, and prospect of life

and of all temporal enjoyments, seemed rather to be increasing. I would mention one incident, which occurred nearly a twelvemonth after his first illness. Whilst sitting in his study, he told me that he wished to send the venerable Mr. Scott some little testimony of esteem; that he did not choose to do so without my knowledge and consent; and that he had just concluded a letter to him, which he wished me to read. "It tells him," he said, "who was the writer of the letter so many years ago, and of my wretchedness and sinfulness since that period;"—and then, in an agony of grief I never before saw so great, he rose hastily from his seat, put his hand to his forehead, sobbed aloud, and leant, completely overcome, against the book-case. Conceiving the letter in question must contain something very fearful and distressing to him, I entreated it might be sent to Mr. Scott, if, by doing so, he was likely to receive comfort; and advised him not to put it into my hands. He was too much overcome with grief to answer, but rushed out of the room into his own dressing-room, leaving me with the letter, astonished, and fully convinced that I had not yet rightly understood the nature of the burden his conscience laboured under; thankful that he had been led to open his mind to Mr. Scott; and satisfied I should best afford him comfort by remaining in ignorance of the particulars. After some time, he returned to the study, perfectly calm; and on inquiring if I had read the letter, and my replying in the negative, he desired

I would read it at once: and said that he had nothing he wished to conceal from me; that I knew enough of what had been his course of life and practical atheism, not to be surprised he should feel on the retrospect. On complying with this injunction, I found the letter contained but a calm, simple, and very short outline of the facts I have mentioned; and certainly little conveyed the idea of the suffering under which it was written;—so fearful was my dear husband at all times of strong expressions, or ever speaking beyond his own religious experience. You know sincerity was always a leading feature of his character; and his great dread of hypocrisy and detestation of what he called "a talking religion" led him, at all times, as much as possible to avoid speaking of himself, and rather to understate his own feelings. What these feelings were, is so clearly expressed in a few lines (which though not found till after his death, were, I believe, written about this time), that I here transcribe them.

And Thou dost still forgive!
My God, what grace is this!
Dost bid the pardon'd rebel live,
And look towards Thee and bliss!

For I most vile have been,
Provok'd Thee to thy face,
Triumph'd in shame, and laugh'd at sin,
And trampled on thy grace.

I heard of all thy love,
And hated when I heard;
I knew the path that led above,
And that to hell preferr'd.

I needed not Thy hand
To give my soul to death;
For, left but at my own command,
And I had plunged beneath.

Grace! that not hears alone
The humble suppliant's cry,
But seeks the rebel, hard as stone,
And will not let him die.

Go on, my gracious Lord,
Thy great designs fulfil,
Work with thy Spirit and thy word,
And mould me to thy will!

In consequence of his determination, as soon as it should be practicable, to enter the Church, our house at Southend was parted with. The distance of this little hamlet from the churches of Lewisham and Beckenham being considerable, my husband had been induced (though not without the sanction of a judicious clerical friend) to invite some of the poor people immediately around us, to join our family evening service on the Sunday. From sixty to a hundred sometimes attended; and this means of grace being missed on our quitting the place, led, as I have been informed, to Mr. Foster's kindly listening to the wishes of the people, long afterwards expressed, and eventually to the erection of the present episcopal chapel at Southend. No disapprobation from any quarter was at the time hinted at, or the plan would have been immediately relinquished; but the sequel showed that much had been felt; and it caused serious inconvenience to ourselves, in finally

obliging my husband to remove, with his family, into the diocese of Norwich, for his ordination. This, however, was doubtless amongst the events ordered in mercy.

Though of a truly catholic spirit, and by his later life and conversation evidently declaring (as one of Bunyan's pilgrims beautifully expresses it), "I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of; and wherever I have seen the print of his shoe, there have I also desired to set my foot;" yet my husband was decidedly attached to the Established Church. He valued its membership, heartily subscribed to its Articles, and delighted often to quote in the family, and on other occasions, its Prayers. The Ordination Service he especially admired; and most deeply did he feel it. And though, as you know, he was accustomed to weigh and consider the bearing and difficulties of all subjects brought before him, I never knew him perplexed, as I have known some others, upon the question of conformity to the Church of England. It was in this part of God's vineyard he coveted to labour; and no circumstances ever for a moment induced him to think of overleaping its fences through an idea of enlarging his field of usefulness.

We quitted Southend in 1821; and resided for six months at Harrow Weald, where my husband had more than permission from Mr. Cunningham to visit the cottages, &c. Mr. C. would gladly have given a title, and we should then have continued in this spot; but from what was most probably a misapprehen-

sion, which great pains, and application to the proper authorities, might possibly have set right, this could not be accomplished at Harrow Weald. Mr. Jerram, of Chobham, also, would have given a title; but difficulties arose, and made this course likewise impossible. My dear father's decided opinion, as to the necessity for perfect quietness, and care to abstain for some time from preaching, &c., induced my husband to defer, till Feb. 1822, any further search for a title for orders, or public application for ordination.

In the interval, his time was occupied in the diligent study of the Scriptures, and of Theology in general. The works of Owen, especially on the Hebrews—Leighton, and Bishop Hall, were amongst his most favourite studies. To me he read large portions of Henry and Scott; and regularly in order, on Saturday evenings, the Missionary Register through. For his own reading, general literature was entirely laid aside. And here I cannot help noticing the harmony and beautiful proportion of his views of Christian duties. The root was truly the planting of the Holy Spirit, and therefore sent forth branches, leaves, and fruits, in their regular order. Personal religion was first attended to; large time set apart for private prayer and devotional reading of the Scriptures; and the utmost watchfulness directed against a deadness of spiritual feeling, and a constant endeavour maintained to live a life of communion with God in his own soul. Next to the

keeping of his own vineyard, was the care of his family: and here he felt deeply the responsibility attached to the relations of husband and parent, especially in the former; the duty of endeavouring to work *for* and *with* God, in seizing every opportunity of imparting spiritual instruction, in conversation, by prayer, and by reading of the Scriptures. It was his constant habit to pray and read the Bible with me twice daily; but, in case of such sickness as allowed of it—when, the mind being left at liberty, seclusion only was needed; particularly after the birth of each of our younger children; or whenever fresh mercies were bestowed, and before entering upon new duties—these pains were redoubled: an increased time was given to reading, not only the Scriptures, but also books of spiritual instruction. He often stated the duty of the superior to watch over the inferior relation; and considered that, in general, the husband who neglected, circumstances permitting, to cultivate his wife's understanding (not merely for her own benefit, but as the mother of his children) was both unwise and unchristian; and that such a person seemed to be forgetful that this was to regulate the spring of the household. He considered, further, that since (as in the case of a clergyman's wife) much of the comfort of the female part of the parish might depend upon her personal religion and sound judgment, all these motives gained much additional force. For these reasons, it was my husband's practice to devote an hour and a

half in the evening to what I should properly call—not merely reading to me books of general information, history, biography, but also—reading for instruction.

I have already stated, however, that domestic duties were far from being exclusive ones; and this was especially the case after his entering the sacred ministry. Happening to be confined by indisposition, and detained in town on Christmas-day (a day on which we had never before been separated), I wrote to request him to join our little family-circle at my father's house. To this request he replied:—"December 24th. I would come up immediately, and nurse you; but I cannot feel it right so to do. Having a dispensation of the Gospel committed to my unworthy trust; having health to preach, and places to preach in, where otherwise the Gospel of Christ will not be preached; and never knowing of any one sermon, but that it may please God to bless that, as well as another, to the eternal good of some; I feel that nothing but a very urgent case ought to keep me idle."—I would, however, remark, that his strong domestic attachments were in no degree weakened by the great spiritual change of which you have heard. Whilst those affections took another method of manifesting themselves, they flowed as powerfully as ever, and in a uniform course. He was in the habit of expressing his affectionate wishes to those dear to him, on their birth-days, or other marked periods of the year. I find, in a letter to my

mother he thus writes: "I wish you, dear madam, many happy new years, even an eternity of them; if, indeed, years are known in that city, which has *no need of the sun.* In so many years, however, as we are spared below, may we be daily growing more meet for that happy state and society above! Ever, your obliged and affectionate, C. N."

A great portion of my husband's time had been, even previously to ordination, devoted to visiting the poor and the sick; and after consecration to the ministry, every employment connected with his Master's more immediate service had his best time and thoughts. This service he had the privilege to enter upon, in March 1822, when he received deacon's orders from the Bishop of Norwich; his curacy being that of Mildenhall, in the neighbourhood of Newmarket; the rector, the Rev. Mr. Philips. Being myself, however, in extremely ill health, and the place evidently disagreeing with me, we were obliged to remove to a more healthy soil and higher situation: and as it was necessary to make the removal speedily, we occupied a friend's house, at a little village, thirty miles off—Guestingthorpe, in Essex. My husband, however, still continued to go to Mildenhall on every Friday, and return on Monday; till October 1822, when the Bishop admitted him to priest's orders, and, after some inquiries, kindly dispensed with his residence at Mildenhall. At Guestingthorpe, in a small parish adjacent, assistance was much wanted; and, as he

was permitted the entire use of the church in the parish in which we were residing, and was requested to preach once every Sunday in the neighbouring parish, and invited to take as much of the pastoral care of both as suited his health and inclination, here was abundant occupation. And here was the temptation to over-exertion, in visiting the sick poor, in damp cottages, and in the winter season; which was the permitted means of bringing on, in the following spring, a return of his disorder, under which he at length sank.

It was in the little parish of Guestingthorpe that Mr. Abel Smith accidentally, and being an entire stranger, heard my husband preach; and having found that he was at liberty to take permanent duty, was very desirous of placing him at Watton, Herts; which was finally arranged; so that we were on the point of removing to Watton, when it pleased God to close his earthly labours, and to give him the summons, as it were, of—*Well done, good and faithful servant! thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.*

The sickness which prevented our removal to Watton ended in death. This sudden attack of February 1823 was a suprise to my husband; but it now brought no alarm. He was enabled to place himself altogether in his Heavenly Father's hands, and wait calmly the issue for life or death. In a short note to my mother, written at this time, he

thus expresses his feelings to her:—"I think that I am considerably better in all respects. If it please God to raise me up again, I trust it will be, to be faithful to Him: if not, I can truly say, 'Welcome sickness, welcome death, rather than to be unfaithful!'"

We removed to London, and thence to Battersea, to have the benefit of my dear father's advice. A young clergyman of some promise, but too great levity of character, calling, my husband could not then see him; but, as I was supporting him from faintness, he said: "Ah! how thankful ought I to be for this sickness! but for *it*, I might, and probably should, have been the same trifler." Towards the morning of a night peculiarly distressing, from the violence of an incessant cough, I remarked, "How grieved I am you have had no rest!" He replied, "*The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him:* I have found it so." At another time, when bleeding from the lungs came on with more violence than usual, as soon as he could speak, he looked up, and with great peace in his countenance, and much kindness, observed to me, "I *do* feel deeply for you: I pray for *you*." Two very old and dear friends coming to see us at Battersea, whilst my husband seemed possessing a little more vigour, and was under one of those mockeries of recovery which this delusive disease often assumes, he wished to be moved out of the bed-room into a large drawing-room which opened into it,

and to join his two friends at dinner: the exertion, however, was too much: on recovering from fainting, and on his return to his chamber, he said to me, "I am astonished at my own folly: I hope this will be the last effort of the kind I shall make. That those who know nothing of God should wish for society, I cannot wonder; but that I, who have known something of the blessedness of communion with Him, should bear to lose an opportunity for knowing more, and prefer for a moment any other pleasure, is astonishing. It *is* very grievous: I hope I shall never do so again." And this seemed to be an abiding feeling; for, under all the variations of disease, he always evidently regretted whatever broke in upon my reading to him the Bible, or hearing his remarks upon it, or prayer.

In the time of health, his delight was in the Bible: truly all the day long was his study in it. And one thing I would especially remember; that, whereas at first he did not always find the comfort or pleasure in reading it which it invariably gave him at last, yet he read, trusting in the promise, that those who seek shall find;—and to this practice he often exhorted me, urging me not to be deterred by any present deadness of feeling from being constant in the hours of closet duties. On one occasion, speaking to me of some manuscript poems, and on my observing that some passages at least were very beautiful, and I thought had a tendency to good, he replied: "The spirit in which

they were written was decidedly bad:" and then, referring to Mason, added, in his beautiful spirit of humility, of which I can give you little idea, "Let him know me by the 'Bible Teacher';"—the little book which has since been found exceedingly useful. In his case I saw nothing, scarcely, which some might call the triumph of faith; I heard no very strong expressions from him; his feeling was that of simple dependence upon the Saviour. The recollection of it reminds me of Hooker's remark: "A wise man, says Solomon, doth see a plague coming, and hideth himself: nature teacheth a wise man in fear to hide himself; but grace and faith doth teach him where. Where should the child hide his head, but in the bosom of his loving father? where the Christian, but under the shadow of the wings of Christ his Saviour?" And here, truly, had my dear husband learned to repose; and to be a most consolatory example of the fulfilment of that promise: *The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.*

Through the mercy of God, many days, at different periods, were largely free from much suffering. He was confined totally to his bed about six weeks before his death; but at times enjoyed great comfort, being often able to hear me read for some hours. The two last books which I read, except the Bible, were, the latter part of Halyburton's Life, and the whole account of Mr. Scott's illness

and death. This last he found especially encouraging and comforting. At a late period of my husband's sickness, he told me, "I have been taught more these last two months than I have learned all the three years before." He once observed to me, in reference to many playful and very expressive terms, which he was formerly in the habit of using in ordinary conversation, that I must have remarked that he had for very long ceased to use them. I replied, "Yet I do think they were perfectly harmless in themselves." "Yes," he said, "they were; but they reminded me of days of sin; and I could not bear them." He then added some remarks expressive of his horror of sin, and grief at the light names by which, even amongst Christians, sin is sometimes called.

I might mention several instances of the calmness with which he stood, as it were, upon the very verge of both worlds:—one or two such I venture to give you. On looking with some pleasure at my youngest child, then an infant, and remarking her growth, I observed, "She has been just trying to say, Papa." At the same time her little sister, somewhat older, came in with fresh flowers, which I had allowed her to gather every day, and place on her papa's bed: for this he now gently reproved me, and said, "How can you treasure up for yourself so much sorrow!—indeed it is wrong." The effect of faith was visible in his not being obliged, as some Christians have been, to banish the objects of strong

affection, in order to give them up; but whilst he continued daily conversant with them, they were all entirely resigned to Him, on whom his love was supremely fixed.

About three months before his death, we were obliged, from the house being wanted by the owner, to remove from Battersea to Chiswick; where, though in a secluded situation, we were not out of the occasional sound of the church-bell. On one occasion, after his severe confinement to his bed, the wind wafted perpetually the sound of the tolling bell. I suppose I unknowingly, in some measure, showed what I felt; for he looked up and said, with a very sweet smile, "Do not let it distress you: it does not disturb *me*."

He frequently spoke to me on the subject of the children's education; confirming the opinion often expressed in health, that if a mother were under the influence of real religion, and possessing a tolerable degree of judgment, no superior qualifications in others could at all make up for the absence of maternal watchfulness; which would more than supply the place of all these, and render her care, even of a son, as long as it was possible to watch over him, invaluable. It was his decided wish that his own boy should, for many years, be brought up at home, if such were the will of God. Amongst other points of advice, he urged upon me the duty of reading much, especially whilst my children were so young, for their sakes, that I might be the better

enabled to teach them. On one occasion, he said: "When I am gone, I know that you will feel, though not at first, yet afterwards, great pleasure in reading any thing we have read together, or that I have written; but you will not always understand my marks: bring me my little Bible, and I will explain them to you." At another time, on my rising from prayer with a mind exceedingly hurried, and after petitions repeated much upon one subject, he said, "You have forgotten to pray for the children: O, kneel down again, and pray for them!"

One fine day in June, as he lay on a couch in a flower-garden, by the side of the river, then perfectly calm, and the meadows on the opposite side looking beautifully green, he took particular pleasure in making me repeat, at intervals, "There is a land of pure delight," and "Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood," &c.* At other times, he would desire his little boy to repeat the lines, "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah! &c." But on repeating the last verse, it generally overcame him:—

"When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fear subside;
Prince of Life, my guide celestial,
Land me safe on Canaan's side!
Hallelujahs
I will ever give to thee."

Another favourite hymn was particularly marked by himself, in his copy of Wesley's Hymns, as ex-

* Watts, Book II. Hymn 66.

pressing very clearly his own past experience, and the very strong feeling which he had of the sinfulness of his former state. The verses marked are the following:—

Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee much despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight:

Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears,
And vex'd, and urg'd thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years:

Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace receiv'd;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd!

One morning, my sister was sitting by his bedside, employed in looking out books for him to give to the servants, and to some few friends, as last memorials: he said to her, "I feel so weak, I wonder I can move; but yet I can:"—pausing, he added, "It is sown in weakness; it is raised in power." Parts of this chapter (1 Cor. xv.) he was continually repeating. Seeing him very languid, my sister said, "Perhaps there is no account of heaven we can more feelingly enter into, than, that *There remaineth a rest.*" He replied, "Yes;" and added with energy, "But there we shall see Jesus, and the general assembly, and church of the firstborn, and the spirits of just men made perfect."

But of all the subjects of his conversation with me, there was none that he dwelt upon with more

frequency and earnestness, than the importance of family-prayer, particularly as to the manner in which it should be conducted; often saying, "Depend upon it, there is just so much religion in a family, as there is of seriousness and reality in family-prayer." Upon one occasion, about this time, on my noticing the joy and peace which some one, who had just left the room, possessed, he replied: "Yes; he is an old servant of God: it is His usual dealing in grace as in providence, *The hand of the diligent maketh rich.* O live near to God; make much of family-prayer; be punctual in the time for it; do not let it be a *form;* pray always for a blessing on it: read the Bible—*read it much;* do not let little portions satisfy you. Oh, that I had read it more!"

I have stated his uniform calmness during sickness, and constant resignation of all he most loved into God's hands. I remember now *one* exception, and but one. Speaking to me of his children, he said, with evident agitation, "They are too young to know any thing of me; but I think Mason will remember me;" and then sank upon the pillow with a burst of grief, and for a few moments completely overcome. He afterwards lay still, evidently in prayer: in a very short time he had regained his usual calmness; the struggle was over; and I never again witnessed a repetition of it. I mention these things, as evidences of his habitually exercising himself to attain calmness of spirit.

One day, a person coming to see my husband, who always allowed himself in the use of a certain phraseology, too much in vogue among some Christians, with long, unmeaning, and, frequent quotations of Scripture; he spoke to me, and, in reference to this visitor and to my children, said, with unusual earnestness, "O do keep them from a *talking religion!* May God keep them from it!"

His reverence for the Holy Scriptures was very great, and evidenced itself by the solemnity of manner which always accompanied any allusion to them. He seldom made direct quotations in conversation, except to near relatives. In his last illness, there were some passages he dwelt upon with peculiar delight: a few I more particularly remember.—*His servants shall serve him.* "Ah!" he said, "that is what they *would* do here, and they cannot; but they *shall* serve Him." And under any trying circumstances, he often recurred to the expression, "His servants *shall* serve Him."—*I am Gabriel, that stand in the presence of God.* "Oh! think what it is to stand in the presence of God: how wonderful! think of it often!"—Referring to that expression of David's, in 2 Samuel vii. 19, *And is this the manner of man, O Lord God?* on being relieved from pain, or receiving peculiar comfort and refreshment in prayer, when acquainting me with it, he would sometimes add, "And this for *me!* Ah, this is indeed not after the manner of men; but *it is* after the manner of God!"—Once, on my taking up

the Bible, and turning to the passage, *And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God*, I read it to my husband, and then stopped. "Go on," he said; "why do you stop there?" On reading to the end of the next verse, and again being silent, "Go on," he repeated; "you destroy the sense of those verses: they are connected." On reading, as desired, to the end of the thirtieth verse, he took up the next paragraph: *What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us?*—and added, "I have often wondered why some good men should sometimes seem afraid to go on with a verse, and not rather be afraid of disjointing the sense."—Upon reading some remarks, in a work of Christian biography, touching our knowledge of each other in heaven, he said, he could not conceive how any Christian could ever raise a doubt upon that subject, or be at the pains to prove it. *Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming? For ye are our glory and joy*;—"but," he added, "it is to me quite evident, from the whole scope of the Scriptures; and therefore useless to enter into particulars." As the point seemed perfectly settled in his own mind, and as existing circumstances made all reference to it painful, if not wrong, I never again recurred to it. But you know he was not used to form a decided judgment upon any subject without much consideration.—He spoke of the fifth verse of the

first chapter of Jeremiah, as a great encouragement to ministers; and was in the habit, when in health, of stirring up himself by a reference to the seventeenth verse of the same chapter: *Thou, therefore, gird up thy loins, and arise, and speak unto them all that I command thee: be not dismayed at their faces, lest I confound thee before them.*

In a letter formerly sent to you, I mentioned his deep feeling for the salvation of souls. I here quote a passage from one written by me to Mr. Grimfield; of which, unknown to me at the time, my sister took a copy. "If a clergyman would feel the value of every soul committed to his charge, he might in some degree learn it by the dying-bed of one so eminently taught to feel it, as my most dear husband once was. When his spirits were at any time sinking, I used to speak of the few to whom his labours were blessed; and of one especially who had entered the heavenly rest, and would doubtless be a part of his crown of rejoicing: he could only say, with such a look as I can never describe, 'I thank God! It is mercy indeed! what an honour for me! how unworthy am I! But I trust it is a token He has pardoned me, He has accepted me.'"

My husband had been told, that, in the adjoining house, a family were mourning over one of their number, a son and a brother, who had long lain in dying circumstances: but all of which family were ignorant of our source of consolation, and, though thinking, reading people, were strangers to God.

It was on the Sunday or two previous to his death, that he heard this; and, truly mourning for them, he desired me to bring Scott's Essays, and take the pen, whilst he dictated a short but very impressive letter, stating his own near views of eternity, urging the fleeing to a Saviour, and requesting, as a personal favour to himself, that they would accept and read the accompanying little volume. On sending in the letter, he said, in reference to its being Sunday, "You know I have very little time in which to attempt any thing: I think this cannot be unsuitable to the day."

As an instance of what I mentioned formerly, that he was not under any excitation, but remarkably comprehensive and calm in his views of every duty in all its bearings,—a strong appeal came, either from some individual or some public charity for help; and, knowing he never turned from such, I gave and read it to my husband. He replied: "I have done with these things now; I am no judge: what I give is not now my own: you must consider it:" —and, with tears, added, "I hope, when I could think, I have not been quite inattentive to the wants of others, especially of God's servants."

I ought not to omit here, that he seldom found any refreshment from medicine skilfully administered, or food of any delicate kind, or those various alleviations of sickness which, through the goodness of God, we were able to procure; but he urged upon me to remember the privilege and duty of

endeavouring to relieve the sufferings of sickness in others; and especially of endeavouring to administer to the wants of any of the servants of God. For himself, as I wrote at the time to a friend, "I never heard a murmur." Those who witnessed, will never forget his prayers, in the form of a blessing, before his meals; whilst his pale emaciated hands, and feeble voice, with the peace of heaven in his face, filled us with shame, that we should ever dare to complain, or allow a murmuring thought. Upon the various scenes of the last sickness I could say much more, which might interest you, but that I wish (as far as it is possible to me) to confine my recollections to those things only which are really edifying to remember.

I will here borrow from some memoranda of my sister's, put down immediately after her dear brother's death, and designed only for the after-benefit of one of her little nieces, who is also her god-child. She writes: "My poor brother was quite concerned at the sickliness of his appetite. 'Being obliged to think so much of this poor body,' he said, 'quite weighs me down.' The nurse standing by him, and fearing he was faint, he said, 'Mrs. J—, there will be no fainting in heaven. What a wretch should I now be without a hope of heaven! What a blessed hope that is!' Mrs. J— was a pious Moravian nurse; and we thought it a singular circumstance, that he, who had been so kind and active in the service of the Moravians,

should at the last have a Moravian nurse to watch him by night, when my sister was exhausted by the exertions of the day.

"His natural taste and refinement of mind amidst all his sickness never forsook him; nor did his love for flowers, which the children used to bring him: and it was an affecting sight to see him propped up in bed, dividing with his feeble hands portions of sugar-plums amongst them. I used to gather him two nosegays; one of garden-flowers, and one of wild-flowers—composed chiefly of dog-roses—which he preferred to cultivated flowers; and these were laid upon his bed, or set in some place where, through the day, he could see them. His whole soul and body were given to God; and it was his wish that every talent and every power should either promote the glory of God, or the good of his fellow-creatures. As an instance of this, he liked my disposition of flowers in a nosegay; and one day lay and calculated, how even this might be applied to some use, by arranging them for the poor London flower-women. About a month before his death, he conversed with me for some time on different subjects: I only remember some of these. He said, 'Three years ago, when I was taken ill, I sent for a novel.' He then spoke of the mischiefs of levity, and said he could not endure it. Frequently he would stop, and say most solemnly, 'I do not speak this as a dying man; it is what I have long thought.'

"He also talked of the little importance of

situations in life; as to whether a man were in business or not, it was what he should disregard for his children; the promotion of true religion was the primary object. He rather blamed himself for not having entered into his father's business, and thus complied with his wish; saying, that his brother Benjamin disliked it as well as himself, but, from a sense of duty, did not decline it. His standard of filial obedience and respect was peculiarly high; a duty which, he said, nothing could set aside. This was the last conversation, properly speaking, he ever had with me, and lasted about a quarter of an hour: he then continued faint for some time, and for a while unable to see some old friends who had come to visit him; but, when a little recovered, he expressed to them his hope and peace; which, indeed, he did to all who came to see him, though his bodily weakness and lowness of animal spirits were so great, that every thing agitated him, and made him sometimes uneasy lest his appearing overcome should dishonour God, or seem contradictory to the internal peace of mind which he continually expressed.

"It was about a fortnight before my dear brother's death, that Mr. Pratt came,* and adminis-

* In reference to this occasion, I have been informed by my brother-in-law, the Rev. Josiah Pratt, that he was greatly struck to observe the calm assurance of faith manifested by Mr. Neale, in his whole conversation and manner. He seemed to rest, without any shadow of doubt, upon this text, *Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ*.—Ed.

stered the sacrament; in which service my sister, mother, myself, and William, joined. A little time after this, he indited a letter to Dr. Fearon. This was his last letter."—Thus far my sister's memoranda.

Some few weeks before his death, he gave me directions as to his funeral, not very minute, but chiefly with a view to the avoiding of show, &c.; and desired to have for the inscription upon his tomb,—THIS IS A FAITHFUL SAYING, AND WORTHY OF ALL ACCEPTATION, THAT CHRIST JESUS CAME INTO THE WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS;—adding, with deep feeling and unfeigned humility—OF WHOM I AM CHIEF.

About this time, he dictated to me the Preface to the Second Part of the Bible Teacher's Manual, with his usual fluency, and without any other hesitation than that produced by shortness of breath and weakness. I have sometimes written for others, but never witnessed such remarkable facility in dictation as that possessed by my dear husband, and retained till within a few hours of his death. It was a singular mercy that in his case we were enabled to avoid opiates: he very earnestly desired this, and willingly suffered at times much to avoid them. My dear father also was as anxious as ourselves upon this point; and the goodness of God enabled him skilfully to suggest some things which partially supplied the place of this, sometimes absolutely needed, but greatly distressing, class of medicines.

For some time before the concluding scene, it was my dear husband's custom every night (after I had prayed with him, and before the attempt to compose himself for some sleep) solemnly to commend his soul, as in departing, into the hands of the God of the spirits of all flesh, in the words of St. Stephen, *Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!*

A short time previously to his death, he desired me to bring paper and ink, and write to Dr. Fearon for him; when he dictated to me the following short letter:—

"My Dear Friend,

"I borrow my wife's hand to write you a few lines; as my weakness, which now confines me to my bed, prevents me from doing it myself; but I am unwilling not to bear testimony to the tender mercies of my God. As He brings me nearer and nearer to death, I trust that I find his grace more and more. I am enabled more and more to delight myself in his love, to enjoy the promises, and sometimes to rejoice in hope of the glory of God. Surely these dealings are not after the manner of man. Who would not have said, that one like me, if saved at all, should have been saved through temptations, and terrors, and doubts? But I experience nothing but loving-kindness; and I trust that as He has been increasingly with me, so, in His infinite mercy, He will be, *to* death, and *in* death, and *through* death. As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are His

ways high above our ways. Farewell, my dear friend! I trust we shall spend Eternity together, in singing the love, and admiring the glories, of the Saviour.

"Your truly affectionate, and ever obliged,

"C. NEALE."

Three days before death, my dear husband had his boy (then five years old) and the servants called separately into his room. To the former he gave the Pilgrim's Progress; and to each of the latter, some little Testament, Bible, or Prayer-book, by way of testimony of regard. Just twenty-six hours before his spirit took its flight to the Saviour's arms, I was most unexpectedly desired to bring pencil and paper. This request much surprised me, as I knew that my husband had not written or even read a line for several weeks, and his weakness was extreme. With a feeble tremulous hand, which rested on the pillow, and on a small book which I supported, he wrote the lines which follow; and gave them me, with this remark, and a smile that breathed and spoke the inward peace of his soul: "I have not written you a copy of verses a long time: now take these. I have not written them to be shewn, but because they may hereafter comfort you, as they speak what I feel;—put them away." The sun had that morning been beautifully shining upon the clustering roses, which thickly shaded the large window near his bed-side.

VERSES

WRITTEN IN A ROOM PROJECTING INTO A GARDEN, WHERE THE FLOWERS WERE RICHLY GLOWING IN THEIR BLOOM, UNDER THE POWERFUL RAYS OF AN AUGUST SUN.

When the great sun looks from high,
On the garden trimly drest,
Sweet each object to the eye,
Gay and gladdening to the breast:

But if he withdraw a while,
Then the flowers no more are gay;
Every thing has lost its smile,
And the bright hues die away.

Yet the flowers blow changeless on,
Elegant, and full, and fair;
But the charm of all is gone,
But the sun is wanting there.

Thus the Lord, in happy days,
With a reconciled face,
Looks upon His people's ways;—
Then the promises of grace,

Then a Saviour's dying love,
Love to all, but—LOVE TO ME!
Then the glorious crown above,
Crown of immortality,—

These are felt in all their glow,
In the great amazing whole;
Then seem all things poor below;
Nought but God can fill the soul!

But He hides His gracious head,
And the scene is chang'd again:
All the promises are read,
But, alas! are read in vain.

Yet they all remain the same;
Yes! and faith shall grasp them too!
Stay upon Jehovah's name,
Though no light appear in view.

The next night was one of dreadful suffering. After I had quitted the chamber for a few hours' rest, my dear mother was with him; and very early in the morning, on her remarking to him, "You have had a sad and tedious night," he replied, "I shall have a long and glorious day." My dear father and myself returned to his bed-side at five in the morning, when his convulsive struggles for breath were dreadfully distressing: no murmuring sign appeared,—it was bodily suffering only. As well as I could, I endeavoured aloud to commend in prayer his departing soul to his Saviour; and at the conclusion he was able distinctly to say, "Thank you!" He a little revived, however, about noon of this day; and was able, with an impressive voice, to say to all of us present, "Remember—strait is the gate, and narrow is the way." Sometime after, on my endeavouring to close the eyes, he said in a whisper, intelligible but to myself, "I was but looking into heaven."

Of the article of dying he had ever had a fear; and sometimes expressed it to me, acknowledging it was the result of a weak faith. About half an hour before death, he breathed into my ear, in a whisper—which others observed, rather than heard, but to me it was a most penetrating sound—"The

fear of death is quite taken away." Shortly after, he made a sign to be laid upon the pillow;—the struggles of death were over;—and, at five o'clock in the afternoon of August 8th, 1823, literally falling asleep, so he breathed out his departing spirit, which thus winged its flight from earth to heaven, to be for ever with the Lord.—There wanted just four days of completing his thirty-fourth year.

My husband's last gift to me was about three weeks before his death, in the same spirit of calmly waiting his departure. It was a watch and seals; one of which was his own choice, from an original device of Dr. Fearon's, having a cross with the inscription over it, "FERAMUS." On giving the watch, he said, "Let it mark out your time for God!"

I have formerly heard my husband express his opinion of the value of the diaries which some Christians have kept, to record their spiritual progress or decline. He thought they might be beneficial to the individuals; but that, in order to be so, generally speaking, effectual care should be taken that they should meet no human eye. His own practice I never knew till after his death. In the latter part of his sickness, he desired that, as soon as I could open his papers, I should burn some, the nature of which I should at once see. Immediately after the event, circumstances made it needful for me to put every paper into the care of a kind and faithful friend, to whom I had forgotten to mention this request. He at once found the book or books

(I have forgotten which, except that it appeared a mass of writing); and seeing it was evidently not intended to be looked at, Mr. Rippingall brought the packet to me, with this legible inscription on the covering page: "Between God and my own soul." Of course, I then remembered the injunction given me, and the papers were immediately burnt.

A few words upon the manner in which his sermons were delivered, &c. His voice completely filled the large church at Mildenhall; and, as the rector and several others told me, he was one of the best readers of Scripture they ever heard. Solemn, simple, and devotional in the Liturgy, the manner, as well as the matter, was prayer. In the delivery of his sermons, he was perfectly unaffected; with but little action, exceeding ease, and so much of earnestness, that, setting out with different feelings, even I could not hear long without forgetting the preacher in the subject. My dear father delighted to hear him, and often spoke of his remarkable talent as a preacher; and himself being allowed an eminent example as a lecturer, he was no incompetent judge.

The accompanying letter, written by my dear father to Mr. Grinfield, speaks fully what he has often expressed to me of his feelings upon this subject.

"Guildford Street, August 16, 1823.

"Dear Sir,

"I am obliged to you for the letter I have this day received; and, had I time, should have much of a melancholy pleasure in replying to it circumstantially; for, in the sad void produced by the loss of a dear friend or beloved relative, nothing tends so much to afford relief as to muse on the scenes and the sayings that are now at an end; and thus, for a few moments, to re-embody what has vanished from our senses.

"Our dear Mr. Neale was, indeed, endowed with talents that fall to the lot of few; and fewer still have employed them so efficiently as himself, during the latter part of his life. You are aware, I have no doubt, that the illness with which he was suddenly attacked at Eastbourne produced, under the blessing of God, a wonderful impression on his mind. He began to think for what important purpose he had thus far lived, and to what valuable object he had dedicated whatever talents he might be possessed of. The general result was, a decided resolution to redeem, as far as could be, the time past, by a thorough and absolute surrender of himself to God; and, when he should truly feel himself in some degree prepared for so solemn a purpose, by entering into holy orders. From this moment every secular consideration appeared to be giving

way; and the whole tenor of his life and actions showed an habitual determination to know nothing in this world, but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.

"His endowment for preaching was of very rare excellence; and whatever may have been thought of any other, or all the other, talents he possessed, I believe every one who heard him conceived this to be his most perfect gift. Nothing, however, could be more simple than his manner, nothing more easy than his style; and, throughout the whole, it was obvious that he totally lost sight of himself in pursuing the great duty before him. It was hence impossible to hear him without being strikingly impressed, and almost impossible not to be permanently improved. The benefit he was accomplishing, by his preaching, his charity, and his numerous visits among the poor, when it pleased God to call him from the routine of his labours to a sick-bed, is almost incalculable. During the long time of the sickness, which was rather more than six months, —a sickness brought on, as to external causes, by his having caught cold by visiting and praying amongst the poor, on damp clay-floors,—he exhibited an example as worthy of copy, as when in the active labours of health. To transcribe all the striking and beautiful remarks that casually dropped from him would fill a volume, instead of a letter; and I cannot therefore attempt it: how far it

may be attempted hereafter, I cannot at present say.

"With sincere esteem, I remain,
"Dear Sir,
"Very faithfully yours,
"J. M. Good."

Another letter, addressed by my father to Dr. Drake, expresses so strongly his feelings on this trying occasion, that it ought to be here inserted.

"Guildford Street, August 18, 1823.

"My Dear Friend,

"When I received your last kind letter, I was daily expecting the close of my dear and most excellent son-in-law's sufferings,—and had already tried, but with little success, the plan you suggested; which, in truth, we were obliged to discontinue, in consequence of its increasing the exacerbation.

"The conflict is now over—he has entered into his rest; having expired, as you may probably have seen by the newspapers, on Friday the 8th instant.

"The last text he preached from, when he had no idea of any serious illness, was, *To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.* It was within a few hours afterwards that he was attacked with hæmoptysis. His whole heart was in his ministry; and the simple, unvarnished, but most impressive character of his pulpit oratory was calculated, with

God's blessing, to work wonders among the highest as well as the lowest classes.

"Under these circumstances, the alarming sickness with which he was attacked might naturally, perhaps, be called 'a *mysterious* dispensation.' But he would never allow such a term to be employed; for it never was made use of, he said, without betraying something of a latent murmur.

"He suffered much at times; and the pain alone was sufficient, and especially towards the close of the struggle, to throw him into severe perspiration; but his remark was, 'My Saviour sweated drops of blood for me!' and this upheld him. It was a severe conflict to break off his strong attachment to his beloved children—and his still more beloved wife; and yet at last he was enabled to make a total surrender of himself to the will of God, and for months had his conversation in heaven, far more than on earth. Yet, all the kindliness of his heart, and all the fine taste of his genius, accompanied him to the latest moment. Less than eight-and-forty hours before his dissolution, he told his dear wife, with a faltering voice, that as he had not written her any lines for a long time, if she would bring him a pencil and a piece of paper, he would give her some; when he wrote off one of the most beautiful devotional odes I have ever seen. During the night before his departure, it was observed by Mrs. Good, who sat up by him, that she was fearful the night had been tedious to him; he replied, 'I shall have

a long and a glorious day!' He spoke prophetically —and the prophecy was fulfilled.

"What, my dear friend, are all the splendour and the pageantry of the world, compared with the sublime and solemn scenes to which I have thus been an eye-witness? Surely these are foretastes of that 'fulness of joy,' and those 'pleasures for evermore,' which are reserved at the right hand of God for those who are favoured with so beatific a vision. They give, if it were wanted, a fresh and energetic stamp of reality to the glorious manifestation of the Gospel; and show us for what we were born; and the more important lesson, how this high destiny may be obtained. My earnest prayer is, that the lesson may be lost upon no one within its sphere: and with the feeble powers of my own pen, I would enlarge that sphere, if possible, throughout the universe; and I would address it to you, my dear friend, as importunately as to myself.

"We are all in great grief, as you may suppose, and especially my beloved daughter; but we are upheld by a thousand consolations, that fall to the lot of but few.

"Farewell, my dear friend, for the present; and believe me ever,

"Affectionately yours,

"J. M. Good."

Feeling himself perfectly at home at the little church of Guestingthorpe, he was accustomed there

to take simply his Bible into the pulpit; and his manner, when preaching from it, was much more impressive than when he took notes with him, or used written sermons. He once told me, he found great difficulty in *writing* for the pulpit; but was afraid of being careless in his preparations; and begged that I would tell him of any fault I saw, and watch, and get those who were fit judges, and our friends, to tell me; and assured me this was my duty. In his last sickness, my husband observed: "I do not know what to think of my sermons: it was certainly little trouble to me to compose such as I did preach; but I am very much grieved with the fear, that I too much offered to God what cost me nought. Oh! I could preach now!"—But if I can, upon frequent recollection and mature deliberation, form any judgment, it was in family-exposition he especially excelled. Several not incompetent judges were of the same opinion. He fell at once into a style peculiarly his own, perfectly easy, without a particle of hesitation: it was something between the necessary formality of a sermon, and colloquialism, if I may use such a word. His ordinary method was, to go through the Scriptures; but the chapter selected for the family he had, I believe, previously thought upon, at least for the most part. His habit was, to read a few verses, sometimes only one at a time, throwing in an observation or two, which contained much matter in a few words: this was

undoubtedly a peculiar gift, evident in all his instructions.

His public ministry was concluded by two sermons: one, upon the Christian's life,* from Genesis v. 24, *Enoch walked with God; and he was not; for God took him*:—the other, upon the Christian's death, from Philippians i. 21, *To me.... to die, is gain.* Four days after this, he received the summons from his Divine Master, which called him aside, to prepare himself for that rest which remaineth for the people of God. Those who then heard him, say that his soul seemed to be quite borne away to that glorious world, of which he was soon to be a blessed inhabitant.

* The first sermon printed in this volume.

Thus far his surviving friends are indebted to the hand best able (though it must have cost the heart many a severe pang) to describe his later years, and the closing days of his valuable life. The little that remains to be added, is from the communications of one of his friends, and from the pen of his father-in-law. Mr. Grinfield has, with equal delicacy and correctness, portrayed him, in the following terms:—"In person, he was slender and consumptive;

and, to allude to a very favourite passage of poetry with him—Southey's picture of young Carodoc, in Madoc—

> 'Upon his cheek there was the sickliness
> Which thought and feeling leave, wearing away
> The hue of youth.'——

His countenance was plain, but very expressive of deep thought and calm intelligence. His fine and eloquent eye presented an example of the triumph of the soul over ordinary features."

He was interred in Chiswick church-yard; and the following lines were written by his father-in-law, as an "Epitaph on an unnamed Saint;" though (in conformity with his desire of avoiding ostentation) they were not inscribed upon his tomb. Allusion is made, in the eighth line, to an inscription still existing on the church-yard wall, stating that it had been built in 1623, "at y^e^ charge of lord Francis Russelle."

> O spot rever'd! though thou may'st hold,
> Within thy consecrated mould,
> Names more familiar to the great,
> And wider fam'd for wealth or state;
> Yet never, since the hallow'd hour
> When RUSSELL rais'd thy wall, t'embower,
> Against the last trump's dread alarm,
> The "wardrobe of God's saints" from harm—
> No, never hast thou, holy earth,
> Clasp'd in thy womb more gentle worth,
> A form more dear to man or God,
> Than now reclines beneath thy sod!

Let Cam's green banks, from cell to cell,
Still on the echoing plandits dwell,
That rung, when, in his year, he bore
All the joint wreaths of College-lore:—
Here, in this gloom, be told alone
The higher virtues, after shown,
When the pure altar and the hearth
Gave new and nobler feelings birth;
And fram'd a pattern none could see,
But love, and laud, and wish to be!

Blest Saint! I dare not:—thou hast said,
In life, and on the dying-bed,
Still meek and lowly; and but loss
Accounting all things, save the Cross;
There only glorying!—and the verse,
That should revere thy simple hearse;
The lesson, that should be reveal'd,
The Muse must drop—her lips are seal'd.

CHAPTER V.

LETTERS TO VARIOUS FRIENDS.

LETTER I.

TO A NEPHEW, THEN ONLY SEVEN YEARS OF AGE: ON THE POWER OF EARLY HABITS.

Nottingham, March 30, 1814.

My Dear J——,

I am much obliged to you for your letter; which, however, I am afraid was not written quite so well as you can write, if you take pains. You should always do every thing as well as you can, even if it cost you a great deal of trouble; and then by-and-by you will be able to do it well without trouble. I hope, now that the weather is fine, you are able to get out, and run about for two or three hours every day. Here is a very pleasant park in Nottingham, where the children play at foot-ball and trap-bat, and games of all kinds. It is all up and down hill, and in some places very steep; but the children are used to this; and so they run up and down places where you would not venture at

all. And even in places much steeper and more dangerous than these, people by habit acquire the art of running with very great swiftness. When Mr. Gray wanted to descend the Alps, they looked so terrible and steep, and so covered with loose masses of rock, some of them very large, that he could not at all tell how he should be able to get down. But two men, natives of the country, put him into a litter, and one took one end of it, and one the other, and down they ran as quick as ever they could, jumping from crag to crag, where, if the foot of either had once slipped, they would all three have been dashed to pieces in an instant. The men were used to this, and therefore did it without difficulty. So goats, which are hardy creatures, and born in very exposed places, and which therefore are perpetually accustomed to clambering among the mountains, do it with the most wonderful cleverness. Mr. Gray (the same person) saw a goat (I forget whether in Cumberland or Italy) standing on a little jutting-stone, with a tremendous precipice straight down below. He says, he would not have been put there for all the world; but the goat very composedly put up one of its hind legs, and scratched its ear. I will tell you another story about a goat. When Dr. Clarke was in Palestine, near Bethlehem, an Arab came to show the party a wonderful goat which he had. The man had six little blocks of wood, the top part of each of which was not so large as the top of one of your mamma's tumblers. The

man put one on the ground, and began playing a tune, and his goat jumped up, and stood with all his four feet on this little space. Then the man put two blocks one on the other, and then three, and at last all six; and each time the goat stood on the top. But when the man altered what is called the *da capo* movement in his tune (which perhaps you cannot understand, if I could explain it), the goat tottered about; and when he left off his tune altogether, the goat tumbled down. Now this was all habit. And by habit we may learn to do many things which at first seem very difficult. By habit, I can write or cast up a sum, perhaps twenty times as quick as you. —So you see the importance of getting into good habits. If a person has accustomed himself to read or write, or do a sum, while other people are talking in the room, though it may be very disagreeable at first, yet by habit he will not mind it. A man who has accustomed himself to get up at a particular hour, will do it, whether it be cold or hot, without minding. I wish you to get into good habits—a habit of sitting still at table, of attending to what you are about, and, above all, of doing what you are bid.

Give my love to your papa and mamma, your brothers, and Eliza; and believe me,

Your affectionate uncle,

C. NEALE.

LETTER II.

TO THE REV. WALKER GRAY, AN INTIMATE COLLEGE FRIEND, WRITTEN ON OCCASION OF THE GREAT CHANGE IN HIS VIEWS AND FEELINGS.

Autumn, 1820.

My Dear Gray,

* * You have perhaps heard that I have had an attack of hæmorrhage; but am now, I thank God, entirely recovered. This illness has been, under the influence of the Spirit of God, the means of essentially, I trust effectually and lastingly, altering my views—my views of this world and another, of God and myself, of Christ Jesus and the Holy Spirit. When I say, "altering my views," I should say, perhaps, renewing my *will* as to these things: but the two must go together; and both are comprehended under that of David, "*converting the soul.*" * * * What a change is this, even to be begun! I thank God that my life is spared; and I pray that I may be enabled to *redeem the time* that I have left, to the only ends for which life is valuable,—the glory of God, and the salvation of my own soul, and the souls of others.—"Here it is," people say, "that persons run from one extreme to another; from wasting life, in all kinds of frivolity, to ——" I confess I do not know *what* the other extreme is, or how a person *can* too much give up his time and himself to God. Alas! that our judgments and our

feelings should often be so much at variance with each other. Very sincerely yours,

C. NEALE.

LETTER III.

TO A FRIEND.

Southend, December 20, 1820.

* * Every time I see you makes me more wish we could be nearer to each other. But I am afraid, when I look back upon my silence and dulness during your last visit, this wish cannot be, or cannot long be, mutual. I can only say, that debility of body enfeebles the mind; and that, also, when the mind is *anxiously* taken up, even with religion, the spirits will be distracted: and this, I think, must be the reason of the reproach of gloom that comes upon religion. Settled Christians do not come in the way of the world; but young unsettled ones, whose minds are at first distracted, who are sometimes elevated and sometimes depressed, very much, perhaps, owing to mere animal spirits,—such are necessarily so much taken up within, and so anxiously, as often to be absent, silent, and apparently morose.

I am divided between the fear of troubling and prejudicing you; and the greater fear of having had the opportunity of doing you any good,—(alas! how much do I need, and how truly do I wish, for

some one to do the same for me!)—and of having neglected it.

LETTER IV.

TO THE SAME FRIEND.

Caroline Place, January 19, 1821.

* * Did you ever consider (I mean, did the consideration ever come home to your heart?) things in this light—sin a disease, the Gospel a remedy?—the disease manifesting itself in very different ways, the remedy all-sufficient for every symptom: the disease essentially the same in all,—a departure from God: the remedy consisting in bringing the soul to God. Now, to feel the disease, to find that one is so far gone from God, as in no way to desire Him; that, though living without paying any attention to spiritual things, yet the worst one suspected of one's-self was, indifference to Him; yet that, in fact, when the soul is struggling under a sense of sin, one is actually at enmity with Him, aye, and could wish to be able to say, *There is no God*,—to feel this, I say, is to feel the very disease of our nature; and our earnest prayer should be for the remedy which the Gospel prescribes. We do not feel these things sufficiently! Who ever did? But who has made, or can make, us to feel them at all? Surely there are prayers and promises in the Bible for such a state as this:—*Lord, that our*

eyes may be opened!—My soul cleaveth to the dust: quicken thou me, according to thy word!—I will take away the stony heart out of their flesh, and will give them a heart of flesh.—I will pour water on him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground.—Then shall ye know, if ye follow on to know the Lord.—They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength.—But it is evident that the things of this world are near and pressing upon their proper senses: spiritual things must be brought near, by diligent meditation and earnest prayer.

LETTER V.

TO THE SAME FRIEND.

Southend, April 10, 1821.

* * * We have indeed, all of us, many and most undeserved mercies to be thankful for, since we met here; but no one such as myself! and it is surely our bounden duty to speak one to another of the goodness of God to ourselves; because nothing (at least I find it so) is such a confirmation of faith, as hearing of the wonderful works of the Holy Spirit, in calling and building up others of his own people. And therefore to you I say it, how wonderfully I trace the hand of a most wise and kind Father in my late illness;—wise, in so adapting the method to the meanness of the heart to be dealt with;—kind, in holding his hand, when, by the grace of his good

Spirit, the intended effect was, I trust, produced;—that the illness seems to have come *immediately* from Him, for that one end; and I am restored to my accustomed health, with a salutary memento that this earthly house of my tabernacle is peculiarly frail.

LETTER VI.

TO THE SAME.

Caroline Place, June 10, 1821.

* * * In such circumstances, what an unspeakable comfort, to believe that we shall be guided thither, where it shall be best for us to be,—by natural means, indeed, but by as sure a providence as if we had the fiery or cloudy pillar to go before us! What an unspeakable comfort! but, how hard to obtain! How easy to talk about believing and trusting, till we come into the circumstances that call for faith and trust; and then how impossible not to feel that faith must be the gift of God! So it is in all matters of faith. How difficult to trust Christ alone for our salvation, and the Holy Spirit alone for our sanctification! How difficult—when we are once in earnest about these things, and when we have been trying in vain to sanctify our hearts, and bring every thought into obedience to Christ! A child-like spirit is what we want. In the midst of all the bustle in leaving Southend, Mason has had no fears but

feelings should often be so much at variance with each other. Very sincerely yours,

C. NEALE.

LETTER III.

TO A FRIEND.

Southend, December 20, 1820.

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I am divided between the fear of troubling and prejudicing you; and the greater fear of having had the opportunity of doing you any good,—(alas! how much do I need, and how truly do I wish, for

LETTER VIII.

TO THE SAME:

ON ONE OF THE CHILDREN BEING SUDDENLY TAKEN ILL.

May 24th, 1821.

* * * Give papa's love to him; and, when you receive this, I hope it will be to-morrow that I shall see him again. * * I am thankful to hear that the two others are well. Upon any warning of this kind, I cannot but ask myself, "How could I give him up, if it pleased God to ask him at my hands?" Here would be an answer to many prayers that I put up every day, and I think, sometimes, with earnestness; as, that whatever God is pleased to do with our little-ones in this world, they may be His for ever in heaven; —that I may be weaned from the world;—that I may be disciplined as God sees necessary for me. And how necessary, while we have time and opportunity, to be using every means of making our calling sure; that when affliction of any kind—when death itself—comes, then we may be able to appropriate the promises made in the Scriptures to those particular situations! How necessary to know ourselves children, that, when we most want it, we may feel we have a right to the children's food! I begin to be very uncomfortable at this great distance; and rejoice that to-morrow, please God, I shall somewhat lessen it. And here, again, I feel how much I lean and depend upon you and

your counsel—how little upon God's! If we could but realise the thought, that, wherever we are, we are with God; that if we commit our way to Him, He will direct us; how lightly and comfortably might we go whithersoever duty calls us! If we could but in any degree feel the relief of laying all our perplexities and cares before God, as we do before an earthly friend to whom we look up, and upon whom, in some cases, we entirely throw ourselves!——Ah, we have much indeed to learn! May we be more teachable, and more diligent!

LETTER IX.

TO A NEPHEW: ON A YOUNG MAN'S CHOOSING HIS FUTURE COURSE OF LIFE.

London, June 23, 1821.

My Dear J——,

I wished to see you before you left town, to talk with you on your prospects and intentions in life. As I could not, I must talk to you on paper.

You are about to decide for your whole life: and the first thing that strikes me, is, the importance of such a decision, and that it is not to be made lightly. You must see, that it would be childish in the extreme to say, at random, I will be this or that, just as you would at a game of play, without any reason or motive, and without well, and again

and again, examining your reasons and motives. But this I can venture to say, that if you do, to the bottom, examine them, you will find them, some so childish, and some so sinful, that you could not utter them honestly, and at full, to any creature upon earth. You are not required to do it: God has not commanded any confession, any opening of the heart, to man. But go to God, and confess yourself fully and truly to Him: say, "If such and such are the motives that influence my fallen and corrupt heart, how can I expect to judge and decide rightly for myself? Do Thou judge and decide for me!" If you are brought to such a prayer, then you are happy,—not only in this instance, but throughout life. This is *casting your care upon* God: and if you can thus cast it upon Him, He will bear it for you.

Not but that still you must choose for yourself; but your heavenly Father will direct your choice. You want to choose, I think, between leaving school immediately and going into business; and, continuing at school with the hope of being permitted to serve God hereafter in his Church. Your choice should be regulated by three considerations:—How shall I be employed most usefully for God?—How shall I be most comfortable myself?—How can I best serve my parents, brothers, and sister? With respect to the first, when a person has the grace of God in his heart, talents for the ministry, and no call or opening of providence any other way,

there can be no question how he may be employed the most honourably to God, and most usefully to his fellow-creatures. * * * But I am afraid you will say, "I cannot conclude that I have the grace of God in my heart." My dear J——, it is to be obtained, as certainly as any thing you could ask from your father or mother. There is no promise in the Bible more direct, or less disputable than this: *If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your Heavenly Father give his Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?* And if you have not the grace of God, you are fit for no profession, no occupation in life. So long as you are in that unhappy state, you have not the promise of God's blessing in any,—you will have no true comfort in any. Merry and gay you may be: happy you cannot be, till you have obtained happiness from God. You know *that*, by your own experience: you know, even in your most pleasurable moments now, how the thought of death will spoil all; especially if it be brought home at all, by some illness of your own, or any other accidental circumstance. I am led away from your choice for this life, to your choice for another. But they are connected: and I do not know that I could give you a more useful piece of advice (I pray God to enable you to follow it) than not to choose for this life, not to make your estimate and determination by the things of this world, but to choose that state here which shall be most like

heaven, and shall most fit you for it. Remember, if you *sow to the flesh*, you may reap, indeed; but, then, it will be *of the flesh*,—your harvest will be *corruption*: but if *to the Spirit*, then *of the Spirit* you shall reap; and that, *everlasting life*. Choosing your station for life, where you shall serve God most acceptably, and your fellow-creatures most usefully, is not a thing to be set about lightly.

LETTER X.

TO MRS. R.

Hastings, July 19, 1821.

* * This place, in a religious point of view, is very melancholy; and puts one in mind of Jeremiah's commission, in his fifth chapter. Such views of things as are forced upon one in looking out into the world, and which no charity can shut one's eyes against—rich and poor forgetting God, and, more than that, *defying* Him,—all the world in a conspiracy, as it were, to make this world the theatre of His dishonour; and this in a place where the Gospel has been faithfully preached—and then so many places in this Christian land where it has not—and then the dreary wastes, not Christian even in name—I say, such views ought to bring home to us these two thoughts: *Who made* ME *to differ?* Why was not I one of these heathens—one that even in this country never heard

the glad tidings—one that, hearing, heard not?—And, again; if there be so many striving, as it were, who shall most dishonour God—so few who are really brought to know Him—*what manner of men* ought those few chosen to be! Oh! how different from the world! *how intent upon their Master's interest!*

LETTER XI.

TO A FRIEND.

Caroline Place, September 19, 1821.

I have, you know, by high churchman's law, deserved this rejection by my Sunday-evenings' *congregations**. I confess to you, I wish rather to consider this matter as one of gentle discipline to myself; and the refusal as coming, not from the bishop, but from the good Shepherd and Bishop of the Church;—and such, I am well persuaded, in this, and in all cases where one is called to endure unkindness or scorn from men, is the only way, under a Divine blessing, to avoid bitterness of spirit. For who shall quarrel with what is done in love? as I am assured all that He does, is. All is right; and I am satisfied it is so.

See page 68.

LETTER XII.

TO MRS. B.

Barton Mills, March 4, 1821.

* * * I find Baptists and Methodists there. One thinks, at a distance, that one could live in perfect peace and good-will with all good men engaged in the same work with one's self, without disputing about, or mentioning, minor points. But one has not been tried, and therefore one does not know the difficulties; and when one sees so many good men lose their tempers under such circumstances, I desire to think and speak humbly of myself. *The tongue is a fire;* and in one unguarded and prayerless moment, what great and lasting mischief may a few words, a disquisition perhaps coolly begun, occasion!

LETTER XIII.

TO HIS WIFE.

May 4, 1821.

* * * If I am absent from you in body, I am yet much present with you in mind. I pray for you, that you may have much of the presence of God; and may we account that to be—(as, without a doubt, if we had much of it we should)—our chief delight! How much have some good men known of God on earth; not by nature, but by

grace given from above! *We have heard with our ears, O Lord, and our fathers have told us, the mighty works that Thou didst in their days, and in the old time before them.* Alas! I seem, for my own part, bound down in the merest trifles of the moment; not, indeed, knowingly and allowedly building up any schemes of worldly happiness, but taken up with the common things and occurrences of each day in its day. I feel a light and trifling mind, wandering away, on the most solemn occasions, to the most trivial things. Every heart knows its own bitterness.—I often think how very careful we should be in praising *men*. We may be setting them up for the very things in which they feel themselves to be, and in which they *are*, most deficient. Let us praise *God*, and meditate on His excellencies.

What we want, I am persuaded, is an asking and looking for blessings *in Christ's name*, and for His sake. *Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name.* I really feel that I have not—with any earnestness, however, or full belief that, if we shall ask any thing in His name, He will do it. It is not merely, that we are to look at His sufferings, to warm our hearts or melt them; but to act faith upon Him, as a Friend in Heaven with all blessings in His hands: and, *for us! His name, by faith in His name,* cured man of his lameness; and why not us of our sins?

LETTER XIV.

TO A FRIEND: ON THE DEATH OF HIS SISTER.

Peckham, May 11, 1822.

My Dear R—,

I write from a house of sorrow, in the midst of nine motherless children—my poor sister snatched away from them, after an illness of a very few days. By failure of intelligence, I did not arrive here till three days after her death. Oh! now one feels, if there be no hope beyond the grave, all men are indeed made in vain. But there *is* a hope beyond the grave—a bright unfading hope—a hope full of immortality. There *is* a faith which looks sheer over a few intervening years—if years there be intervening—into eternity; joins that great multitude which no man can number; and sits down with dear departed friends at the marriage-supper of the Lamb.

LETTER XV.

TO A RELATIVE: ON THE SAME OCCASION.

May 10, 1822.

* * * Ah, Cousin! these things fall not out by chance. A human friend makes a mistake, or a momentary bitterness comes across his affection and tenderness; but Our Friend makes no mistake; and His tenderness, like all his other attributes,

changeth not for a moment. *The Lord is my portion, saith my soul!* Then, we cannot bargain for other things; not a wife, a sister, or a parent; the two portions may be quite incompatible. "Make me wise, but teach me no lessons," would be a strange request.

LETTER XVI.

TO THE SAME.

* * * My dear Cousin, it pleases God, in His wisdom, to make one rich, and another poor, in worldly things; no doubt to try both in their love to Him; to see if the one will *give cheerfully* for His sake, and whether the other will be *content to want* for His sake. But, oh! the riches that are from above! There He would have no one to be poor: there it is the believer's own fault if he is poor.

LETTER XVII.

TO A FRIEND.

June 11, 1822.

* * * I do not see how they, who deny a particular providence, can acknowledge a general one: for what is the order of things in the world, but a huge stream proceeding from a little source, and continually augmented in its course by the accession of little streams, and the bubbling up of little springs beneath? But this I am sure of—that he who takes away a particular providence, who

does not pay a great attention to it, takes away a large portion of the happiness of a Christian life,—the delightful confidence exercised in committing our ways to God, and the delightful thankfulness of acknowledging God's goodness in the direction of them. And, obscure as many providences are to us, I am persuaded, if every one would look out for the hand of God, in the management of every day's events, he might see it much oftener than we are aware of. And what we know not now, we shall know hereafter; perhaps in this world. The road may turn and wind, so that we may hardly know in what direction we are going; but when we can look back on the whole journey, as on a map, we shall see the direction clearly, and the reason of making an elbow and doubling in the way. But how shall we know in another world? *Even as we are known.* And what shall be the acknowledgment in such a retrospect, but that beautiful one (Joshua xxiii. 14), *And ye know in all your hearts and in all your souls, that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you; all are come to pass unto you, and not one thing hath failed thereof.*

LETTER XVIII.

TO THE SAME.

July 16, 1822.

* * * I am here but for a time, doing duty in two churches by permission, and desiring now

especially to get some situation near London, in order to be near my poor sister's family. I do not find double-duty on a Sunday, with the occasional duty, at all too much. I think the congregation here has certainly increased since I have been preaching; but whether any real good has been done, I have not the opportunity of knowing; as the preaching, with occasional reading prayers, is all that is given to me; and I am afraid of visiting in the parish, lest offence should be taken;—though perhaps I make this the excuse to myself. We are miserable creatures, mixing up sin and self with all we do.

LETTER XIX.

TO MRS. R.

Guestingthorpe, August 7, 1822.

I trust God will direct us: and this is surely one of the most delightful confidences of a Christian—that God, if sought to, will direct all his ways, as surely, though not so visibly, as he did the Israelites in the wilderness. *I will guide thee with mine eye*, as a mother does the child, that she trusts to go alone; watching every step. There is the promise. Methinks it is the great art which the believer has to obtain, to live upon the promises;—not to live in some general dependencies upon the goodness and loving-kindness of God, but in a particular dependence upon

particular promises. Hereby we are led to look more to our particular wants; to search the Scriptures more diligently, and to act a more enlightened and a stronger faith on the word of God. Hereby, too, we are stronger against particular temptations, if we see that our very case, our very wants, trials, sufferings, have been contemplated by God, and have a particular promise affixed to them. Hereby, too, in some degree, we measure our own attainments. For instance—*Sin shall not have dominion over you:* does this, then, seem too high a privilege to us? Have we pleaded this promise with God in prayer? Or—*My strength is made perfect in weakness?* Have we so felt our own weakness, as to delight in this promise? I am sure that by not thus living on, searching out, and pleading the promises of God, we defraud ourselves greatly of our comforts.

LETTER XX.

TO A FRIEND.

Guestingthorpe, November 8, 1822.

* * * After all, how short an acquaintance can we have with another in this life! and under what disadvantageous circumstances, too!—continually separated—when we meet, having some trouble or other to speak of—encumbered with frailty—the best subjects of conversation and desire as yet but imperfectly known, and, alas! how much neg-

lected, and too faintly appreciated! But what shall friendship be in heaven! It shall last for ever; and that, between *spirits made perfect*; having no troubles to communicate, no sorrow to sympathise in, no frailties to overlook or forgive. And what subjects for delightful intercourse,—a God no longer at a distance, no longer imperfectly known; all His dealings with us in this little life fully understood, with the acknowledgment, not of faith, but of sight and certainty, that *not one good word hath failed*, &c.; —and, in prospect, the eternal continuance of glory! That our friendship may be renewed, rendered perfect, consummated, and perpetuated in heaven, is my constant prayer!

LETTER XXI.

TO ANOTHER FRIEND.

1822.

* * I pray for you, that your faith may not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. Remember that the Great Head of the Church himself appealed to Scripture (John v. 39): remember the approved example of the Bereans: remember St. John's exhortation, to *try the spirits*; that is, to use our own individual judgments, enlightened by Scripture, on any pretensions to inspiration or infallibity. Remember St. Paul's *Anathema, Maranatha*, and his wishing every one to be satisfied in his own mind: remember the doctors who made the

commandments of none effect; and who worshipped God in vain, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men. Search the Scriptures for the plain practical meaning; that which bears on your own practice, and feelings, and interests; that which leads you into your own duties, and your privileges. Dwell very much on the latter, if—as I trust is certainly the case with you—you find, on a careful scrutiny of your heart, that the believing these privileges to be yours would have, not a licentious, but a sanctifying effect upon you. Desire the *sincere milk of the word, that you may grow thereby.* Ah! that we should leave such mines so little searched! What can be so dishonourable to God?—We several times were inquiring what faith, saving faith, is. This is the illustration I propose to use to-morrow. Christ was on earth, healing all manner of diseases: some, no doubt, despised the whole account—they had not faith: some again, who had no bodily disease, no doubt believed in this his power; and some who did not, might think and say they did. Suppose one such had a disease, and did not know it; his belief in the power of Christ would evidently do him no good; for not knowing his disease, he would not go to touch the hem of his garment. But suppose he could find out the disease, do you not think that then his faith would seem all at once to grow weaker—that a thousand doubts, which he never entertained, so long as he was only thinking of others, would spring up, directly he began to find

himself in want of healing? Mine is such a peculiar case, such an inveterate malady, so particularly loathsome;—nay, I am lame; the very infirmity that keeps me from going to Him, and getting him to heal me,—*if He be able*. My dear M., I fear our objections, as to ourselves, always end in something like this last clause; and that there is, at bottom, some unbelief respecting the Lord Jesus Himself.

LETTER XXII.

TO THE SAME.

We are truly sorry to learn from Dr. G. the very poor state of your health. It pleases a gracious God, who, we surely know, does not willingly afflict, nevertheless to try you very sharply with bodily pain and affliction. What can I say? If I say that earthly afflictions, at the longest, must be short, and then for God's afflicted children there is a bright eternity beyond, I shall say what is true; but what I know, cannot generally be felt, when pain makes even one day appear long, and wearisome nights succeed. But remember the Apostle's words, *These light afflictions, which are but for a moment.* Remember, that those who are now inheriting the promises, have all had to exercise faith and patience, though not all in the same degree that you are called to. Remember how full of compassion

was our Lord, when on earth; weeping with his friends, and healing, out of love and pity, all manner of sickness and disease; that He is our sympathizing *brother* still, and does most surely pity all the sufferings of every one of his people. I say, remember these things; I mean, put aside, as far you can, the world and the body, and lose yourself in these divine meditations. Alas! how easy to give advice! how difficult, how impossible of ourselves, to do the thing! But this is the *means* of comfort; pray to God to enable you to use the means, and to make them effectual.

I am going, if it please God, on Sunday, to expound, in the church here, John xi. How much of the sweetest consolation is there in that chapter! The message of the sisters, *He*, or she, *whom thou lovest, is sick*;—our Lord's remark, *This sickness is not unto death*; not, in any of his own, unto eternal death; *but for the glory of God, that the Son of God should be glorified thereby*. And should we not willingly bear all that, whereby our dear Lord may be glorified?—The account of death, *Our friend Lazarus sleepeth*.—Look at a poor sick child, that with difficulty you have got to sleep, the effects of which sleep you are anticipating, in renewed strength and restored health and spirits; and then look at the body of the sleeping believer, and anticipate its awaking in the morning of the resurrection, in health and strength, in incorruption, glory, and power;—that declaration of our Lord's, the very substance of

the Gospel, *I am the resurrection*, from all kinds of death, the death of sin, the death of despair, natural death; *and the life*;—the weeping of our Lord, and the remark of the Jews, *Behold, how he loved him!* And how has he loved us!

LETTER XXIII.

TO THE SAME.

I grieve for your continued darkness of mind; and earnestly pray that the Lord would lift up upon you the light of His countenance. I am glad that you have been able to partake of the most comfortable sacrament of the body and blood of Christ, and earnestly recommend you never to lose an opportunity of this kind. I ask you but one question;—not, what your sins have been, or what your temptations and infirmities are; but, are you now coming to Christ? Could you go to Him, if he were bodily present on earth, praying him to make you whole, to relieve you from all sin, and from every thing displeasing to Himself, to make you like Himself, to grant you the enjoyment of Himself,—what would be his gracious answer?—for none but a gracious answer could proceed out of those lips, into which all grace was poured: perhaps this; "Go, bear all that I have appointed thee to bear; go, suffer sickness and pain; go,

suffer fierce and fiery temptations; go, walk in darkness, and TRUST ME. Trust me with the reason of all this; trust me with the end of all this.—Ah, my friend, trust Him! Whom should a sinner trust? If the tempter urge that you shall never be accepted; yet is it not better, even to perish while attempting to honour Him by casting yourself at the foot of his cross?—and can you think that one, any one, ever perished so doing?

LETTER XXIV.

TO THE SAME.

I wish we could hear better accounts of your own health;—and yet, such a wish, even for our friends, must be modified and limited. Long sickness, and that too with death at the end of the prospect, has been a time of much spiritual improvement to many, and of rapid growth and development in grace. Bodily weakness and fatigue, irritability, depression—I know that they are great hindrances; but then, on the other hand, the seriousness of the time, and that distance which the world is put at by the knowledge, or probability, that the world and one's self have nothing more to do with one another; these are great advantages. I want you to set about the great work, in a way that its importance demands. * * Be earnest, be diligent. This is your great work; really, your only one.

Set about it as such. Do not waste your time on other pursuits. Self-examination; reading the Bible, and the most practical searching divinity; prayer, and praise; surely this is the work for us all, as far as the duties of our calling allow it: and how much more for you, in so precarious a state of health! Is the great work done? I beseech you, rest not in uncertainty about that. Oh, am I in a sanctified state? Rest not, rest not, I conjure you, in a doubt about it!

LETTER XXV.

TO HIS FATHER-IN-LAW.

Guestingthorpe, August 31, 1832.

My Dear Sir,

This day brings to mind that kindness and skill, which, under the blessing of God, was, two years ago, the means, I believe, of sparing my life; and I must not let the day pass, without more particular prayer for you, and particular thanks to you. Spared life is indeed, in itself, a very equivocal good; it may be a blessing, it may be a curse; it may be a leading to repentance; it may be a heaping up of wrath against the day of wrath. To me, I humbly trust, with spared life it pleased God to give a new life. The state I was in before my illness at Eastbourne, I know well: the Apostle describes it in awful words: *At that time ye were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth*

of Israel, and strangers to the covenants of promise, having no hope and without God in the world. A state dreadful to look back upon! how dreadful, beyond expression, to be in! God grant that I do not deceive myself in the hope, that the next words may describe the state into which free and rich grace alone can have brought me! *But now, in Christ Jesus, ye, who sometime were afar off, are brought nigh by the blood of Christ!* What a change, if really wrought! a change, that fills heaven itself with joy, and the effects of which reach through eternity! a change, to which all earthly changes, viewed as only earthly, be they of kings and kingdoms, are yet nothing! The restoration of glory to God in another instance, and of real and eternal happiness to the creature! Real!—I am sure: it becomes all the subjects of that change to speak of the solid peace which it produces. Merriment, hilarity, pleasure, such as it was, I might know something of before; but for real, bottomed, sterling peace—happiness that would bear thinking and reasoning of—I knew nothing of it. Now, I thank God, I do: it is my own sin, and shame, and strange stupidity, that I have not more; yet something of peace and joy I have; and I trust they are the fruits of the Holy Ghost, and shall mature and ripen into perfection.

You have often had the high pleasure of prolonging life to your fellow-creatures;—not often, perhaps, the pleasurable opportunity of knowing or

hoping that, by prolonging temporal life, you have been an instrument, in God's hands, of sparing for eternal life. *There* (I feel it more and more every day), *there* is the point to keep the eye fixed on. *The things that are seen are temporal.* Surely, to have any object whatever, the whole of which is on this side the grave, is unworthy of an immortal creature, and slighting the high hopes and privileges which the Gospel holds forth to us.

That we, My dear Sir, and all whom we love, (that includes, now, nearly the same circle) may daily be looking at *the things which are not seen*, and our affections and desires kindling, as we look, is my earnest and daily prayer. With our best love, ever,

My dear Sir,

Your obliged and affectionate,

C. Neale.

LETTER XXVI.

TO A FORMER PUPIL: WRITTEN AT THE BEGINNING OF HIS LAST ILLNESS.

My Dear J——, March 23, 1823.

I have long purposed answering a long and affectionate letter of yours, received, I am afraid, more than a year ago. I have now no longer the excuse of want of time; being confined to my room, and precluded from any public duty by a return

of my former complaint, hæmorrhage from the throat or lungs. Thus it hath pleased God, for a time, at all events, perhaps for ever, to lay me by. Thus sometimes we are taken away from the world: oh, how happy, if not in presence only, but in heart also! But whether so taken from it, or not (for you are, perhaps, at this very moment in the full possession and pursuit of it, that portion of it which you may think worth pursuing, worldly knowledge and worldly applause), yet, however that may be, the world is surely passing away from us. *The world passeth away, and the lusts thereof: but he that doeth the will of God,* what a contrast in the character and in his lot! *abideth for ever.* I look back on what I have written; and perhaps I have written unjustly. Would to God it might be so; and that I might hear from you, or of you, that you are not pursuing the world, in any shape, as your aim and object, but have found that there is something better to be sought after, and something better to be enjoyed even here! Yes, be assured, *Thy benignity is better than the life itself.*

Very affectionately yours,

C. NEALE.

LETTER XXVII.

TO A FRIEND.

My Dear R——, March 20, 1823.

I am very thankful to be again able to write you a line. My attack was slighter this time than the last. I have had no return of hæmorrhage, and have indeed been improving every day. My mind, I am thankful to say, has been kept, on the whole, very *peaceful*: this is a great mercy; further than this I cannot say. That *desire to depart*, which surely should be the Christian's on every nearer view of death, I have not experienced. And why? From a want of that faith, which is the realization of things unseen; from a want of a surer confidence as to my own state; a want of faith—(even granting my own state)—that the gift of God is eternal life; a want of spiritual taste and heavenly relish, and of weanedness from the enjoyments of this world. Well, then, if longer life be given, for what better purpose, than to confirm faith, to perfect heavenly taste, to work out our own salvation, and thus to become fitter to die, more meet for heaven? May the Holy Spirit do this in us!

LETTER XXVIII.

TO ONE OF HIS NEPHEWS: ON SELF-KNOWLEDGE AND SELF-GOVERNMENT.

Guestingthorpe, April 8, 1823.

* * You have, I suppose, resumed your post with the little boys,—a very useful one to them, at present; but you must remember, that it will not be long in your power to be useful to them, if you give up all your time to them now, and neglect your own mind;—in short, unless you adopt a more vigorous management of your own education, and a more diligent use of your own time, than formerly. You must remember, that religion is not to make us idle, but even more diligent in our callings; inasmuch as it gives us higher motives, and teaches us, that now, whatever we do in the commonest concerns of life, we may do all to God, and for His glory. Your calling, at present, is your own education; and this, at your age, must be in a great measure in your own hands; and on your improvement of your time and talents now depends, humanly speaking, much of the usefulness of your future life. It is not only the knowledge you may gain; but if you are prosing and dozing away your time now, depend upon it, the mind is gaining bad habits, that you may in vain attempt to shake off by-and-by.

I should be very glad, also, to hear from yourself the state of your own mind, as relates to spiritual things. My dear J—, there hath been a price

put into your hands, to get wisdom. I heartily pray that you may have a heart to it! A blessing and a curse have been set before you: I trust that you have chosen, and are beginning to enjoy, the blessing. But, as I have more than once said to you, see that you make sure work of it; beware how you put up with a wound slightly healed. A sense of sin and sinfulness, a change of heart, μετάνοια, a turning from sin and the world to God, the making habitually heavenly things your choice and aim—these are sure concomitants of true faith in Christ. But we had need to be very much on our guard, to search often, and deeply, and constantly, the state of our own hearts, with earnest prayer, that we may not be suffered to judge amiss; for it is not a vain thing, because it is our life. Oh, make sure of that!

LETTER XXIX.

TO HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.

April, 1823.

The last sermon I preached was from, *To me to die is gain*. I humbly trust, through those merits that are sufficient even for all, that I shall find it so. Yet I have not found that *desire to depart* which should follow such a trust. And the case, I presume, is common; yet not therefore to be acquiesced in. And it becomes an inquiry of great importance and interest, Why is this? I think,

1st, from a want of *realizing* faith in the eternal glories, that such things are, and are at this moment enjoyed by happy spirits around the throne: 2dly, from a want of that full assurance, which we might have of our interest herein: 3dly, from a want of a spiritual taste, and relish for the enjoyments of heaven; and 4thly, from an over-estimation of the enjoyments of the world. May you, my dear Madam, and I, and all whom we love, be daily growing in fitness for, and desire after, heaven!

A critical note, found among his private papers, and apparently designed for use in preaching, beautifully amplifies this thought. It is as follows:—

"If a man, on his return homeward from a distant country, should be detained in some port by contrary winds, he might be content to take up with such employments and pleasures as the place afforded, and might enter with some interest into them. But at the first notice that the wind had changed, that there was a possibility of weighing anchor, he would throw aside whatever he was about; he would be ready to depart (ἀναλῦσαι): Phil. i. 23.

"Ought not this to be the feeling of the Christian with respect to his enjoyment of the world? He is in the world (John xvii. 11): and in those lawful pleasures which the world affords, in domestic comforts, in the works of nature or of Providence, he may take a temporary interest: but surely, where grace exists in any considerable degree, this will not be without many an eager look towards his Father's house (John xiv. 2), towards his better country (Heb. xi. 16). And though the first appearance of that disease, which comes as a messenger to tell him that the wind is fair for his departure, may create a start, yet surely he must and will hail it as the bearer of good tidings, as the announcement that his Lord is waiting to receive him to *Himself*. And shall he be backward to set sail?

LETTER XXX.

TO THE SAME.

Guestingthorpe, April 8, 1823.

My cough has been better for two or three days; but a cough of any standing, I know, is not to be judged of in such a short time. And why should we so gladly hail the symptoms of amendment? In thankfulness, that we have a longer time given to be ripened for heaven; and a longer time to do God service, on earth, in one's family, among one's friends, and in the church at large. These, surely, are reasons for wishing—(always with entire submission to a wiser will)—to live. May these (and these, exclusively of any attachment to this life, and any distrustful fear of death), be my reasons!

Ever your obliged and affectionate,

C. N.

LETTER XXXI.

TO THE SAME.

Guestingthorpe, April 25, 1823.

I trust I am able, on the whole, to leave myself in the hands of a gracious God, who hath spoken good concerning me, and hath always with peculiar tenderness done me good. But, alas! nothing

is so variable as my feelings; and I am made, every day, deeply and humblingly to feel, that I am, as yet, through fear of death, subject to bondage. Oh! when shall it be otherwise? when shall my faith grasp the rich promises of the Gospel, and with realizing affection gaze on the things not seen —that, so far as relates to myself at least, I may even have a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, knowing it, feeling it, to be *far better*? Faith in unseen things; a comfortable assurance of an interest in all the good things of heaven, through the blood of Christ; a spiritual taste for them; a deadness to this world; the belief that, as Christ is with us while in this tabernacle, so will He be with us in the putting it off;—these are the things we want, ere we can meet death with comfort—these are what I aim at, and daily pray for; but what, alas! I am so far from having attained to.

CHAPTER VI.

CONCLUDING NOTICES, AND REFLECTIONS.

DURING the many months that have elapsed since this volume was commenced, various facts have come incidentally before the notice of the Editor, tending to illustrate the character of his friend; and, in the course of repeated conversations on the subject, remarks have occurred which may prove beneficial to those for whose immediate use the work has been undertaken. Not to lose, therefore, these gleanings of memory and thought, the present chapter is added; in which various reflections, and several biographic traits, are interspersed; while so much of order and connexion is attempted, as the nature of the topics adverted to would admit.

1. THE TOTAL ALIENATION OF THE HEART FROM GOD, is that which is primarily to be observed in the subject of this Memoir, during the many years of his early life.

This alienation of heart is so much the more strongly marked, as it existed in connexion with some outward religious observances, with the practice of many moral duties, and with a certain standard of moral taste, which had, in a measure, been formed agreeably to Scripture models. But while, on a superficial view, he exhibited much that would have been accounted not merely correct, but even elevated and serious, he was not himself deceived as to the real state of his own character. Whatever might externally be good, heart, he knew, was wanting. There must have been moments, when, in secret, he would groan under the burden of this conviction—that his heart was not right in the sight of God.

When he was asked, in later times, how, in that forlorn state of mind, he could nevertheless so diligently read the Scriptures, and so feelingly introduce religious sentiments into his poetical compositions (witness his verses to his mother, on the death of his brother Benjamin: see p. 4), he replied, "that he found the subject at intervals soothing to his spirits; it was a relief and diversion to troubled thoughts; and, especially, he felt that it pleased his mother, and some other relatives;"—a cautionary circumstance this, to friends, not to set an over-fond value on the seemingly-religious letters or other productions of their younger connexions. But all the while his heart was utterly alienated from the Father of Spirits. Even Saul

owned the soothing strains of the son of Jesse, who doubtless accompanied the notes of his harp with the most sublime and pathetic descriptions of the mercy of God; but the mind of the wilful king, elevated for a moment, and a little calmed, yet moved not from a state of obdurate rebellion against God. So would my friend have acknowledged of himself; and virtually, indeed, did acknowledge, by his anxious desire to remove from his sight every such record of his state in his unconverted days. The view of his early poems, although they are perfectly free from every taint or blemish of a profane or immoral nature—the sight, probably most of all, of what might be called his religious poems, inflicted anguish upon his heart. Some may think that on this point his feelings had the better of his judgment; that he ought to have perceived that poetry may, in itself, be innocent, and even useful, whatever the state of heart of the writer. Of this, as an abstract truth, he could not be ignorant; and on this principle it will be deemed by his friends no injury offered to the memory of his consistent piety, to give, at the end of this volume, a miscellaneous exhibition of his poetical productions. But when *he* looked at his early verses, they were to him a memento of days which had passed away in sinful unprofitableness, perfectly appalling. I regard his experience in this matter as a high model of religious sensibility, most worthy to be studied; rather than as

a specimen of scrupulosity, captiously to be questioned.

What could have been done more to my vineyard, that I have not done in it?—If this complaint was uttered with truth in reference to Israel of old, much more might it have been said of one so distinguished by Christian privileges! What early advantages in his parental training, and in the long-continued example, especially, of his mother! What abundant stores of Scripture-knowledge! What warnings from the deaths of his nearest relatives! and what deeply painful checks of conscience! If, indeed, any one should observe, that he might, probably, in his religious circle, have seen some of the faults and absurdities of individual pious characters, and so might have conceived a disgust against the profession of piety; it may justly be replied, Yet, had he not also some of the very brightest examples before him? And especially, did he not, from a child, know the Holy Scriptures; by which alone—and not by its professors, as he was well aware—religion was to be estimated? In fact, every thing here recorded of him, up to the thirtieth year of his life, shows the great and inexpressibly awful truth, how capable the heart of man is of resisting, even for many years, the influences of the Holy Spirit. Evidently, for a long season, whenever he felt these influences, he felt, only to resist, them. What can it countervail to say, as with him was the fact, that in all moral,

intellectual, and amiable qualities, he excelled; when he himself owns, that he lived without the habit of prayer? Can stronger proof be given, that *the carnal mind is enmity against God?—that it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be?*

2. It is important to notice, yet further, in his early experience, THE ABSENCE OF LIVING FAITH;—a state of mind the more remarkable in one who possessed, and, during a long series of years, went on accumulating to a great degree, the knowledge upon which merely-rational faith is grounded.

It is during the approaches of the heart to God, in prayer, that we may best judge concerning ourselves, whether or no we possess a living faith. Now, it is to be observed of the subject of this memoir, that, at a very early age (see pp. 18 and 58) he began to be interested about religion, as a matter of personal concern. But, after a very short period of intense feeling, he abandoned the pursuit of piety. Probably, through neglect of secret, humble and persevering prayer it was, that he so soon fainted, and relinquished his better purposes. This was at the age of fifteen or sixteen. Henceforward, for a period of thirteen years, he gave himself up to the world; still associating, in some sort, with religious persons; still studious of his Bible; and occasionally, no doubt—although it must have been to his extreme misery—roused by the voice of conscience.

The expression which my dear friend once used to me, when summarily reviewing all his past experience, "I never prayed," will assist in explaining what is meant by the want of living faith. It is not to be understood, from that expression, that he never had, during thirteen years, attempted to pray. But when the elements of genuine prayer are considered, it will soon appear how miserably defective he was in the most essential of them. There may be much of the spirit of prayer, even where there is a very small measure of knowledge. There have been many, *feeling after* God, *if haply they might find Him;* and this, with a belief *that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him;* who have, doubtless, been graciously accepted through Christ, although that *Sun of righteousness* may have risen, or perhaps only dawned, upon their minds with the very faintest gleams of divine knowledge. But in the present case, we see the reverse. Here was a full blaze of the light of Knowledge; but Living Faith was wanting. Hence Desire languished: Effort was paralysed: Perseverance found no place. It was accordant with the doctrine of Scripture that his prayers, being thus destitute of ardent, active, importunate faith, should not *obtain any thing of the Lord.* Truly it might be said of them, they were no prayers at all.

How near he may have been approaching to a state of absolute despair, it is not possible to say.

He knew too much of his Bible to be a speculative infidel; but, practically, his heart was in an infidel state. Many persons, not able to endure the torment of this divided state of heart, plunge into dissipation, hoping for a while to forget themselves: some load themselves with business; others again abandon their souls to the phrensies of ambition, and the overwhelming occupations of political life: some few attempt to disperse gloomy recollections, by courting the pleasures of imagination, or by exploring the depths of science. The idols of my friend were Imagination and Intellect. As Dr. Fearon remarks, "He gave himself up, as far as he could, to literary pursuits; but when the thoughts of religion recurred, then despair seized upon his mind."

The same discerning clergyman further observes: "Despair—gloomy, foul, malignant despair—lay at the root of all his evils. There are, as you are aware, various degrees of this state; from the first gloomy fear, to total despair. How the mind is led to this, it would be well to trace: it would be the means, perhaps, of great relief to many."

These remarks evince the tenderest feelings of a well-practised Christian physician. But I am restrained from even attempting to trace that series of feelings, to which he alludes: adequately to do it, would require the compass of a long treatise. Viewing, however, religious despondency as a very prevalent evil, and as being, perhaps,

among the most subtle of all the temptations of our arch-enemy, I am induced to add a few remarks, by way of antidote.

One supreme consideration, which should be distinctly presented to those who appear tending towards despondency and unbelief, is, that, living as we do under a dispensation of mercy, no greater crime can exist, no greater instance of presumption against the Majesty of an exalted Saviour can be exhibited, than that of despair. It is further to be remarked, that this sin cannot possess us, unless we yield to it; but that, in proportion as it is yielded to, like all other sins, it is capable of growth, and by its growth tends to enfeeble and to destroy the powers of exertion. It needs, therefore, to be met by instant and resolute resistance—resistance armed with prayer. Let the heart, humbly, yet boldly coming to the throne of grace, reflect on all the baseness of its unbelief. From doubt, to chilling fear; from fear, to a mingled distrust and dislike of God; thence to despondency, gloom, embarrassments of conscience, proud reserves and resentments, anguish that augments with silence, and obduracy that hardens by time—is a course of feeling infinitely grieving to that God, who *so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.*

Here, too, we may see how sin brings with it its own punishment; how they, who resist or

neglect grace, are first irritated to fret against God; then, haunted by temptations to despair of obtaining sufficient grace; while despair of grace opens the way, again, to the commission of new sins.

A great duty it is, therefore, in the earlier religious training of the young, to impress their minds with a knowledge of the real nature of the gospel, and with a persuasion of the inexpressible happiness of a life of piety. They should be affectionately encouraged in the diligent use of means, yet reminded of the duty of waiting God's time. Our Saviour would not have spoken a *parable to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint,* if it had not been among the divine appointments often to keep those, who pray, waiting long. And further, in those cases where the inveteracy of sin and worldliness may have overgrown, and choked the good seed once deposited in the heart, no less is it the duty of a minister still to speak of pardon and renewing grace; to show that, though the bitterest thoughts may have surcharged the soul, almost to bursting, God has yet one thought more, beyond and above all our thoughts;—and that thought is LOVE. In the application of this great truth, respect may most properly be had to the circumstances, and the peculiar temperament or character of individuals; always exercising a tender, yet firm, considerateness towards those, to whom physical indisposition may have been, in

any degree, either the cause or the effect of mental suffering. But the Truth is one and the same for all: GOD IS LOVE. The sin of unbelief is, indeed, paramount above all other crimes, and brings an infinite number in its train; yet even *this* can be expelled; and all the blessings promised to faith may be, in due course, attained through the superabounding mercies of our Redeemer, who is *able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him.*

3. The narrative of that which may be called the turning point of his life, beautifully displays THE CONSTRAINING POWER OF THE VOICE OF CHRIST, to win back the soul, which was at enmity with God, and ill at ease with itself. At that moment, when the great truth was revealed to his forlorn heart, THERE IS MERCY YET! life seemed to enter into him. Like one raised from the dead, he began to breathe, and move, and act. "You see," writes Dr. Fearon, "when a ray of hope broke in upon his troubled soul, how at once he became a quite altered man." —There are on record many instances of sudden religious impressions that have been made, sometimes in an almost unaccountable manner, upon the minds of various individuals. Perhaps the case of St. Augustine may be considered as not very dissimilar to this now under consideration. Yet, in the narrative given of himself by that venerable father of the early Church,* there is an intimation, that

* See Milner's Church History, Vol. ii. p. 353.

he seemed distinctly to hear a miraculous or remarkably providential voice, saying, more than once, "Take up, and read;" which was the immediate occasion of his opening the volume of St. Paul's Epistles that lay before him, and glancing at once upon the passage so appropriate to his own state, in Romans xiii. 11—14. In the present instance, there was, avowedly, no external sound or sign, but merely a strong and deep inward speaking to the heart. There is not in it the slightest mark of any thing visionary: and when I remember the clear and sound intellectual powers of my friend, I can believe him fully capable of discriminating in a case like this, even though himself were the party concerned. In fact, what he that moment felt—(felt, too, as powerfully as if a voice from heaven *had* spoken it)—was no new truth, supposed to be revealed: it was the truth which first cheered the drooping spirits of our fallen parents; and which has continued to revive penitent mourners through all succeeding ages. That which was new to him was, the personal appropriation of this truth. The effects which followed were, also, such as are agreeable to the Scriptures of truth; nothing of self-confidence, or spiritual inflation; no extravagant language or conduct; but a life characterized by Scriptural piety—by *the Spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.* From that period, therefore, he probably would have dated the surrender of his rebel heart to God;—a heart, which would have

neither dared nor willed to return, had not Mercy first spoken.

4. None could be more ready than he ever was, to acknowledge that it was THE FREE AND SOVEREIGN POWER OF GOD'S HOLY SPIRIT, AND THAT ALONE, which changed and daily renewed his heart. Like St. Paul, he could say, *By the grace of God, I am what I am.* From the same apostle he had learned, *It is God who worketh in you both to will, and to do, of His good pleasure.* Upon that *good pleasure* he had, from himself, no claim;—just the contrary. Had he possessed, originally, such a claim, which is not the case with any child of Fallen Man, still, by his whole course, he had forfeited it. In the work of regeneration, his energetic and highly-gifted mind did, in reality, contribute nothing: it was to be acted upon: it was in no sense the First Moving Cause; although, when once his heart was rightly moved, all the powers of reason, imagination, and feeling, were willingly brought into the holy service, aided with rich stores of religious education. But he knew to whom to attribute the first movement, and its continuance, in the regenerated soul. In his Letters and Sermons there is ample evidence of this: nor can it, perhaps, be better expressed, than in the words of that valued friend to whom he was under such great obligations at the commencement of his religious course. Dr. Fearon, depicting, in a letter, the experience of Mr. Neale, in the year that he

died, says of him, "He is in a state of sickness and disorder, such as to leave very little hope of his recovery; but his mind is manfully struggling against every evil, with high and glorious aims, and a panting after a degree of spirituality and holy conformity to God's will, which are most animating. It is delightful, and highly encouraging, to see a mind so rich, and so pre-eminently furnished with the stores of human knowledge, bowing, with the simplicity of a little child, to the Cross; to see him struggling with the same difficulties, thwarted by the same evils, as minds less gifted in Christian experience; and entirely without any more resources in himself, than the merest ploughboy in my parish. He is obliged to go out of himself to Christ, for the least power to think a good thought: but so he does; and he finds the promise sure, *My grace is sufficient for thee.*"

5. THAT COMPLETE ALACRITY OF MIND, with which he was enabled to consecrate all his powers to God, is further to be noticed as characterizing his later days; honourable to that Saviour who thus inclined his heart, while it is consolatory and edifying to his surviving friends. Immediately, he hastened to render the reasonable service of spirit, soul, and body, to be preserved blameless till the coming of his Master. To be devoted and blameless was now his high Christian aim. Devoted and blameless he had been, humanly speaking, in his

academical career; but it was ambition that had then strung his mind and habits to regular discipline. Ambition had conducted him to the Senate-house: there she quitted him. She might have conducted the steady and successful student, as an aspirant to some higher pinnacle of human honour: but he was reserved, in order to exhibit, after an inglorious interval, the same vigorous mental powers, actuated by a higher motive, and directed with constancy to the object of saving both himself and those who heard him. The preceding Memoir amply illustrates the greatness and completeness of the change. Yet, to my mind, some incidents, mentioned in a casual manner, convey (when taken in connexion with the whole account) a peculiarly vivid apprehension of that singleness of heart with which he now devoted every faculty to God. His sister-in-law, remarking upon the visible alteration in his character, and probably referring in part to seasons when the illness of his wife claimed from him a more special assiduity in the superintendence of the little children, writes: "Thus he, who had been negligent of all religion, became, in the course of a short time, a most strict disciplinarian. Never did he allow any thing to interfere with duty, at the time for teaching his children. He would teach them, however inconvenient to himself. I have frequently known him leave his friends, to hear the children their prayers. And with respect to his own times of devotion, he was most particular

that nothing, if practicable, should interfere." This brief extract exhibits him as the disciplinarian, not so much of others, as, first, of himself. So completely did he pass from the indulgence of desultory tastes to one decisive choice of life; and far eclipsed the proud energies of his best College-days, by his exactness in the duties of the closet, the family, and the ministry.

Nor was it in the allotment of his time alone, but in the use of his money also, that he ceased to be desultory and negligent; now considering himself as a steward bound to render a faithful account. Formerly, though not inclining to wastefulness, yet he had often spent money carelessly. He kept no account how it came in, or how it went out; and, as his pecuniary resources were not straitened, it was the more easy for him to live in this irresponsible manner. But, upon his conversion, he commenced a very different course, keeping strictly-accurate accounts. This information I have from one, who was sure to know it. As she has expressed it to me, "He acted now as a person that had a new sense of accountableness."

His whole taste, moreover, was now changed. Not that he had parted with his former pleasantry, kindliness, and susceptibility of wit; but these native talents either were held in check, or were directed to flow in a new and sacred channel. I have sometimes been tempted to regret that I did

not, in 1830, ask him what he now thought of his visits, five years before, to the theatre. Probably, the cause of my omitting, and indeed forgetting, at the time, to do this, was, that I saw him to be a thoroughly altered man—one truly renewed in the spirit of his mind: *old things* had *passed away*; *all things* had *become new*. No doubt he would have given this as his own view of the subject. His voice, from the tomb, seems to return the answer: "A heavenly mind must abhor and pity the sins and follies of a theatre!"*

What could have thus purified all his tastes, and kept his mind ALWAYS ON DUTY, but the new motive of the love of Christ? He now grew as a living branch of the true Vine. The two characteristics of his closing years were, *Fruitfulness* in all good

* There is a remark in one of his private papers, dated August 28th, 1821, apparently intended as a Sermon-note, which gives his view of this subject. He represents the double-dealing religious professor as arguing in the following way, from a desire to unite the pleasures of the world with the joys of piety:—"The professor, who would meet the worldling half way, replies, 'Can we not accommodate the two enjoyments? Take the hours of retirement; are there none left for the *innocent pleasures* of the world?' Professor, the Christian has two objects to accomplish; 1st, to *awaken*—and, 2dly, to *satisfy* the holy appetite of which we speak. And the two objects coincide; for, when most satisfied, this divine *hunger* and this divine *thirst* (Matt. v. 6.) are most pure. Be candid, professor;—is it likely, is it possible, that in the amusements of the world, in the play-house, the ball-room, the card-party, in any mixing in the world for pleasure's sake, the appetite after spiritual things should be either *satisfied*, or even *awakened*?"

works; and, *Peace of mind*, in a degree not very often attained.

6. It is obvious, yet important to observe, how greatly the preceding Memoir may tend TO ANIMATE PARENTAL HOPES, AND TO MODERATE PARENTAL ANXIETIES. Prayers very many, very fervent, persevering, and importunate, had been offered up, in secret, and together, by his parents, and by the pious ministers and friends who visited the family; the benefit of which was not seen till after many days. *Always to pray, and not to faint*, is the duty of every Christian: but those affections which naturally are the strongest, are peculiarly pleasing to God when thus sanctified by the spirit of intercession. The Scriptural examples of this are well known; and, among them, the maternal character shines with peculiar brightness. Several of the Patriarchs, Prophets, and disciples, renowned in the Old and New Testaments, had pious mothers or fathers, or both. The mothers of Augustine, of Bishop Hall, of George Herbert, Dr. Doddridge, and several eminent characters of our own day, obtained, earlier or later, answers to their prayers on behalf of their children. This Memoir adds one more to this goodly number of the children of parental prayer. Every such fresh instance of mercy seems to re-inforce the question, *How knowest thou, O man*, or *thou, O woman*, but that the same blessing may be granted to thy partner, thine offspring, or thy friend?

A hint, to moderate anxiety, may naturally be added, when we see that it is sometimes very late, only as it were at the eleventh hour, that the wishes of pious parents attain their final accomplishment. The desire of the devout father or mother may be, and plans may have accordingly been laid, that the son of many prayers should become a faithful minister of Christ. But there are many turnings and windings in his path; some haltings, some hopeless passages, at which the heart of the parent has fainted with uncertainty; unwilling to say to his child, at all events, "Go on, as with the ministry for your object;" and equally reluctant to say, "All must be given up." Yet, may not a person of some years and experience, after faithfully reviewing the way in which the Lord has led *him* or *his friend* for many years, turn that very retrospect into an argument for patience? Certainly he may. Remembering his own path, he may exercise towards others of the advancing generation a cheerful caution. Cautious and circumspect he is bound to be: cheerful he yet may be, waiting on God.

7. The benefit of EARLY AND SOUND SCRIPTURAL EDUCATION is very strongly illustrated in this Memoir. To have known the Scriptures *from a child*, is a mighty preparation for usefulness in after-life. When, at length, the influences of the Holy Spirit, the Author of sacred Scripture, are communicated

effectually to the heart of an individual so trained, then it is that his knowledge of the Scriptures is found to be invaluable. It is like hoarded treasures of ready-coined gold and silver, suddenly discovered, and fit for immediate circulation. Hence it was that my friend, soon after his conversion, began to write and speak, in a good measure, as a Christian of long-standing experience. This was not, in his case, an imitative act, copying affectedly the phraseology of those whom he had from his childhood known as most eminent in the religious world. Affectation was far from him. His copious feeling, and exact descriptions of the Christian life, flowed from a fulness of the memory and of the understanding, brought now, at length, under the immediate command of a sincere, humble, and disciplined heart. Hence there appears in his letters and discourses a rapid advance toward maturity. It is far otherwise with some, who, being converted late in life, and not having enjoyed early the knowledge of the Bible, mingle the crudest interpretations, and sometimes the most extravagant notions, with a sincere desire to glorify their Master. In conversation also, or discussion, how inconveniently and untowardly does many a right-hearted and sensible man handle a topic of divinity, which is quite familiar and plain to those who have long known Scripture! From these circumstances of embarrassment, he

was exempt; having clearly understood the Truth, even many years before he lived under its power.

It has been noticed, moreover, that it was in the practice of Scripture exposition that he peculiarly excelled. Ease and profitableness in this important office of pastoral intercourse can never be attained, whatever be a person's quickness of apprehension, or the fluency of his utterance, unless these be accompanied with a rich fund of Scriptural facts, images, sentiments and examples. Some extrinsic advantages, which my friend possessed for this kind of religious service, have been thus described to me by the constant witness of his domestic hours. "A memory, and a quickness of eye, which needed only an occasional glance at the Bible, to be able to read it; a peculiarly earnest and impressive manner; a steadfast settling of the countenance, and a look, which, though not stately, or at all commanding, was penetrating, and for the most part fixed upon the individuals present, as if anxiously inquiring of every one whether the mind was allowedly wandering, or striving to gird itself for attention to the truths spoken. This habit was, I think, particularly useful to the young, and to servants."

& They surely are not wise, who suffer envy, or even desire, to kindle in their bosom, whilst observing the AFFLUENT CIRCUMSTANCES AND EMINENT TALENTS of their friends or contemporaries. What a temptation to a man are great talents,

and great possessions, to live without God in the world! Moreover, in company with these extraneous advantages, there are not unfrequently found certain drawbacks, the fair view of which should make persons of inferior means and capacities heartily contented with the humble portion of earthly gifts allotted to them. How often does affluence breed *ennui!* Wealth, held by inheritance, may bribe off one of our strongest motives to activity. That motive, necessity, is indeed, in its severer forms, distressing, and has in it somewhat of the nature of a curse; yet that very curse is turned into a blessing: it is, moreover, of Divine appointment, and has in all ages very largely contributed in furnishing the most useful, the most honourable, and most happy members of society. Superior talents, also, while the tide of youth sets in, full of honour and delight, may carry a man far in the acquisition of knowledge: but in the use of his abundant stores he may, after a few years, be found a long way behind the humbler sons of industry; or he may even be so far tempted to neglect the ordinary rules by which men live, as to become at length stationary, and of little use in the world;—like a richly-freighted vessel fallen fast upon a sand-bank, in the midst of its voyage. So might the subject of this Memoir have concluded his days: for certainly, at one time, although variety of occupations and amusements was sought for by him, yet his mind

was evidently in danger of becoming quite unproductive, while others of his College friends were turning life to profit. He himself, in 1820, thus expressed this feeling, in reference to one of them: "Six years, I think, *he* has been serving his Master; and what have *I* been doing?"

9. It has always appeared to me, that he had some advantage from his being THE YOUNGEST, and, at the time, THE LAST SURVIVOR IN HIS OWN FAMILY; more especially in reference to his preparation for a dying hour. I visited him two days after the death of his brother Samuel, whom he had nursed most affectionately for several months previous to that event; and, as we stood by the shrouded corpse, he gave me an account of the reluctance with which his brother had seemed to part with life, and the little desire with which he seemed to look forward to a future world of blessedness. The evidences, indeed, of this brother's piety had been clear and uniform; so that his state was not to be judged of by what he said, or did not say, towards the last. Much allowance, also, was to be made for the extremely shy and shrinking nature of his brother Samuel; and his wish to live was, doubtless, augmented by the wish to be useful. Probably, on the whole, he had not sufficiently learned the hardest of all lessons—to SUFFER the will of God. Cornelius, who it appears was then wavering in a kind of religious scepticism, was perhaps desirous of being roused

by the sight of glorious evidences of a triumphant departure; so that this reluctant giving up of the ghost was to him very painful. His spirits were very much lowered at it.* Then afterwards followed the death of his eldest brother. His only sister died little more than a year before him. His own composure, as death drew on towards himself — first by distant approaches, and then by steps more evident, though still slow — must be attributed mainly to the singular clearness with which he was enabled to see his interest in the Saviour, and to that strong appropriating faith by which he apprehended every part of his Redeemer's perfect work. But he had also seen, in instances before him, how (so to speak) the family constitution could meet death; how their bodily frame and their mental temperament were affected by

* In a letter to his friend Grinfield, written at that time, his feelings are very naturally described by himself, and a few particulars mentioned relative to the painful event. He writes:—"My poor brother died in great agony of body, and in considerable doubt and despondency of mind. This [doubt], however, I am persuaded, could communicate itself to none who knew him and the blamelessness and spirituality of his life and conversation. I certainly can think no worse of the man who feels an awe and a shuddering, when about to enter into the immediate presence of his God. Even after he was acquainted with the full extent of his danger, he cherished, I believe, a silent hope of recovery. He even then asked with eagerness, if a voyage could not save him. On the evening before he died, he asked me, when the doctor was gone, if he could do nothing for him. I said, I was afraid not. 'Then I must die,' he said: 'I cannot live the night out.' And he did not."

the last scene. In this respect, probably, he had learned from his seniors, that went before him, more than he was himself aware of:

——"He died
As one that had been studied in his death;"

in which chief study he had possessed the advantages of many premonitions, and a greater number of intimate examples, than the generality of Christians enjoy.

10. Concerning THE MORE OR LESS FAULTY SHADES OF CHARACTER in my friend, as I was not very often with him during the last eight years of his life, when his mind was properly matured, there is so much the less for me to offer. Yet, as a biographical sketch is incomplete in its instructive tendency without some such notice, this, therefore, though with a reluctant hand, I shall attempt.

He was, by nature, too retiring; and disinclined to the rough business of life. While at College, he wisely enough preferred the company of the few, to large and general acquaintance: yet there followed this consequence, that, in his later years, although gifted with the power of pleasing in no slight degree, where he was perfectly at ease, he yet felt it extremely irksome to engage in promiscuous conversation. Neither, when the powerful motive of religion had gained its influence on his mind, did he feel himself impelled to use (so it has been represented to me) even sufficient exertion to make his general inter-

course with society prominently useful. He was himself aware of this defect, as appears by the following extract from a letter to Mr. Grinfield, of the date April 27th, 1821; in which he laments it; yet cheering himself with the hope of correcting it:—"I find," he writes, "a great difficulty in what you truly speak of as so desirable—religious conversation; not in religious talk, but in conversation at once easy, rational, and heavenly. This, indeed, seems to me a peculiar, but a most desirable talent, and one surely, like every other, improveable." The principle of grace did, however, coerce and subdue one constitutional evil of his character. He was by nature quick and sharp-spoken: but, after the great change, he was observed to be very considerate in this respect, especially towards domestics, and those in any way under his command or influence. Perhaps his chief fault (such, at least, it has appeared to some) was impatience, as manifested in his seeking public duty too soon after his first illness, and not sufficiently husbanding his strength while thus engaged. But this is a point in which invalids, endued with a devoted mind, are peculiarly liable to commit error. Where a tender and conscientious spirit on the one hand, and real bodily weakness on the other, concur in rendering the line of duty doubtful, and the problem lies between the seeming opposites of, *Too little for conscience*, and *Too much for health*, it is not surprising that the exact middle course

should not be discerned and held; especially by one who felt that so much of his time had run to waste. But with an error of this kind who would not prefer to deal gently? even as St. Paul does with the case of Epaphroditus, whom he commends, without a single censure, to the love and care of the Philippian church, bidding them *hold such in reputation: because for the work of Christ he was nigh unto death, not regarding his life.* (Philippians ii. 29, 30.)

Since, however, all have some deficiency, this, to the honour of his memory, is to be noticed; that during the very short period that he was spared to his friends and to the church, he did not disparage his Christian profession by any extravagancy in opinions, or by any inconsistency in conduct. He kept the good old way. He walked humbly with his God; he loved the brotherhood *with a pure heart, fervently,* and his neighbour as himself; he pretended to nothing extraordinary; his moderation while living, and his peace in death, were fitly allied together.

12. The mysterious wisdom of God, in the early removal of his servant, is to be viewed with humble and adoring thoughts. He was taken away when his usefulness was tending towards maturity, and when his continuance in life appeared to his friends most likely to be needed. Some glimpses we may catch of the mercy designed by such a dispensation; but, without faith, it is very dark to us. To his friends it seemed, that, had life been spared, he bade

fair for distinguished excellence in several departments of useful influence. Besides the exemplary assiduity, tenderness, and intelligence, with which he was discharging the various claims of conjugal, parental, and domestic life, he had also distinctly chosen his path for relative duties of a more general nature, and consistently maintained his walk in that path. To the public life of the religious world he had not given himself: perhaps he shrank from such a course. Not that he was sparing of labour, or indulgent to self; but his powers inclined to a sphere in which he might rather be the master of his own plans. There is an inevitable consumption of time, and there is a requisite bending of daily habits to the ever-varying circumstances and feelings of others, both of which are inseparable from public life: this double distraction of time and temper would have been, perhaps, not easily endured by his nature. But it was in the parish, and in all the interior circles of Christian life, that his spirit seemed to take its chief delight. His discourses from the pulpit marked his gifts as being eminent in that great function of the ministerial office. His pursuits in the study, sanctified as they were in his later years, could not have failed to produce something worthy to be often read; for *knowledge* was *pleasant to his soul*, and he had the faculty of making it pleasant to others. As a visitor of the sick, he manifested peculiar powers of sympathy, united with a deep insight into the workings of the heart, and with

much Christian experience. As the devoted teacher of the young, their friend by natural taste, and afterwards more truly such by Christian principle, he was calculated to fill with varied powers and attainments the office of tutor; and he even pleased himself once with the thought of possibly being some day thus engaged in the Church Missionary Institution at Islington, should an opening have presented itself. But, from the pulpit, the study, the pastoral walk, and the youthful circle, he was, after no very long probation, summoned away; and set apart, as it were, to cultivate the passive graces of the sick-chamber, being both patient and minister to himself. Here he had longer and more frequent seasons of discipline than fall to the lot of many; and these, after a series of pains and langours, terminated in a death very agonizing to the outward man. Probably, it was the design of his Heavenly Father to make this long-protracted scene of illness one chief occasion of benefit to those who witnessed, or should hear of it. Why so many high promises of other kinds of usefulness should be cut short in their performance, is a mystery which admits but of this answer:—*My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are my ways your ways, saith the Lord.* Yet if any great and leading truth of Scripture has been impressively illustrated by his life, or by his death—if one reader of these memorial Sketches and Remains should be startled from a state of guilt, raised from the gloom of despondency, or stimulated to seek, after

his example, a large increase of faith, hope, and charity—it is enough! I am persuaded, however, that, through the supply of the Holy Spirit, not one only, but many, will be greatly edified by this Memoir; and I humbly desire to find a place for myself in that number, as, indeed, I ought to do. Here, then, I close my remarks; ending them with praise to Him, to whom all the glory of salvation belongs. *God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ, (by grace ye are saved;) and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus; that in the ages to come he might show the exceeding riches of his grace, in his kindness toward us through Christ Jesus.* (Eph. ii. 4—7.)

Remains.

PREFATORY NOTE

TO THE

"REMAINS."

To the preceding Memoir the Editor is happy in having it in his power to add some valuable compositions, selected from the papers of his friend. Of these, it is necessary to premise a brief account.

The SERMONS (which form the principal portion of these "Remains") were written for preaching, and they actually were preached, to country congregations. In some parts of them, the writer, from the speed of composition, has left a point unfinished; and nowhere has he retouched them with a critic's care. These simple Discourses, therefore, may be regarded as a genuine specimen of his most natural style of writing. In the spirit which they breathe, earnestness of purpose is everywhere conspicuous; the matter, carefully weighed, and personally felt; the manner, sometimes negligent, as will happen to one who feels himself perfect master of all the resources of language; but not unfrequently characterized by the freedom, copiousness, and energy, of extemporaneous eloquence.

To these are appended two ample specimens of SERMON-NOTES, selected from a considerable number of manuscripts of the same kind. They may serve to exhibit his method of preparing himself for preaching extempore.

The ALLEGORIES immediately show to what school they belong: they are a happy imitation of the "Pilgrim" style; and convey, moreover, much deep experimental instruction, reproof, and consolation.

The HINTS on EDUCATION were drawn up by him for the assistance of Mrs. Neale, at a time when he anticipated some interruption in his domestic duties from the engagements of the Ministry. To this prompt and kind forethought his bereaved partner and other surviving friends are indebted for a series of suggestions, which, if not very original—(for, upon the subject of Education, who will undertake to say "any thing new"?)—yet carry with them much intrinsic weight. Their practical utility is enhanced by the circumstance, that the writer had, from his earliest years, so sedulously cultivated his own mind, and so closely attached himself to the tuition of others.

These Hints are followed by some specimens extracted from a little work prepared by him, entitled the "BIBLE-TEACHER'S MANUAL." He did not live to carry on this work further than to the end of Exodus, chap. xxv. The book has had considerable circulation, and has been found useful by very

manly. Considering that the art of communicating knowledge to the young was, in a high degree, his talent, it has been thought expedient to give somewhat large extracts. The care and judgment bestowed upon a work of this nature are not, to superficial readers, very apparent: his well-stored and disciplined mind, however, may be seen partly in the extracts made from his preface to the "Manual;" and, further, in the skill with which he has avoided fanciful interpretations, when explaining matters of a ceremonial kind in the Law. "That was his excellence," as noted by one of his friends; "he knew so well when to stop."

THE EMBLEMS AND HYMNS IN PROSE are in a style of composition which was a favourite with the author; adapted more particularly to children of somewhat cultivated understandings. They, in a remarkable degree, combine simplicity and choiceness of images with elegance and harmony of language. The Emblems are selected from a larger number which have already appeared in print: the Hymns are taken from manuscripts. They were all written by him for the instruction and entertainment of his only son, then four years of age.

THE POEMS are given, partly, from unpublished manuscripts (marked MS.); and, partly, from a volume printed in his life-time. Some of them, for deeply pathetic sentiment, and others for delicate and poignant wit, are worthy of particular admiration.

SERMONS.

SERMON I.

THE SAINT'S WALK WITH GOD.*

GENESIS v. 24.—And Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him.

IT pleased God to preserve an account of the line of men from Adam to Jesus Christ: and my text is taken from the chapter in which the first part of that line is contained; namely, from Adam to Noah. On this chapter we may make these two observations: first, whatever was the length of the life of any of these patriarchs, still the account of each of them ends with those remarkable words, *And he died.* All the days of Methuselah were nine hundred sixty and nine years; *and he died.* (Gen. v. 27.) My friends, this must be the end of *our* earthly history. There will be a time when it shall be asked of you

* Preached four days before his last attack of illness. With this Sermon, and another, on the words *To me to die is gain*, he closed his ministry. See page 103.

and me—"Where is he?"—and the answer shall be, "He is dead;—He died last year, or five years ago." When you come to die,—it is a truism, I know, but it is one which we perpetually want more deeply impressed on our hearts—when you come to die, it will matter nothing how long you have lived, how long the time once appeared before you, or how long it may seem, as you look back upon it; it is gone, effectually gone. Then why, let me earnestly and affectionately ask you, why be living now as if you were to live here for ever? The second observation I would make on this remarkable chapter, is this: How thankful ought the Christian to be, that it has pleased God to shorten the term of human life! *For the elect's sake,* says our Lord—speaking of a time of peculiar trouble—*for the elect's sake, those days shall be shortened**. And when the believer looks at the temptations of this life, and how powerfully they are seconded by the sad corruptions within; when he remembers how distant the eternal world seems, though, at most, but thirty or forty years off, he thinks, How distant, then, must it have appeared, when a man might feel as if he had six or seven hundred years before him! How would such a one be likely to set his heart on earthly things altogether, and forget that there was any heaven at all! When he considers how near he may have been heretofore to making shipwreck of faith; and

* Matthew xxiv. 22.

what awful instances he has seen of departure from God in those who, for a time, seemed to run well; surely, notwithstanding the good hope he is permitted to indulge, that *He which hath begun a good work in him will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ*, yet he cannot but rejoice that the time of trial has been mercifully shortened. I do not say that the Christian is able, in every case, when death first makes its approach, to look upon it without any of that dismay which belongs to a fallen and sinful nature. Alas! it is too seldom thus: natural infirmity, and, still more, a want of living close to God, make death formidable, even to the believer. Still, however, his habitual feeling and judgment must be, *I would not live alway**; for *whilst* I am *at home in the body*, I am *absent from the Lord†*: and it is better for me *to depart, and to be with Christ‡*.

My friends, it *is* better; nevertheless, let us not think that there is no happiness on earth, nothing of heaven to be enjoyed here. Enoch thought not so; for, even while here below, he *walked with God*; and so, when he was translated, and no more found, his life above was but a continuation and perfection of his life on earth; and he still walks with God, in heaven. Let us endeavour a little to enter into the meaning of this WALKING WITH GOD;—and may the Holy Spirit be with us! The expression is

* Job vii. 16. † 2 Cor. v, 6. ‡ Phil. i. 23.

His; for all Scripture is given by His inspiration; and without His blessed influences on the heart and understanding, they can neither be understood nor felt aright.

To enter, then, into the meaning of walking with God, you must think of some one as taking a journey with an earthly friend, whom he highly values; a friend very much to be reverenced for his wisdom and abilities, and at the same time to be loved for his amiable qualities; a friend to whom he is already under great obligations, and from whom he is continually expecting further favours. You are to consider, what would be a man's conduct while in the presence of such a friend; and then we may a little understand what would be our conduct, living, as we do live, in the continual presence of God.

1. In the first place, if a man were walking, as I have described, with a wise, and powerful, and beloved friend, the first concern would surely be, not to offend or grieve that friend by doing any thing disagreeable to him, or contrary to his declared wishes. And, O my friends! what holy lives should we lead, if we were always thus careful not to displease or grieve that gracious God, who is ever present with us! What so great a preservative from sin, as a constant and habitual remembrance that the eye of God is upon us? It is in order that he may have free scope in his wickedness, that the fool would fain persuade himself *that there is no*

God. This is much insisted on by David: *God is not in all his thoughts:* and therefore it is, that, as it follows, *His ways are always grievous; Thy judgments are far above, out of his sight**. And again: *He hath said in his heart, God hath forgotten: He hideth his face: He will never see it*†. And so in Romans, where St. Paul is giving, out of different parts of Scripture, the dreadful account of the natural wickedness of man, he closes it with that, *There is no fear of God before their eyes*‡. But observe how differently did David himself: *I have set the Lord always before me:* Psalm xvi. 8. And observe, in the cxxxixth Psalm, how he labours to convince himself and others of the constant presence of God: *Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether:* yea even, *Thou understandest my thoughts afar off. Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee.* And, therefore, observe what it was that kept Joseph from sin: *How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God*§? This it was, that was to preserve Abraham in his uprightness: *I am the Almighty God: walk before me, and be thou perfect:* Genesis xvii. 1. And this is the language

* Psalm x. 4, 5. † Psalm x. 11. ‡ Rom. iii. 18.
§ Gen. xxxix. 9.

of the penitent: *I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight* *.

My friends, is it thus? are all our sins in the sight of a pure and holy God? can it be, that He hears the very words of our mouth, knows the very thoughts of our heart? What words, alas! for God to hear! what thoughts, for God to be privy to! You are ashamed to let a man see you injure him, or hear you speak evil of him: why is it that you are not ashamed while thus offending every day, by deed and thought, against God? It is because you are not doing what Enoch did,—you are not walking with God. How different would it be, methinks, if you were! But whether you are or not, it is equally true that *the eyes of the Lord are in every place*, and are beholding you at this very moment, looking into your heart, and seeing your secret thoughts and affections there. And David would not have it otherwise: *Search me, O God, and know my heart! try me, and know my thoughts!* He walked with God, as Enoch did.

2. But in the second place, if a person were walking with a friend in the way which I have above described, he would consult that friend on all occasions—the turnings of the road, the houses he should stop at, &c. Why should he act of his own poor knowledge, when he has that of his friend to apply to? O my Christian hearers! how may I repeat my words—why should we act, in any circum-

* Luke xv. 21.

stances, of our own poor knowledge, when we have our God to apply to in all cases? Why do we not, at all times, and whatever we have in hand, go to Him for direction and guidance? See, in the history of the Old-Testament saints, how we find perpetually, when any difficulty occurred to them, *David inquired of the Lord*; Jehoshaphat said, Inquire, I pray thee, at the word of the Lord to-day*†. See, especially, how the Israelites were led all through the wilderness by the Lord's going before them, in a pillar of cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night. Which way soever they were to go, the cloud went before them: whensoever they were to rest, the cloud rested. *And when the cloud was taken up from over the tabernacle, the children of Israel went onward in all their journeys: but if the cloud were not taken up, then they journeyed not till the day that it was taken up. For the cloud of the Lord was upon the tabernacle by day, and fire was on it by night, in the sight of all the house of Israel, throughout all their journeys.* (Exodus xl. 36—38.)

You are ready to say, perhaps, "Ah! had I always a prophet to inquire of, like David or Jehoshaphat; or, did the Lord always condescend to go before me, as He did before the Israelites, in a fiery cloudy pillar; then indeed I should walk safely and happily." My friends, this is the language of unbelief; God goes before his people now, as surely, though not so visibly, as He did before His people of old.

* 1 Sam. xxiii. 2. † 1 Kings xxii. 5.

The promise is full and express: *Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths*: (Prov. iii. 5, 6.) i. e. when in any difficulty, when your way is not clear before you, ask, by earnest, hearty, frequent prayer, to be directed by God: and He will not work any miracle for you, nor direct you by a voice from heaven—you are not led to expect that; but He will so manage, by His providence, the order of events, as to open your way, and to leave you no doubt as to what you are to do. Or else, what does the promise mean? You have two things to do: first, to make your humble prayer to God for direction; and then to watch His opening providences, that so you may be able to follow His direction, when given: and therefore, when the promise is made, *I will instruct thee and teach thee*, &c., it is added, *Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding* *, but look out for the directing hand of God.

But if a man, in his walk through this life, has the privilege and comfort of thus asking for counsel from God in things temporal, how much more in things spiritual! Here we are, indeed, blind: here, indeed, it becomes us to walk closely with God. It is most true, if there be any truth in Scripture, that the blessed Spirit of God does exert a direct influence upon the understanding, making us to see and know those things which by nature we cannot

* Psalm xxxii. 8, 9.

see and know. God has, indeed, plainly set before us the way of life in the Scriptures; but we cannot understand those very Scriptures without this divine influence, without having the eyes of our understanding enlightened. Do you complain, then, of ignorance and darkness in the ways of God? See here the book—the Bible, from which you are to be taught; and the blessed Teacher by whom you are to be taught, even the Holy Spirit of God. Ah, my friends, when you complain of ignorance, how seldom is the complaint an honest one! You know, in your hearts, that you do not care whether you are ignorant, or not. If you were really earnest about salvation, if you did really wish to know the way of life, we should find you studying the Bible more; or, if you could not read it for yourself, we should find you getting your neighbour to read it to you. I have often been accosted by a working man, who had to go to some particular place, in this way: "Pray, Sir, can you read me this paper? It directs me where I am to go, but I cannot read it." Why, the man shews that he wishes to know where he is to go; he wishes to know the direction in the paper that has been given him. But how well content are you to remain in ignorance of your Bible! It is the word of God; it is the direction to heaven. Nay, my friends, you show that you care not to walk in the right way, since you have no care to read the direction which God has given you. And oh, if you were indeed in earnest about knowing the way to

heaven, what prayers should we hear from you for the teaching of God's Spirit! A man in real concern about his soul soon finds the way to pray:—*Show me thy ways, O Lord!* &c.—*Lead me in thy truth, and teach me**. *Open thou mine eyes! Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law*†.—*For thy name's sake, lead me, and guide me*‡! What short, what comprehensive, what comfortable prayers!—And the promises are equally full and comfortable: *Good and upright is the Lord; therefore will He teach sinners in the way. What man is he that feareth the Lord? him shall He teach in the way that He shall choose*§.—*Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory:* (Psalm lxxiii. 24.)

3. Again, the person whom I have described would not much trouble himself about the difficulties he might meet with in his journey; because he would meet them in company with his friend; and his friend would provide against them. A man who, by himself, would be overwhelmed at the prospect of the dangers and troubles of the way before him, would go on cheerfully having such a friend with him, in whom he could confide, and on whom he could lean. And what then, my brethren, is the privilege of the believer? He confides in God; he leans on God. Is your burden heavy? *Cast thy burden upon the Lord*, says David, *and He shall sustain thee*‖. Are you full of anxious cares, how you shall get through

* Psalm xxv. 4, 5. † Psalm cxix. 18. 34. ‡ Psalm xxxi. 3.
§ Psalm xxv. 8. 12. ‖ Psalm lv. 22.

this trial, or the other danger? Oh, why should you be so? Are you not walking with God? *Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God:* (Phil. iv. 6.) *Casting all your care upon him*, saith St. Peter; *for He careth for you:* (1 Pet. v. 7.) Are you poor, and in distress? But is not God with you? And *my God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus* *. Have you enemies, spiritual enemies? Yes, many and mighty: yet fear not, for the Lord, that is with you is mightier. Are you called to pass through the fire of persecution, or the deep waters of spiritual trouble? *When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee* †.—*Did we not cast three men bound*, said persecuting Nebuchadnezzar, *into the midst of the fire? Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God*: (Dan. iii. 24, 25.) Do you feel trouble in looking forward to death, to the conflict with the last enemy? But if you are a believer in Jesus, you may use the confidence of David: *Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me:* (Psalm xxiii. 4.)

* Phil. iv. 19. † Isaiah xliii. 2.

4. Yet, again, the person we are speaking of, thus walking with a valued friend, would not surely be willing to lose the opportunities thus offered him of conversation with his friend. He would not be so busied with the objects on his way, as to make him forget that he was in company with such a one, from whom he might be deriving profit and delight. My brethren, the Christian is privileged to converse with God; and no man can be said to "walk with God," who makes no use of this privilege. When the believer enters into his closet, and shuts the doors about him, and prays to his Father which seeth in secret, then he is admitted to converse with God. His soul goes forth to God in holy desires, in groanings which cannot always be uttered; and God descends into his soul by his Spirit. *Our fellowship*, saith the beloved disciple, *is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ**. While the believer is employed in reading the word, God speaks to him in His commandments; and he answers by fervent vows of obedience. *When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek*†. The believer speaks to God, like Moses, *I beseech thee, show me thy glory!* and God makes all his glory to pass before him‡. Mistake not the nature of prayer: do not imagine that when you have said over certain words, you have prayed. No; God is

* John i. 3. † Psalm xxvii. 8. ‡ Exod. xxxiii. 18, 19.

not so mocked. Prayer is the conversation of the renewed soul with God: and it is absolutely necessary to a Christian life. By conversing much with the world, even the believer is continually tempted to think as the world does, and is well-nigh led away with the world, to seek after the same objects. He has need perpetually to shut out the world, to hold this communion with God, that he may think as God does, and may be drawn more after the objects which God holds out to him. He is perpetually tempted in the world to forget what God is; he has need to hold this spiritual converse with him, that he may enter again a little into His character, as revealed in Scripture, as a tender and loving Father. And it is not only in secret; it is in every opportunity afforded him, in his family and in public, that the believer does, or would, thus hold communion with God. And surely, especially when he has such beautiful prayers as those of our Church Service put into his mouth, it will be his earnest wish and endeavour not to draw near unto God with his mouth when his heart is far from Him. My dear friends, how stands the case with you? Do you at all know what converse with God means? Are you accustomed to retire in secret, that you may enjoy such converse? Or when you come before God in this holy place—this morning, now—have your hearts gone forth in any wise to God? Have you at all meant what you said? When your minister prayed for you, "The Lord

be with you!" and you replied, "And with thy spirit!" did you indeed think of your words? Did you indeed pray with your hearts, that it might please God to be present with the soul of your minister, while now officiating amongst you? Or when you joined in the prayer, "Open thou our lips, and our mouth shall show forth thy praise;" again I ask, Did you mean what you said? Did you indeed wish to show forth the praises of God? And did you indeed feel that you could not do this, unless God himself opened your mouth? I say nothing, just now, of the mockery and profaneness of using words like these without any meaning. But, oh! what a divine pleasure do they lose, who have no share in this holy communion with God! For be assured of this, the speaking can never be on one side alone, between God and the soul: if God speaks, most assuredly the soul answers; and if the soul speaks really and truly to God, God answers.

5. Once more: Were a person walking, according to our supposition, with a friend whose worth he at all knew and valued, how could he bear to hear that friend reviled, and see him injured, all the way as they went along? And, my brethren, if a man be walking indeed with God, if he have God habitually in his thoughts, with a constant reverence and love, how can he bear the injuries which the world at large are continually doing him? Will it not strike harshly on his ear, to hear that holy name

profaned, and the dreadful judgments of his wrath and fiery indignation derided, while ungodly sinners are daily calling for damnation on themselves from a long-suffering God? Will he not grieve to see that Holy Book, from which he derives all his best and truest comfort, entirely neglected?—to see this sacred day of rest, this day that brings to his mind the rising of his Lord, treated as a common day, as a day in which there is no holy delight? Surely, in proportion as a man is walking with God, these things must be strange and grievous to him.

In these five particulars, then, (and we might add more), a Christian walks with God. He walks as in His presence, fearing to sin, as he would, could he see God as present as He really is:—he commits all his ways, both in temporal and spiritual things, to the direction of God:—he leans upon God as a present help, in whatever trouble he is:—he holds delightful conversation with God:—he grieves to see the Friend, whose presence he so values, set at nought by an ungodly world.

An observation, then, immediately occurs, which indeed is forced upon us by all the Scriptural representations and descriptions of the people of God; and that is, how totally unlike all this is to every thing among carnal and natural men. Who, by nature, is kept from sin by the fear of God? By the fear of the laws of the country, for the fear of the loss of his character, a man *is* kept from some

sins; but, by the fear of God, from none. Or if, in some few, a religious education so far prevails, that there are some sins that they dare not commit, because they are sins, still this is only a fear of the punishment which God has threatened to sinners; not a holy, child-like fear of God himself—a fear of offending Him—a fear of losing His favour. Again, who by nature ever thinks of committing himself and his ways to God, and His direction? No; a man uses his own strength, and his own wisdom; and if any circumstance helps forward, or crosses, his designs, he calls it very lucky, or unlucky. But who acknowledges the hand of God? *Lord*, says the prophet, even *when thy hand is lifted up, they will not see!*—and so I might run through the other particulars which we have been dwelling on. Where is any thing like these to be found in the heart or conduct of the unrenewed man? No, my friends; no man by nature walks with God. Enoch, you hear from St. Paul, did it, not by nature, but *by faith*. Well, then, what follows? Why most assuredly this,—if a man would walk with God (and remember this! he who does not walk with God here shall never dwell with Him hereafter; he who does not walk by faith on earth, shall never—and, oh, that word, never! think what it means!—shall never enjoy the sight of God in heaven); but, I say, it is plain, if a man would walk with God, he must be a changed man; the very walking with God implies a change from what

he is by nature; he must be born again—born from above—born of the Spirit. All the things which we have been speaking of seem strange and unaccountable to the natural man. He does not understand how a man can feel such a love towards God as to regulate all his conduct; and he is tempted to disbelieve that any one does feel it. He does not understand what more can be done, in going to church, or praying, than getting through it as a duty, saying certain words, and then—an end. Of communion with God in these duties he knows nothing. I pray God that each of you here present may understand, that you may know, that you may experience for yourselves, what these things mean! for your salvation depends upon it:—but then it must be the Holy Spirit who gives you to experience this. Pray, I beseech you, for His blessed influences: pray that you may be born again of Him: pray that He would do exceeding abundantly for you, above all that at present you can ask or think. Then shall you have the happiness of walking with God.

But shall, indeed, a man be admitted to walk with God? Shall a sinner be admitted into friendship with God? Can the pure and Holy One look upon sin?—No, most assuredly: God cannot look upon sin, except with abhorrence and indignation. But in those who are in Christ Jesus, God will not see sin. Their sins were imputed to Christ; *laid upon him:* he was punished for them, he obtained for-

giveness for them. *He hath made Him to be sin for us,* saith the Apostle, *who knew no sin.* And this being the case, the believer in Jesus is thenceforward no more looked upon as a sinner. And, *Blessed,* saith David, *is he, whose transgressions are forgiven, whose sin is covered; blessed is the man to whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity* *. *In those days, and at that time, saith the Lord,* by the prophet Jeremiah, *the iniquity of Israel shall be sought for, and there shall be none; and the sins of Judah, and they shall not be found* †. Why not? Because they were laid on the head of Christ, and he bore them away, and cast them, as it is expressed in another place, into the depths of the sea. And as the sins of the believer were imputed to Christ—laid upon him—so the perfect righteousness of Christ is imputed to the believer—put upon him as a glorious dress, as a wedding-garment, in which he may appear, without shame, among angels and the spirits of just men made perfect; and sit down, without fear of being thrust out, at the marriage-supper of the Lamb. This is *the righteousness of God, which is by faith of Jesus Christ, unto all and upon all them that believe. For, as by one man's disobedience* (Adam's) *many were made sinners*—that is, were involved in the consequences of his sin, being born unholy from such an unholy father, and inheriting no blessedness from him, no cleanness of heart, no righteousness of

* Psalm xxxii. 1, 2. † Jer. l. 20.

life, because he had none to leave—*even so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous**, accounted righteous before God. And thus *being justified by faith, we have peace with God*, are *accepted in the Beloved*, and admitted to walk with God, in newness of life; admitted to the blessings of holiness here, and everlasting happiness hereafter. It was by faith that Enoch was *admitted* to walk with God; by faith, that he was *enabled* to walk with God.

It was the vain wish of unrighteous Balaam, *Let me die the death of the righteous.* And now, having considered the life of Enoch, let us attend, very briefly, to his last end. *He was not; for God took him.—He was translated, that he should not see death*, saith St. Paul; being the only man, besides Elijah, that hath passed into the eternal world in the vesture of mortality. How Elijah was taken up into heaven, we are told in 2 Kings ii.: how Enoch was translated, we are not told; and therefore it is not of consequence for us to know. But no believer now must expect to reach heaven without dying; unless, indeed, he should live to that time, when the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised; and the living shall be changed, not putting off mortality, but having mortality clothed upon with life. Nevertheless, we may very well take the words here used, of the translation of Enoch, to

* Romans v. 19.

express the departure of the believer. Say not of the true Christian, that he dies:—the sinner dies:—and oh! what is contained in that word! But the child of God dies not: he falls asleep; he sleeps in Jesus: he departs to be with Christ: he is not; for God takes him. *He is not* in an ungodly world, which has hated him, and hated his Lord also. *He is not* in a state of suffering and trial, and temptation and sin. *He is not* in a vile body—a body that continually carried about with it the punishment and memorial of sin—a body utterly diseased with sin, and which could never become cleansed, till, like the leprous house among the Jews, it was taken down for ever. *He is not; for God* takes *him.* God takes him in tenderness and love;—for *merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken from the evil to come.* God takes him, as a father takes his son from school, to live with him at home. A holy life here, a walk with God on earth, is pleasant; but that is not the best which God intends for his children;—they are to be with Him, to see His face in heaven for ever. While here, the Christian says, with David, *One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple**. And in heaven this desire shall be fulfilled: he shall dwell in the house of the Lord; he shall

* Psalm xxvii. 4.

behold the beauty of the Lord. This body is but a tabernacle, a tent in which the soul dwells a little time, and then it is taken down; but, *We know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is:* 1 John iii. 2. To that eternal house shall the Lord Jesus welcome every one, the weakest of his people: *If I go,* said he, *and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also:* John xiv. 3. *Where I am!*—in no meaner place. *Father, I will,* said he, *that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory:* John xvii. 24. Oh, blessed prospect! oh, blessed Gospel, that holds it out to us! oh, blessed service, to proclaim that Gospel! oh, blessed your ears, that hear the joyful sound! A little while, believer, and thy walk on earth shall be finished, and thou shalt not be; for God shall take thee. A little while longer thou must be content to walk by faith, and then thou shalt live by sight for ever. Ah! if the path be rough sometimes, and the sky gloomy, and enemies beset you around, hold on! is it not worth while? there is heaven at the end. No enemies there; no darkness there: *Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended:* Isaiah lx. 20.

My Christian friends, I pray for you—I pray for myself—that we may walk with God here—fearing

to sin, as in His presence; seeking His counsel and direction in all our ways; leaning on Him, in every trouble, for comfort and support; holding sweet communion with Him; jealous of His honour, and eager for His glory—that we may thus walk with God, being changed by the Spirit of His grace, and accepted in His dear Son; and at length be taken by Him, to be for ever with Him!

SERMON II.

THE MERCIES OF GOD IN CHRIST.

PSALM CIII. 1—5.—Bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me, bless his Holy name! Bless the Lord, O my soul! and forget not all His benefits! who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases: who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

God is love: and because a full and abiding knowledge, and persuasion, and feeling of this truth, are at the bottom of all true religion—are its warmth, and life, and very soul—therefore it is that this love is set forth to us under so many and such tender images in the Scriptures—images adapted to all conditions of life, that every one may be able, in some degree, to understand this love, by comparing it with what he himself feels on some occasion. For instance, do you know from experience what it is to delight over children, to do them good, to gratify their desires in every thing convenient for them? Such, be sure, as far as human understanding may comprehend them, are the feelings of God towards them that fear Him; for it is written, *I will receive you, and will be a father unto you, and ye shall be*

*my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty**. Do you know what it is to love a wife, or a husband; the tenderness of the protection on the one hand—of the reliance on the other? But if God's feelings towards his people have not this same tenderness, why is the Church called *the Lamb's wife*? Why is it said, *I will betroth thee unto me for ever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving-kindness, and in mercies: I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness*†. Do you know what it is so to love a person, as to give up something you dearly value for him? But *God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son* to die for us‡. *Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down his life for us.* Do you know what it is to love any one who does not love you; to receive ill-offices from him, and yet for mere love's sake, to return him good ones? *Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us*§. *When we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son*‖.

Now, my brethren, all these images, and all these circumstances of the love of God, are put down for our comfort. We are so accustomed to them, that we do not dwell upon them; the words pass over us, without exciting the corresponding idea. A father—a husband—a friend—one who laid down his life for us, who sought after me when an enemy!

* 2 Cor. vi. 18. † Hosea ii. 19, 20. ‡ John iii. 16.
§ 1 John iv. 20. ‖ Romans v. 10.

What abounding consolation is here! but not unless you give the image room in your understanding and heart, and unveil and study well its features. God has in such images mercifully condescended to our capacities; and you defeat His gracious design, if you dwell in generalities—if you do not use the freedom He allows—if you are afraid of degrading the subject by understanding it. Surely it is the want of the constant perception and feeling of the love of God in Christ that prevents a more active love on our parts towards Him; that makes our religion so cold and comfortless, compared to what it might be; makes it a duty, rather than a privilege; a task, rather than the rejoicing of our heart, our song in the house of our pilgrimage, the constant and delightful subject of our overflowing thoughts and conversation.

You are ready to confess, and with shame and penitence, that this love does not affect your heart as it ought: but let us ask ourselves, Are we using the means in our power to get our hearts thus affected? Are we soliciting these holy feelings, this divine and comfortable warmth? If you ask, what these means may be; I answer, those which David employs in my text—frequent and affectionate enumeration of God's mercies, and a summoning of all your powers to acknowledge them by praise and thanksgiving.

These means I shall endeavour at this time to submit to your consideration. And may that good

Spirit, without whose influence all means are ineffectual, so enable us *to comprehend, with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge*, that we may ourselves be *rooted and grounded in Him!*

I. Inverting the order of my text, I shall first exhort you, as a powerful means of exciting the affections, to a frequent and affectionate enumeration of the spiritual mercies of God; such an enumeration as the Psalmist makes in the third, fourth, and fifth verses of this Psalm.

Let us consider each of the mercies here enumerated, apart.

1. He *forgiveth all thine iniquities.*—And what are they? Ah, my friends, let every heart answer to itself! If your minister could lay before you the evil of your lives, the sins you have committed, the duties you have omitted, in violation of the plainest commandments, the mercies you have received without acknowledgment, the talents and gifts that you have abused and wasted, the sins which you have led others into, which you have loved others for, which you have been proud to imitate others in; if your minister could place all *these* before you, yet who shall descend into the depths of the heart? Oh, do it for yourselves! You know, and no mortal beside can know, how your heart has indulged and revelled in sin, from the actual commission of which God has mercifully hedged you in; how your heart has

loathed the worship, and ordinances, and means of grace, in the midst of which God's goodness has placed you; how glad you would have been, if you could, to say with the fool, *There is no God*; what bold thoughts you have entertained of Him; what gentle strivings of His Spirit you have experienced and overcome. And you must feel, therefore, (for I am addressing believers,) you must feel what a desperate state of rebellion these things imply; what a thorough, what a sad, what a degraded alienation and falling away from God!

Now, then, when a deep meditation over sins like these, in your closet, and on your knees, (for there is the place, and that is the attitude which befits these subjects,) has brought up a godly sorrow on your hearts, you will feel something of the love implied in the Psalmist's words, *Who forgiveth all thy sins*. Did you ever grievously offend an earthly benefactor, and were generously forgiven by him? Oh, recollect your feelings on that occasion; call them in, to heighten your feelings now. You can never have offended an earthly benefactor so deeply, you can never have been forgiven so freely, so entirely. He has not only forgiven us *all* our *trespasses*; he has forgotten them. *I will remember their sins no more*, saith the Lord, in Jeremiah. *Thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back**, says Hezekiah. And again, *In those days, and at that time, saith the Lord,*

* Isaiah xxxviii. 17.

the iniquity of Israel shall be sought for, and there shall be none; and the sins of Judah, and they shall not be found *. Why so? Those iniquities were surely visible enough, like a thick heavy cloud in the morning sky; surely they might easily be found. Yes; but you have seen that thick heavy cloud, and the sun has risen a little higher and gained a little strength, and the cloud has been pierced through with light, and melted away little by little, and left no remembrance of itself behind on the clear blue sky. And it is thus, saith our God, *I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions; and as a cloud, thy sins* †.

But, O my brethren! a holy and just and true God, how can He pardon sin? and such sin as yours and mine is? The sin is freely forgiven you; but it was laid, in its full weight, on the Son of God. The living bird is let go into the open fields; but it must first be dipped in the blood of the Slain One ‡. And we shall never attain to any right view of the love of God, any meltings of heart under the forgiveness of sins, till we can in some degree realize, by faith, the trouble, and sorrow, and heaviness of the spirit of the holy Jesus, and the agony of Gethsemane and the cross. See your Maker sinking under your sins! hear him pray, and in vain, that the bitter cup might pass away! An angel from heaven is vouchsafed to strengthen Him; but, his God forsakes Him! Here

* Jer. l. 20. † Isaiah xliv. 22. ‡ Leviticus xiv. 6, 7.

is the price of forgiveness of sins; and do we not now begin to feel, that God is love!

2. But again: *He healeth all thy diseases.*—The consequences of sin in the diseases of the body are sad: and how often did they excite the compassion of our merciful Jesus when on earth! He went about *preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people**. And here we see His compassionate nature. Other miracles would equally have proved the truth of His mission, and the greatness of His power; but it was almost entirely by these that He would reveal himself. *And great multitudes followed, and he healed them all.—And he saw a great multitude, and was moved with compassion towards them, and he healed their sick*†.—*Go, and shew John again the things which ye do hear and see; the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk; the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear; the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached unto them*‡.—*And when he saw the multitudes, he was moved with compassion on them.* When, seeing *the harvest plenteous,* but *the labourers few,* our Lord was graciously pleased to send forth the twelve as *labourers into His harvest,* and bade them preach, saying, *The kingdom of heaven is at hand,—he gave them power against unclean spirits, and to heal all manner of sickness, and all manner of disease* §. To you, then, if there be any present, to

* Matt. iv. 23. † Matt. xiv. 14.
‡ Matt. xi. 4, 5. § Matt. x. 1.

whom God has given skill in the art of healing, Jesus has imparted, naturally, a gift which he delighted miraculously to exercise. Oh, use the gift for him! implore something of that spirit of mercy and compassion which actuated him! Keep your eye on that gracious acceptance of such labours of love, which he will one day openly declare—*I was sick, and ye visited me**! The diseases of the body are grievous; but the soul, alas! the soul is still more grievously, more universally, more deeply, more fatally affected. And it is of the soul that it may be more emphatically said, *He healeth all thy diseases.* My dear friends, this is the second part of the gospel-work; and without it, the first, forgiveness of sins, and the purchase of heaven by the blood of Christ, could do us no good. To what purpose do you put a sick man even in paradise, or a sinner in heaven? Give dainties to a man in a fever, and they are distasteful to him. And you know by experience the blessings of the gospel, how distasteful they *are* to some of you, —they *have been* to all.

What, then, can be done? "It seems impossible," cries the despairing penitent, "for God himself to give me happiness: He has purchased for me, with His own blood, *all spiritual blessings in heavenly places;* and were I sure that they were my own, I should have no delight in them." No; naturally indeed you would not; but your heart is in God's power. There

* Matt. xxv. 36.

is not a saint whose affections are set on things above; nay, there is not a saint now enjoying the presence of God above, but had once, by nature, the same indisposition to heavenly things.

You are discouraged; you have been praying for this new nature that shall delight itself in God; you have been attending all the means of grace, and waiting for the Spirit there; you have been lying at the pool of Bethesda, and the angel has stirred the water, and others have stepped in before you; but no kind Lord has passed by, to say to you, *Wilt thou be made whole?* My poor brother, only go on waiting; the words stand sure—*Those that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength.* There is no promise in the Bible more explicit, or more encouraging. *If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him**? Now, are you exercising faith in these promises?—Allow me to put a case. Suppose you were in an infirm state of body, and put yourself into the hands of a skilful physician, complaining of great languor and prostration of strength, want of appetite, loss of spirits, restlessness, pain; and suppose the physician should say, "I know the symptoms perfectly well; I have been enabled to relieve them a hundred times; I never failed once in such a case; I prescribe for you in a confidence, nay, humanly speaking, in a cer-

* Matt. vii. 11.

tainty of success," you would rest pretty well satisfied on such assurances from a man in whom you placed any trust; and if your medicines produced at first no perceptible effect, you would not begin immediately to doubt his word and his skill. Now, God is your physician, and you hear His promise: *A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh.** Were it the promise of a man, you would believe it. It is the promise of God: and how many have borne witness to its truth! Wait, then, on the Lord, in the diligent use of means; but in reliance only on his promise. *Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.*†

But this is not the only disease of the soul. Even after we have begun to taste of the heavenly gift —what backslidings of heart from God! What a propensity to walk by sight! What coldness in prayer! What wandering, foolish, perhaps impure, thoughts! What weariness, at times, in well-doing! What evil tempers rising perpetually in the heart, and perhaps breaking forth at the tongue! What want of charity! What selfishness! How little sympathy, either in joy or sorrow, either with our great Head, or with our fellow-members! Ah, my brethren, *he healeth all* your *diseases;* but not in a

* Ezekiel xxxvi. 26. † Psalm xxvii. 14.

moment; not in the way you expect, perhaps, but progressively and surely. Look back; consider how it was once with you. Is there no change at all? no reason for thankfulness to God's good Spirit? no worldly inclinations crucified? No evil passions subdued? Do not forget, while you are lamenting your corruptions, those symptoms for good, from which you are encouraged to conclude that you are in the hands of the great and good Physician. And never forget, in your hymns of thanksgiving —never forget, when ascribing to the Holy Ghost, and to Him who purchased for us the gift of the Holy Ghost with his own blood, who of necessity went away that he might send down the Comforter to us—never forget, that the cure, begun only on earth, shall one day be completed; that you shall one day be enabled to say, "He *hath* healed all my diseases;" that you shall be presented, with the whole glorious Church, to Christ, *not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, but holy and without blemish. It doth not yet,* indeed, *appear what we shall be; but we know, that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is:* 1 John iii. 2. Even this body—so thoroughly affected with the leprosy, that, to take away some of the stones in which the plague is, and to cause the house to be scraped within round about, cannot root it out; but the plague will come again, and break out in the house; till the whole be broken down, the stones of it, and the timber thereof, and all the mortar of the house,

and carried forth out of the city into an unclean place*, even into the grave and dust of death—even this body, this body of our humiliation, shall be changed, *that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able to subdue all things to himself*†. Oh, here is cause for thankfulness and love!

3. But again: *He redeemeth thy life from destruction.*—Consider it of temporal death. There can be few here but must have some particular season to look back upon, some illness, or some danger, as to which more particularly and thankfully they can say, *He redeemed my life from destruction.* But if not, look back, believer, at thy years of sin and forgetfulness of God, and thy numberless provocations of Him! and I know thou art astonished and confounded at the mercy which saved thy life from destruction. Hadst thou been cut off then, thou hadst been banished from God for ever; thou hadst spent an eternity in sin and blasphemy against Him, whom now thy soul loveth. But, notwithstanding thy neglect, thy unkindness, thy defiance, He was watching over thee; His hand was stretched out, not in judgment but in mercy; not to destroy, but to preserve; to ward off what are called the accidents of life, and to keep thee from the deadly consequences of thy sins. This is a heart-touching consideration indeed!

* Lev. xiv. 33—45. † Phil. iii. 21.

But, spiritually, he redeems thy life from destruction. When the prodigal is come to himself, what is it but death and destruction that he finds himself among? No life derived from Christ; no powers for Him; no ear to hear; no eye to see; no feet to move; no breath of prayer;—he awakes from the very dead. Did he seek after this life? No more than the dead body of Lazarus. But Christ has stood before the sepulchre, and has cried with a loud voice, *Lazarus, come forth.* Lazarus awoke to familiar objects, to a world he was well acquainted with,—to Jesus, whom he knew and loved. But the quickened sinner awakes to objects entirely new; and one of his first sensations is, wonder at the insensibility, the death, in which he had just been held by Satan. "Is it possible that I could have been blinded to that degree, as not to perceive myself every moment in danger of dropping into hell? that I could eat my meals, and sleep at night, and laugh and sport, when I did not know but that a moment might consign me to irremediable misery? Is it possible that I could be conscious of all my own actions and thoughts; and yet not perceive myself a most impure, degraded, corrupted creature, and not desire to be something else? Is it possible that I could hear of being admitted into the presence of God hereafter, and enjoying eternal happiness before my Saviour, with a regenerate world, and not feel a desire after such things? Could I hear of the condescension of my

God, of his humble birth, of his lowly but despised life, of his agony and bloody sweat, of his cross and passion, of His precious death and burial, of His glorious resurrection and ascension, and feel no wonder, no sympathy, no love, no eager desire to become His,—to devote myself, body, soul, and spirit, to such a Master? Oh! ME hath He quickened, who was dead in trespasses and sins. I was blind, now I see;—was in the tombs; and now behold ME sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in my right mind. He hath, indeed, redeemed MY life from destruction!"—Again: He shall, at the great day, redeem thy life from destruction, thy body from the grave. My brethren, the original sentence is in force: *In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die. Dust thou art; and unto dust shalt thou return.* We are let to see the awful effects of sin on the body, that we may the more hate sin, admire the holiness of God, lothe ourselves, find Christ precious, and see our need of the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit. But, *where sin* hath *abounded, there grace much more* abounds; and whatever man hath lost in Adam, he has more than regained in Christ. Hath he lost paradise? He gains heaven.—Hath he lost perfect happiness, which he might lose, because it was entrusted to his own keeping? He gains a perfect happiness, which he can never lose, because it is guarantied to him in Christ. Hath he lost his own pure and spotless nature? He becomes

partaker of the Divine nature. Hath he lost his sonship-by-creation? He regains it by union with Christ. Hath his body become vile even here, and must it soon lie down in corruption? It shall ere long be changed, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body. Yes, my brother, thy body must see corruption; but it shall not be left in the grave: it shall but leave its evil passions, its corrupt affections, its lusts and follies, its sicknesses and weaknesses, its sins and sorrows, there. *It is sown a natural body;* and what that is we know, and see, and feel;—*it is raised a spiritual body;* and what that is, as yet we know not. *It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but, we know, that, when He shall appear, we shall be like him.* Well, therefore, may *the earnest expectation of the creature, i. e.* of the body, wait *for the manifestation of the sons of God;* inasmuch as *the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the children of God* *.

4. But we proceed to another particular in David's enumeration of mercies: *Who crowneth,* or encircleth, *thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies.* We have seen the gratitude of a person obliged to an earthly friend; and to the instrumentality of an earthly friend we may owe many very great things. But where is the one blessing which we owe not to God? Do you account life, with

* Romans viii. 21.

all its capabilities, and with its prospects of glory and eternal happiness, for a blessing? Could you deserve it, while you were yet nothing? or is it not a most free gift from a most gracious God, distributing to His creatures the power of being happy, as well as every thing that can make them happy? And, when once in being, think what a helpless, naked, defenceless, friendless, unblest creature, is man without his God. And therefore it is that we find the sacred writers looking backward and forward to every period of life, and acknowledging the unfailing and unwearied goodness of God, in encircling every period with loving-kindness and tender mercy. *Thou hast covered me*, says David, *in my mother's womb. Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect; and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them* *. And again: *Thou art He that took me out of the womb: Thou didst make me hope when I was upon my mother's breasts* †. And again: *Thou art my trust from my youth* ‡; and therefore he concludes with confidence, *Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life* §. And, lest the believer's heart should fail him on looking forward to the desolate period of old age, we have the gracious assurance of our God, *Even to your old age, I am He; and even to hoar hairs will I carry*

* Psalm cxxxix. 13, 16.
† Psalm xxii. 9.
‡ Psalm lxxi. 5.
§ Psalm xxiii. 6.

you. The believer has the same life, and the same troubles of life, to pass through, as other men: his afflictions may be greater than the worldling's; but, in the midst of troubles, in the midst of afflictions, he is still encircled with loving-kindness and tender mercies; still *the lines* shall fall unto him *in pleasant places*, and he has *a goodly heritage*; for he has the portion of the sons of Levi; the Lord himself is his inheritance. Is he sick? *The Lord will strengthen him on the bed of languishing. Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness* *. Is he friendless? *When* even *my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up* †. Is he persecuted and evil spoken of? Even *princes did sit and speak against me; but thy servant did meditate in Thy statutes. Thy testimonies also are my delight* ‡. Is he poor? But *the poor committeth himself unto Thee;* and *Thou, O God, hast prepared of Thy goodness for the poor* §. Doth he see the ungodly in such prosperity? Nevertheless, *Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time that their corn and their wine increased* ‖. Is he called to pass through great and fiery trials? *Fear not; for I am with thee. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee* ¶. Does he, as well as another

* Psalm xli. 3. † Psalm xxvii. 10. ‡ Psalm cxix. 23, 24.
§ Psalm lxviii. 10. ‖ Psalm iv. 7. ¶ Isaiah xliii. 2.

man, look on to the hour of death? But he may say, *Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me.* He may die with the words on his tongue, *My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever**. Yea, death itself is but the fulfilment of one of his Saviour's sweetest promises: *I will come again, and receive you to myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.* Now, my brethren, let us not lose the sweetness of these promises: they amount to nothing less than this—that, in all circumstances, stations, accidents of life, God is with us, God in Christ;—and surely, then, *all things are ours. All things*—life, death, sickness, health, wealth, poverty, bereavement, persecutions—*all things:* there is no exception, from the most prosperous to the most adverse event of your life, from the greatest to the minutest, *all things shall work together for our good.* If God be with us, we are necessarily encircled with loving-kindness and tender mercy; for, *with favour wilt Thou compass the righteous, as with a shield.* The believer, then, walks through the world with a divine and shielding atmosphere about him—the favour of God: many darts cannot pass through it, to hurt him; and those that do pass through it are tinctured with that favour, and carry it into the wound they make.

5. Once more, under this head: *Who satisfieth*

* Psalm lxxiii. 26.

thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's. The worldling *has* his good things: *Son, remember that thou in thy life-time receivedst thy good things.* There is pleasure, such as it is, in the gratification of the appetites, in the accumulation of wealth, in the honour of men; but, my friends, these pleasures wear out. They may be, and they often are, pursued with as much anxiety in old age as in youth; but the pleasure which they gave in the attainment, is gone. With the pleasures of God's people it shall not be so. As a gracious God originally fitted the blessings of creation, and the senses of the creatures therein to be placed, for one another; so it is in the new creation. He prepares the Gospel-feast of fat things, the bread and water of life; and he gives the hunger and thirst to enjoy them—a hunger and thirst perpetually renewed, and perpetually filled by His good Spirit. *They that wait upon the Lord* (and every experienced Christian will declare the truth of the promise) *shall renew their strength. They shall still bring forth fruit in their old age* *.

And was not this to be expected? Was it not to be expected, that the more experience the believer has of the grace and faithfulness of God, the more he should trust and love Him, and the happier he should be in that trust?—the more he studies and prays over the Scriptures, the brighter revelation he

* Psalm xcii. 14.

should be favoured with of the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ?—the more he sees of the vanity of the world, the more ready he should be to leave it?—the nearer his salvation, his complete salvation—the more spent the night, the more at hand the day—so much the more he should rejoice in hope of the glory of God?—the nearer the putting-off of this his tabernacle, with so much the more exulting joy he should look forward to the being clothed with his house which is from heaven?

These, then, are the blessings enumerated by David, when he would call up all his powers to love, and gratitude, and adoring praise; the forgiveness of sins by the blood of Christ—the gradual renovation of a diseased nature by the power of the Holy Spirit—the being called from death unto life, *according to the working of that mighty power which was wrought in Christ, when God raised Him from the dead*—the continual presence, whether at all times felt, or not, of God encircling him with love—and, the renewal and increase of these holy delights, at a period of life when all other pleasures are fading away.

Now, are not these blessings enough to call forth our praises—our heartfelt, affectionate, joyful praises? Yes, you will say, I know and see that they are; and if I did but always feel them so, I were happy indeed. Well, but endeavour to feel them. Most assuredly you will not, if you never think of them—if, on the one hand, your faculties and time are all given up to the prospect of earthly

good, and you bring only a languid frame and a wandering heart into your closet; or if, on the other, you are always brooding over your own infirmities, and forgetting the perfections of Jesus; looking at the malignity of your disease, and not at the skill of your great Physician. You must do as David does, in the words which we are now briefly to consider.

II. Rouse up all your faculties to the celebration of the praises of your God. *Bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me, bless His holy name!*

The sickly appetite, that loathed perhaps the daintiest food, may be awakened and stimulated, if you can but get your patient to taste what is set before him: on the contrary, if he gives way to his disinclination for food, the stomach becomes weaker and weaker, and the disinclination greater. Now, so it will be with you: if you give way to your corrupt disinclination to the word and blessing of God, and to spiritual exercises, it will increase upon you; and to what an alarming and fatal degree, God only knows. Be persuaded: take up the matter in time. Set the good things of the Spirit of God before your faculties, and then call up those faculties to the enjoyment thereof.

My understanding!*—art thou acquainted with these things? Dost thou indeed know them? or art thou content with hearing the words, and letting the

* From the suddenness with which this beautiful apostrophe begins, and from its abrupt close at the end of the Sermon, it is evident that this was an unfinished composition.

things pass by? I know that they exceed thy utmost powers: I know that the love of Christ passeth knowledge: but, art thou endeavouring to know all thou canst? Oh! there is infinite store for thee in the Book of God; and the Spirit of God, which is given to him who asks, *searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God!* Art thou then studying this word, and under this Spirit—not for critical knowledge—not for the satisfaction of an idle curiosity—not to attain the applause of men—but really and simply to know the love of God, and the spiritual blessings with which He hath blessed thee in heavenly places in Christ? Are thine eyes enlightened, to know what is the hope of His calling, and what the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints? Art thou blessing God in the way thou canst, by showing to the world around what thou esteemest worthy of thy search; by counting *all things but dung for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus thy Lord?*

My will!—these things are set before thee. Dost thou choose them entirely, and before all other pleasures and all other offers?—What is thy request? Ask, what shall be given thee. I know the offers of the world, how tempting they are. What fair promises! what an amiable outside! but, oh, I warn thee! *their vine is of the vine of Sodom, and of the fields of Gomorrah: their grapes are grapes of gall; their clusters are bitter* * Come, then! Thou choosest

* Deut. xxxii. 32.

that good part that shall not be taken from thee: thou choosest rather, if it must be, *to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.* Art thou, O my will! thus honouring and blessing God, after thy ability, by a resolute choice of Him and his Gospel of love?

My affections! where are ye?—My love! art thou with the woman who was a sinner, to whom much had been forgiven, and who loved much—standing at his feet, behind him, weeping, washing his feet with tears, wiping them with the hairs of thy head, kissing his feet, and anointing them with that sweet ointment of the heart which He approves? Art thou, with Mary, standing without at the sepulchre, weeping? Oh! if thou art, Jesus himself shall meet thee there, and ask thee, *Why weepest thou?*

My hatred!—Art thou confined to thy one only object—the sins which nailed Him to the cross? Dost thou, with David, *hate them right sore, as if they were* thine *enemies?* * * *

SERMON III.

THE SABBATH, A DELIGHT*.

Isaiah lviii. part of ver. 13.—And call the Sabbath a delight.

The difference between the people of God and the people of the world is in nothing more seen than in the observance of religious duties; such as, Prayer, the reading of the Scriptures, attending at church, and keeping holy the Sabbath-day. Some persons, indeed, make no pretence even of these duties: such are careless sinners. But there are many who do; whom yet, judging by the rest of their conduct, we cannot esteem among the children of God. There are some who join in the outward duties of religion, in order to keep up their character among men, or to make a gain thereby: such are hypocrites. There are many, again, who are found at church, read their Bibles, perhaps attend the Lord's table, because they have been accustomed so to do, and their parents did it before them: such are mere formalists. And some are very diligent in all these outward

* Preached at Mildenhall, Sunday morning, August 21, 1822.

services, thinking to win heaven, and purchase the favour of God thereby: such are self-righteous persons. Now mark the difference. The real child of God engages in these duties, not to get honour from men—not to make a gain of godliness—not from mere habit—not thinking thereby to merit any thing with God; but because he delights in religion; because his very heart is in every thing that brings him nearer to God. See how David, that man of God, speaks of the ordinances of religion. Of the House of God: *How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord.—A day in thy courts is better than a thousand.*—Of the word of God: *Oh, how I love thy law! it is my meditation all the day.* And, indeed, the Psalms are full of these out-goings of the soul to God in the different ordinances of grace. Now, my friends, apply this, before we proceed any further: ask yourselves, I beseech you, each one of you, as in the presence of God, who sees your hearts and knows your motives, Why am I here to-day? Is it really and truly because you were glad when it was said unto you, *Let us go unto the House of the Lord?* Is it because you call *the Sabbath, a delight?* May God incline, and enable you, to look into your own hearts!

I. Permit me to point out a few particulars, why the true believer esteems and calls the Sabbath a delight; showing at the same time why the natural man should find no delight, at least no holy delight,

in that day. And may that Holy Spirit, who upon a Sabbath first descended upon the Apostles in His miraculous gifts, be with us to-day in His ordinary influences, enlightening our understandings, and opening our hearts, that we may indeed find this Sabbath our delight!

1. The Christian delights in the Sabbath, because it brings with it a cessation and rest from worldly cares.

The Christian has his employments in the world, like other men: he is not taken out of the world, but kept from the evil of it: he has his family to maintain, his business to follow: and, so far from any being made idle by religion, St. Paul laid it down as a rule to his Thessalonian converts: *If any would not work, neither should he eat.* Now, through the weakness of the flesh, the natural tendency of being engaged even in necessary worldly employments, is, to draw down the heart and affections to them; to fill a man with cares about the meat which perisheth, and about things which he feels and knows are of no real importance; nay, are debasing and degrading, and can never satisfy the soul: and even when earthly duties are pursued only within just bounds, still the thoughts must be in them, and about them, for a time. And the Christian would fain have his thoughts elsewhere: and therefore he esteems that day a delight, which allows him to withdraw all his cares and thoughts from earth. On other days, he would often be glad thus to withdraw

them; but he must not; the duties of his station do not permit it. Therefore, hail holy day! on which, by the merciful dispensations of a gracious Father, I may carefully lay aside all cares, and anxieties, and earthly harassings.—Come not near me, this day at least, vain world!—This day I am privileged by my God to be free from thee.

Now, from this cause the worldly man can evidently receive no delight from the Sabbath. The service of the world is, indeed, a hard drudgery to him; but it is a drudgery he delights in: and, wearied as he is in the pursuit of wealth and honour, or whatever else he has set his heart on—harassed as he is with cares, and sometimes almost heart-broken with disappointments—still he returns with his whole heart to this cruel servitude, and hates to be interrupted in it: so that, if common decency and respect for public opinion oblige him to refrain from the open carrying-on of his business or profession or pursuit, all that he can do in secret, he does; and the Sabbath is neither a rest nor a delight to him. Some, indeed, finding themselves not obliged to labour, and not able to make gain on this holy day, turn it into a carnal rest and profane merriment. But this, most assuredly, is not the delight of which my text speaks. Sad, that the merciful institution of a gracious God, affording an intermission of labour and anxiety, should be thus abused, and his own kindness made the means of sinning against himself. Sad, that in a land calling itself Christian, and abounding in the privileges

of Christianity, our papers should tell of the Sabbath's unholy parties, our very roads should be profaned by Sabbath-journeys, and our press should send forth those nuisances and curses of our country, the Sunday-newspapers!

2. But the believer calls the Sabbath a delight, because on that day he hopes to learn much in the school of Christ.

The Christian's experience is that of St. Paul: *Not as though I had already attained.* He knows, from the testimony of other more experienced saints, and from the glimpses he has sometimes had in his more-favoured hours of retirement and prayer, how much there is to be learnt, which, as yet, he knows not. He knows that there are unsearchable riches of Christ to be dived into—a love of Christ which passeth knowledge—depths of the wisdom and knowledge of God which he has never fathomed. And he desires—(yes, I dare appeal to every Christian present, whether it is not the earnest desire of his heart)—to dive more deeply into those riches—to know more fully that love, to admire more that wisdom of his God. He looks upon the attainments of others with a holy envy; not with a wish that they should be brought back to his standard—God forbid!—but rather with a strong desire that he may be led on to theirs. Now, every day, the believer ought to be advancing in this Divine knowledge; every day, he ought to be knowing more, and loving more, gaining ground on his corruptions, and reach-

ing forth, with a more determined aim and a bolder grasp, at the prize of his high calling; but, on the Sabbath especially, when the whole of the day is set apart for these purposes; on the Sabbath especially, when favoured with all the means of grace, he hopes to be getting forward, growing in grace, and in the knowledge of his God and Saviour. And therefore he hails the Sabbath with delight.—Come, blessed day! and in so many calm and holy hours, unimpeded by the world, and with the peculiar aids of the Holy Spirit on his appointed ordinances, I shall surely set forward some steps in my journey towards the heavenly Jerusalem; I shall surely begin the next week with views more raised above the world, stronger desires after Heaven, more entire devotedness to God, and a more affectionate determination to give up myself to Him who loved me and gave himself for me!

Now in all this, again, there is nothing to make the unrenewed man call the Sabbath a delight. He knows nothing of the love of Christ; and he wants to know nothing. These things are foolishness to him. And why should he wish for the Sabbath to set him forward in a science which he has no inclination to attain?

3. The believer calls the Sabbath a delight, because of that holy communion which it allows with the people of God.

On other days, his business too often throws him among those who fear not God, who know nothing

of his joys or sorrows, and with whom he can have no communication respecting the things which are all in all to him; so that, at times, he seems forlorn and alone, and is ready to say with Elijah, *I, even I only, am left.* But to-day he comes forth with those who keep holy-day: to-day, he meets some of the seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal: and in the congregation of the Lord he finds some hearts in tune with his, when he confesses his sins and wickedness, and says, "There is no health in us." He is not alone when he rises in praise, and says, "We praise thee, O God! we acknowledge thee to be the Lord:" his prayers go forth with his brethren of Christ, and find entrance into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. Thus his hands are holden up, and strengthened. And it is not only with those who meet in the same congregation with himself that he holds communion; but with all the children of God scattered throughout the world, who are this day, he knows, lifting up their hands in prayer, and filling the courts of heaven with the same sweet incense of praise. And it is a delightful thought, that now, perhaps, while we are here assembled—some of us, I doubt not, in the name of Christ—there are others, in all parts of the world, engaged in the same holy work; some who have long known and loved the Lord, and some who are but now called to be partakers; some, whom our Missionaries (and may God prosper them!) are even now, under the blessing of the Holy Spirit, leading into the fold of

Christ, out of darkness, and barbarism, and foul idolatry; and whom the Bibles, sent forth by our blessed Society, are now comforting and building up in our most holy faith. So that on this day the Children of God more especially feel that we are all one in Christ Jesus; that *there is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling* *.

Now, can the man of the world feel delight, or, rather, will he not feel disgusted, in this view of the Sabbath? He has no fellow-feeling with the people of God; and would shrink from every thing that would bring him into union with them. O miserable blindness! that despises those, who, in the sight of God, are a *chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people!*

4. The Christian calls the Sabbath a delight, because of the remembrances which that day brings with it.

We mark in the calendars the days on which we have received any fresh deliverance or blessing; and hail their return with pleasure. With what pleasure, then, ought we to hail the return of this day! On the Sabbath it was, that God rested from his work, looked upon it with a father's eye, and pronounced it very good. And, like his Father, let the Christian rest, and contemplate the works of God. On the Sabbath, how many of our Saviour's gracious miracles were wrought! And on the Sabbath, how

* Ephesians iv. 4.

many spiritual miracles doth he still work! The eyes of the understanding are opened; the man that was deaf to all offers of mercy is made to hear; the tongue that was dumb in the praises of its God is unloosed; the withered hand is stretched out in prayer, and in acts of kindness towards the people of the Lord; yea, the dead are raised up—those that were dead in trespasses and sins are quickened. On our Sabbath it was (for the day of the week has been altered) that our Lord burst the bonds of death; because it was not possible that he should be holden of them. Is not here matter of pleasurable meditation? Salvation is finished! the great work accomplished! man restored to the favour and presence and image of God! Oh, let not the Sunday pass without thanksgiving and triumph on this great occasion! Contemplate, not only a dying, but a risen Lord. Sympathize with Him, not only in His sufferings, but in His triumphs. Congratulate with Him, that, being risen from the dead, He dieth no more—death hath no more dominion over Him. He died for our sins: He is risen for our justification;—risen, to show us that the work is complete; to ascend up into heaven, there to manage the concerns of His brethren, with the power of a God, with the tender sympathies of a man;—risen, as the pledge and first-fruits of His people's resurrection; and with the gracious and all-sufficient promise, that where He is, there His people shall also be. On the Sabbath, too, it was, that, according to their

Master's promise, the Holy Spirit first descended on the Disciples, in *cloven tongues like as of fire*: and on this day the Christian still expects, when gathered together with the people of God, the same Divine Person to new-create, to instruct, to enlighten, and to comfort.

Such are the recollections which the Sabbath brings with it. But to one *without Christ*—to one not a partaker of the Spirit—what delight is there in these?

5. The child of God calls the Sabbath a delight, because it is a type and foretaste of the heavenly rest—of that eternal Sabbath, which all the redeemed of the Lord shall one day enjoy in the presence of God.

The Sabbath is short here.—A little while, the vision on the Mount of Transfiguration was allowed to the three Disciples: a little while, they saw his glory, and the two men that stood with Him; and then the heavens received again these two glorified spirits, and the glory was gone.—And so it is now. A little while, the feelings are solemnized, and the heart is warmed, while we speak and hear of heavenly things: a little time, we seem to join with the glorified spirits, in ascribing *salvation, and honour, and glory, and power, to Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb for ever*: and then the Sabbath-hours are over, and we return to the business and trials of the world. And even while the Sabbath lasts—even when met together in Christian

communion—alas! how little, through the infirmities of the flesh and in-dwelling corruption, are our opportunities of grace improved! What forgetfulness! what wandering of the thoughts! what coldness and insensibility! We hear, as if we heard not. We hear of the love of Christ too often, and cannot realize it: we confess our sins, and feel them not. But, ere long, the eternal Sabbath will be here; that *day without night*, and without a cloud. No wandering thoughts, no cold desires, there. There *they rest not, day nor night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!*—there *He maketh his ministers a flame of fire; there they fulfil His commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.* Here the Christian can company with but a few others like himself, perhaps poor and distressed: there he shall join with the *great multitude which no man can number, of all nations, and kindred, and people, and tongues, standing before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands, and crying with a loud voice, and saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb!* Come, endless Sabbath, come! bring us before God, washed in the blood of Christ, and clothed in His righteousness! Come, bring us where He is; where we shall be satisfied with His likeness—shall be like Him, seeing Him as he is!

II. Having now pointed out some of the reasons why the believer calls the Sabbath a delight, allow me, first, to show how we may employ it, so as to

make it most delightful; and then to address a few words to those unhappy persons who have no pleasure in the Sabbath.

1. How, then, may we best employ the Sunday, so as to make it a holy delight to ourselves? I answer, By giving the whole day to God, so far as possibly can be done, in spiritual exercises. To you who love the Lord, I surely need not say, let no unnecessary work be done to-day. But I say, beware of thinking that public religious duties are enough to make the day a delight; that, if you appear twice at church, the rest of the day may be safely given up to carnal enjoyment and common conversation: I say, beware of thinking so; because this would be entirely to destroy the usefulness and comfort of the day. The true Christian has no part of the day to give up. He wants the earliest morning for meditation and prayer, to get his mind into a suitable frame of feeling for the day. Many of you, who are poor, have but little time on a week-day morning. Afford your soul, then, a richer banquet this morning. The morning-hours are peculiarly favourable for devotion. The manna lay all round the tents of the Israelites in the morning; but when the sun waxed hot, it melted.—He wants the time between the public services, for securing and imprinting on his heart what he has already heard; lest, as in the way-side hearers, Satan should come and take away that which is sown out of his heart. And surely, it is a most common

and successful device of Satan's, to prevent our improvement by what we hear in the House of God, to send some neighbour to join us in our way home, with common and unprofitable discourse; so that, by the time we arrive at home, our sweetest feelings are dissipated, and the holy glow completely gone. Let me beseech you to return from the House of God either alone, and in secret meditation on what you have heard; or, if in company, with none but those who hold spiritual conversation.—And again, the Christian wants the evening of the Sabbath, that he may keep its sanctifying influences as long as he can, ere he again enters into the business of the world. Then he says, like the Disciples at Emmaus, to his Lord, *Abide with* me; *for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.*

The believer has much to employ him on the Sabbath. If he be much occupied in the world, he has not, on other days, all the time he would have for reading the word of God. And do not you, O Christian! sufficiently know the value of that word, to seize the opportunity which the Sabbath affords you for studying and praying over it?—Again; self-examination should form a part of the business of the day. On other days you settle your worldly accounts: on this, settle your heavenly. How have matters been with me this past week? Have I found my faith stronger? Have I been lifted up by it to heaven, so that I looked not at *the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen?*

Have I found my love to God more ardent? Have I especially loved Him, and thanked Him more, for his unspeakable gift of a crucified, yet living, Saviour? What have been the fruits of my faith and love? Have I become more indifferent to the things of the world; or is my heart as much there as ever? Have I become more active in doing the will of Him, whom, I profess, my soul loveth? Have I been more resigned and submissive to His will? Do I hate sin more—that abominable thing, which God hates? This self-examination is a most profitable employment; and, if you are really growing in grace, a most pleasant one, for the Sabbath.—One more holy and delightful employment for the day, allow me to mention; and that is, the religious instruction of your children and family. The father, who has no time in the course of the week, can, on the Sabbath at least, assemble his children around him, and instruct them, from the Bible, in those truths which are the consolation and support of his own soul; thus making the Sabbath a profit, and endeavouring to make it a delight to them. For, God forbid that any one, calling himself a Christian, should have at heart the advancement of his family in this world, and show himself indifferent to what becomes of them in another. You, who call yourselves good parents, I beseech you, consider, what are you doing for the souls of your children?

2. But I address a few words, in the last place, to those who know nothing of the holy delights of the

Sabbath. I will not now lament with you on the happiness you are losing; because you know it not, and therefore cannot lament it yourselves. But consider, I beseech you, if the Sabbath be no delight to you, what delight would Heaven be?—for that is an eternal Sabbath. And, thus far, we have spoken of the Sabbath as a comfort to the renewed soul. But remember, that the keeping holy this day is an absolute command; and one that you are not at liberty to observe, or reject, as you like. The same God, who said, *Thou shalt not kill, commit adultery, steal*; said also, *Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy*. Yet, how many, who would shrink with horror from the thought of killing, committing adultery, or stealing, make no scruple whatever of profaning the Sabbath! Why, then, is this? Why is one commandment of the same God to be thus observed, and another thus slighted? Alas! is not the case clear, that not one of the commandments do you keep, because it is God's commandment?—otherwise you would keep them all, with the same reverence. If, therefore, you abstain from murder even, or theft, you do it, not because God has so commanded, but from some other motive;—from a regard to the laws of your country, to your own character, or because you have no temptation thereto. I beseech you to give this consideration due regard; because, by the blessing of God, it may lead you into the knowledge and consciousness of sin; it may convince you that, even

in those things wherein you think yourself the clearest, you are not thankworthy towards God; for you have not acted from a regard to His glory or His laws. It may lead you to inquire whether you ever did, IN A SINGLE ACTION OF YOUR LIFE, abide by a commandment of God, simply and truly because it was God's commandment. My brethren, I speak plainly, if peradventure it may please God to convince any one here present of that evil of his heart, which he had not before known or suspected. Should it so please Him—(and oh, that it may!)—such a one will, indeed, have reason to call this Sabbath a delight!

SERMON IV.

TYPES OF CHRIST.

JOHN v. 39.—Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me.

MEN are not born to live and die like *the beasts that perish.* God has endued many kinds of beasts with much strength, a most wonderful instinct, and a beautiful affection for their young. They eat, they drink, they make their habitations, they increase and multiply, they provide for their young, they enjoy their short life, they lie down and die. They have done their work, and have, according to their capacity and power, served God.—But is this all that men have to do? You would think so, by looking at many, nay at most, of them. What are men in general doing, but eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, providing for themselves and their families, enjoying themselves as much as they can in the delights of this world, and looking forward, that to-morrow may be as to-day, and much more abundant? Who would think that

man—every man you meet—is in a short time to leave this world and every thing that it contains, and go to live in another, for ever? Go into men's houses, and talk with them: what is the conversation about?—about this world, and its news, and its trifles. Is there a thing said, in the course of a whole day or week, in some of your houses, by which it could be known that you knew you had souls within, which can never die? The beasts act according to the wisdom which God has given them. But what words can describe the folly of man? You are to live for ever: you must, very soon—you know not how soon!—enter into the eternal state. You have the means in your hands of making that eternity an eternity of happiness: you know it: you know, too, that there is everlasting misery, as well as everlasting happiness. The one or the other must be your lot—I say to each one of you, and would I could say it to your hearts!—must be your *own* lot: and yet you live on as unconcerned as if these things were a dream, an idle tale. Nevertheless, there is everlasting life to be had, if you will put forth your hand for it: it hath been obtained for undeserving sinners, by Christ Jesus: it is most plainly revealed to you in the sacred Scriptures. Therefore *search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of* Christ.

My friends, it is a grievous consideration, that many of you are content to be without the power

of searching the Sacred Scriptures; I mean, without being able to read. And many who have the power, I fear, do not use it;—many who can read, the last book which they take up, and feel themselves interested in, is the Bible. And many even, who read it, how little do they understand or value its contents! What shall I say to all these, but what our Lord said to the woman of Samaria: *If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water:* John iv. 10. If you knew, if you understood, if you felt, what everlasting life is—if you could but conceive the real delight and peace which the true Christian has in the exceeding great and precious promises contained in the Sacred Scriptures—you would quickly find some means of learning to read them; you would get your neighbour to teach you; nay, you would go to school to your own child, sooner than remain without so rich a treasure.

But, before I urge this any further, I would particularly, to-day, endeavour to show you what you are to look for in the Sacred Scriptures. They testify of Christ: every part of them is full of Him. It is He, His life, and righteousness, and death, and resurrection, and exaltation, His blessed person and offices—what He is in Himself, and what He is to us—these are the subjects for the contemplation of a Christian; and these are the subjects, which he must

search the Scriptures to find; not only the Scriptures of the New Testament, but of the Old also. You find (Luke xxiv.) our Lord himself, after his resurrection, meeting with two of the disciples, as they went to Emmaus. On what subject did he discourse to them? *Beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded to them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself.* And in the same chapter, we find him opening the understanding of the disciples, that they might understand the Scriptures; and saying unto them: *Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead on the third day, that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations.* Surely we cannot be more profitably or delightfully employed, than in following our Lord's example, and in endeavouring to find in the Sacred Scriptures the things concerning Him. May He be pleased, while we are so doing, by His blessed Spirit to open our understanding, that we may understand! and may we be made wise unto salvation! Lift up your hearts, each of you, I beseech you! that the Holy Ghost may be present with us, while I attempt to draw your attention to some few of the most remarkable histories, types, prophecies, and promises, respecting Christ, in the Old Testament.

1. The first remarkable history which I will mention to you, as containing a reference to Christ, is that (Genesis xxii.) of Abraham's offering up

Isaac. God commanded Abraham to offer up Isaac; meaning, not only to try the obedience of Abraham, but to show him, in a figure, the way of salvation. For thus did the justice of God demand that the whole race of mankind should be doomed to eternal death. But mark the faith of Abraham: when Isaac asks: *Behold the fire and the wood; but where is the lamb for a burnt-offering?* he replies: *My son, God will provide himself a lamb.* And accordingly you find, that, just as Abraham was on the point of slaying his son, the angel of God, calling to him from heaven, stays his hand: *And Abraham lifted up his eyes and looked, and behold behind him a ram caught in a thicket by his horns: and Abraham went and took the ram, and offered him up for a burnt-offering in the stead of his son.* And thus the awakened sinner, while confessing his sin, and acknowledging the justice of that sentence which doomed him even to hell, is enabled to say, God will provide himself a lamb: thus doth he, by faith, lift up his eyes, and behold the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, Christ Jesus, and in prayer and humble supplication offer him to God in the stead of his own soul. Thus, you see, was the Gospel preached before unto Abraham; and it was, probably, in allusion to this that our Lord said: *Abraham rejoiced to see my day: and he saw it, and was glad:* John viii. 56. That is, perhaps, he did, by this offering-up of the ram instead of Isaac, understand the sacrifice of Christ in the sinner's

stead; and being himself, though the father of the faithful, yet still, with all the children of Adam, a sinner, he rejoiced in this revelation that was made to him of the mercy of God and the way of salvation.

2. In Genesis xxviii. you have another revelation of the Lord Jesus, in a vision to Jacob. *He lighted*, we are told, *upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep. And he dreamed; and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold, the angels of God ascending and descending on it. And behold the Lord stood above it.* This dream our Lord himself interpreted: *Hereafter*, saith he to Nathanael, *shall ye see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man.* Jacob lay asleep at the bottom of the ladder; God stood at the top: the ladder signified Christ Jesus; and the angels ascended and descended upon him: clearly showing this—that the only way in which we can see heaven opened to us is, in Christ: we can have *boldness to enter into the holiest* only *by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us through the vail; that is to say, his flesh;*—the only way in which polluted sinners can be admitted to the presence of a holy God;—the only ladder, at the top of which, as it were, God stands, is Christ; *through Him*, and Him alone, *we*

all have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins;—the only way, by which a communication takes place between heaven and earth—the angels descending to us on errands of mercy, and ascending to heaven with the glad tidings of returning sinners—is, Christ. How much, therefore, of the Gospel is contained in that one simple, but expressive, image, of the ladder set up from earth to heaven!

3. The history of Joseph we do not find in the New Testament applied to Christ; nevertheless, there is such a remarkable likeness between the circumstances of the life of Joseph and those of the life of Christ, that I cannot pass on without pointing them out to you. Joseph, the beloved son of his father Jacob, you find (Genesis xxxvii.) sent on a message of kindness to his brethren, who hated him; and who, on his coming to them, sold him as a slave to the Ishmaelites. The Ishmaelites (Genesis xxxix.) carry him into Egypt, where, in process of time, he is cast into prison. Thus, my brethren, was Christ the beloved of His Father; thus was He sent on a message of astonishing mercy to a world of sinners, whom he condescended to call His brethren; thus was He hated of those sinners for whose salvation he came into the world; for *He came to his own, and his own received him not;*—thus was He betrayed, and sold to the Gentiles, and brought, at last, to the prison of the grave. But now, again, view Joseph in his exaltation:

you find him brought out of prison (Genesis xli.), and raised to the government of the whole kingdom: *According unto thy word*, says Pharaoh to him, *shall all my people be ruled: only in the throne will I be greater than thou.* You find him supplying all the people with bread, without which they must have perished; and every favour that was granted by Pharaoh passing through the hands of Joseph. *And when all the land of Egypt was famished, the people cried to Pharaoh for bread: and Pharaoh said unto all the Egyptians, Go unto Joseph: what he saith to you, do.* And, lastly, you find him not only thus dispensing favours to the people of Egypt, but (Genesis xlvii.) getting great property and glory for Pharaoh by his wise administration. *Behold*, says he to the people, *I have bought you this day, and your land, for Pharaoh.* Now, in all this, what a striking picture have we of the exaltation of Christ! He was raised from the prison and bands of the grave: *all things are put in subjection under his feet;* yea, *nothing left that is not put under him*, the Father only excepted, *who did put all things under him.* Thus, as the one only Mediator between God and man, He supplies his people with that spiritual bread, without which they must indeed be famished; for *out of his fulness have all we received.* Thus, every favour which comes from God to sinners, comes through Him; for, *Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively*

hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away: 1 Peter i. 3, 4:—and thus, lastly, doth he glorify the Father, by buying, as it were, sinners—*spirit, soul, and body*—for God; for believers are *the purchased possession, to the praise of his glory. Ye,* saith St. Peter, *are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people; that ye should show forth the praises of Him who hath called you out of darkness into His marvellous light: which in time past were not a people, but are now the people of God.*

4. Another history, in which Old-Testament saints had much of Christ displayed to them, is that of the Passover. God had sent many messages to Pharaoh, king of Egypt, (it can hardly be necessary to inform any of you that this was a different Pharaoh from the last whom we were mentioning,) to let the children of Israel go; and, by refusing to obey, Pharaoh had drawn down many plagues upon himself and all the land of Egypt. At length, God resolves, by a tremendous judgment, to compel the Egyptians to let this people go. *And Moses said: Thus saith the Lord, About midnight will I go out into the land of Egypt: and all the first-born of the land of Egypt shall die, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sitteth upon his throne, even unto the first-born of the maid-servant that is behind the mill; and all the first-born of beasts. And there shall be a great cry throughout all the land*

of Egypt, such as there was none like it, nor shall be like it any more. My friends, this is but a picture—an awful, though imperfect picture—of that Great Day, when God shall come to judge the world. This dreadful stroke upon Egypt was at midnight; a time when men are in the greatest quiet, and least fearful of danger. So shall the coming of the Son of man be—sudden, unexpected, unprepared for, by an ungodly world. *The day of the Lord,* saith St. Paul, *so cometh as a thief in the night. For when they shall say, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child; and they shall not escape.* What a cry shall be then throughout the world!—such, indeed, as there was none like it, nor shall be like it, any more; when it shall be said to the mountains and rocks, *Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb. For the great day of His wrath is come: and who shall be able to stand?* But let us see how the Israelites escaped, on this destruction of the first-born. In all the former plagues, God had separated between them and the Egyptians; and, whatever evil befel the rest of Egypt, the land of Goshen, where they dwelt, was always safe from harm; for God was there. And now, in this last and greatest destruction, mark how God provides for them. They are commanded to take, each family for itself, a lamb; to kill it, and to receive its blood into a basin. And they were to take of

the blood, and strike it on the two side-posts, and on the upper door-posts of the houses where they were; and then—when at midnight the destroying angel should pass through to slay the first-born of the Egyptians—when the Lord should see the blood upon the lintel and on the two door-posts, the *Lord*, says Moses, *will pass over the door, and will not suffer the destroyer to come in unto your houses to smite you.* My friends, whatever evil befals the world, the people of God are safe: they dwell in Goshen, where the Lord is. And He has provided for the safety of his people, in that great and terrible Day, in a way that was figured out to the Israelites in this their preservation. In this lamb, by whose blood they were preserved, we still find Christ. *Christ, our passover*, says the apostle, *is sacrificed for us.* Without the shedding of this blood—without this blood applied to ourselves, sprinkled upon our hearts and consciences—there can be no safety in the day of God's wrath. If the Israelites had trusted to any thing else; if they had trusted to their being Israelites; to their being God's people; or if they had disbelieved Moses's statement to them; had disbelieved that the Lord would pass through, to destroy the first-born: or if, for any other reason whatever, they had neglected to strike the blood of the lamb on the lintel and the door-posts; they could not have been safe in the general destruction. And, my dear hearers, if you be found putting your trust and confidence in any

thing but the blood of Christ—in any works or worth of your own—in your having been baptized, or being called Christians, or having a fair character among your neighbours; or if, notwithstanding all you hear from the word and ministers of God, you will not believe in the *wrath to come*, and so will not *flee for refuge* from it—in a word, whatever be the cause, if you be found out of Christ, not relying on His blood, woe be to you! I testify to you, that you shall surely perish, with an utter destruction from the presence of the Lord. And, once more, I beseech you to consider what an infinitely more tremendous destruction that shall be, than the one which the Egyptians were visited with.

But observe again:—the Israelites not only struck the blood of the lamb upon the door-posts, but they ate the lamb itself. And the believer, who flies for refuge to the blood of Christ, feeds upon Christ—"feeds upon him, in his heart, by faith, with thanksgiving." As by receiving meat, eating and digesting it, we are refreshed and strengthened in body; so the soul receives Christ, meditates upon him, is comforted and strengthened for all good works, yea, lives upon him. *The life which I now live in the flesh*, saith the apostle, *I live by the faith of the Son of God.* But further, all the circumstances with which the lamb was eaten are very remarkable, and have much of the Gospel in them; figuring the circumstances with which Christ is received into the heart. The lamb was to be eaten

with unleavened bread. Leaven is the figure of malice, and wickedness, and hypocrisy. Christ is to be received sincerely, *with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth*, says St. Paul. It was to be eaten with bitter herbs; signifying that repentance, and that conviction of sin, which may, and in most cases will, for a time, be bitter and terrible to the soul. The lamb was to be entirely eaten, *the head with the legs, and with the purtenance thereof*: and Christ must be received altogether, his cross as well as his crown; reproach for his sake, as well as a reward at his hands; a state of suffering now, if need be, as well as of exaltation hereafter. The lamb was to be eaten in a posture of departure out of Egypt —loins girt, shoes on their feet, and staves in their hand;—showing us, that when we receive Christ, we must leave the world—"renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world." This is no longer our home; it is polluted; we are setting off for the heavenly Canaan.—I have dwelt thus at large upon the Passover, because it embraces so much of the Gospel, in so plain and striking a figure.

5. That institution by which we are first received into Christ's visible church on earth—I mean Baptism—this, we are taught by St. Paul, the Israelites figuratively underwent in their passage through the Red Sea. *Moreover, brethren, I would not that ye should be ignorant, how that all our fathers were under the cloud, and all passed through the sea, and were all baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea.*

And so also our Church, in the service of baptism: "Almighty and everlasting God, who didst safely lead the Children of Israel, thy people, through the Red Sea, figuring thereby thy holy baptism." Let us consider, then, as becomes us—perpetually using these words as we do—how the passage through the Red Sea figured to us the institution of baptism. When the Children of Israel entered the Red Sea, they were yet scarcely out of the house of bondage—out of the reach of their cruel tyrant, Pharaoh—out of Egypt, that land of pollution and idolatry: but when they came up out of the water of the sea, and were safe on the other side, there was a sufficient defence between them and Egypt: their enemies, the Egyptians, were lying dead upon the sea-shore: they were out of the dominion of Pharaoh: they immediately came under those laws which Moses gave them from God. Now, my friends, imagine an adult—as, for example, the Ethiopian eunuch, whom Philip instructed in the faith of Christ—coming to the holy ceremony of baptism; coming in faith, so that the water shall be indeed to him the sign and pledge of the Holy Spirit; and so that, as the one is sprinkled upon the body, the other shall descend into his heart, to cleanse and purify it: then see how like the change, in such a man's condition, is to that which we have described in the condition of the Israelites. He has been in a house of bondage, under a cruel tyrant, Satan, doing the work of sin, serving idols, *the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes,*

and the pride of life; but the Holy Spirit has made him free: he has "renounced the devil and all his works;" he sees his enemies conquered; he enters into the service of God, which is perfect freedom; he receives from his Master, Christ, of whom Moses was an illustrious type, the laws of the new covenant, *written, not in tables of stone, but on fleshy tables of the heart.* I have taken the case of an adult, because the change produced is more visible: but if we did our parts in infant-baptism—if parents brought their children in faith to be baptized, earnestly desiring for them the blessings of the Christian covenant—brought them, in a word, with that eagerness and expectation with which the parents, of whom we read in the Gospel, brought their children to Christ when bodily present on earth; and if the godfathers and godmothers did come with hearty prayers for the children for whom they make such a solemn vow, promise, and profession, what blessed effects might we expect to see from baptism! what beautiful examples of early piety! how many Samuels, called to God while yet children! —young Timothys, knowing the Sacred Scriptures from a child!—young Josiahs, of tender hearts, humbling themselves before the Lord, and weeping before him! Then, indeed, we need not doubt, but might "earnestly believe that He would favourably receive" the infants whom we presented to Him; that He would "embrace them with the arms of His mercy, that He would give them the blessing of

eternal life, and make them partakers of his everlasting kingdom."

6. All the journeyings of the Children of Israel through the wilderness, in their way to Canaan, were emblematical of the experience of believers in their passage through this vain world to heaven. They were led by a pillar of cloud and fire—picturing to us Christ's constant careful guiding of his people:—*I will guide thee with mine eye.* They were miraculously fed, day by day, with manna from heaven; which St. Paul calls *spiritual bread,* because it prefigured the Lord Jesus, who, Himself tells us, is *the true bread from heaven;* and who, my friends, must be received day by day into the heart, as the manna was gathered day by day. They drank of that miraculous stream which flowed from the rock, when struck by Moses, and which followed them in all their journeys; *and that rock,* says St. Paul, *was Christ.* Happy he, whose soul is perpetually refreshed by that water which Christ shall give him, springing unto everlasting life! As Moses was a type to the Israelites of Christ as a lawgiver, so was Joshua a type of Christ as the captain of our salvation. Joshua fought their battles, triumphed over their enemies, and at length led them into the Promised Land, into Canaan, the lot of their inheritance, the end and object of all their wanderings. It is Christ, under whose banner the Christian fights; it is Christ, in whose strength he treads down his enemies; it is Christ, who shall bring him safely

through death into heaven; who, in the passage of that black river, the prospect of which so much troubles the pilgrims, comes to receive them to Himself—that, where He is, there they may be also.

7. But there is one very remarkable history which I must not omit here: I mean, that of the brazen serpent. You find, in Numbers xxi., that the Lord, being displeased with the continual murmurings of the Israelites, *sent fiery serpents among the people; and they bit the people; and much people of Israel died.* You find then the people confessing their sins, and Moses praying for them to the Lord. *And the Lord said unto Moses, Make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole: and it shall come to pass, that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live. And Moses made a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole; and it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass he lived.* Now, this brazen serpent represents Christ;—so our Lord himself tells Nicodemus: *As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up;* John iii. 14: and it gives a somewhat different view of our blessed Saviour than those we have already taken. We are, as it were, these poor Israelites, wounded by that old serpent, the devil; and the poison of sin has run through the whole constitution of our souls and bodies, so that *there is no health in us.* By nature, men feel not that they are diseased: they seem to

themselves whole, and, in their own opinion, need no physician. But so soon as the Lord gives light and feeling to the dead soul—(He alone can!)—so soon that soul begins to find its malady and misery; that it is ill of a disease, which, if God in mercy do not prevent, must end in everlasting death. But how shall the soul be cured? how shall sin be brought under? Look to Jesus, as the Israelites did to the brazen serpent. Come to Him, as the maimed, and the halt, and the blind, and the lepers did, when He was on earth, saying, *Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean;* nay, with a stronger and more prevailing faith, 'Lord, thou canst, and thou wilt make me whole.' And He shall be *made* unto you, says the apostle, *sanctification:* He shall purify your heart by faith. Say not, How shall this be done? How was it that an eye, cast in confidence on the brazen serpent, healed the wounded Israelite? It was the triumph of faith. *His name, by faith in his name,* as St. Peter told the unbelieving Jews, made a lame man walk: and shall not *His name, by faith in his name,* make a sinner holy, an impure soul pure, a blasphemer a reverent worshipper of God? Alas, we are all of us sadly wanting to ourselves here: we have not, because we ask not.

I have now gone through some of the most remarkable histories of the Old Testament. Time forbids us to enter upon the types and shadows of the Law and the Prophets, and to show you, as

I could willingly do, Christ there also, almost in every ceremony and in every prophecy. Allow me, for the present, to conclude with three observations.

1. The first is this: The Old-Testament saints had, indeed, Christ revealed to them; but how darkly, compared with that full Gospel-light which we have in the New Testament! We are enabled most clearly, by the help of Christ and his apostles, to see the hidden meaning of these histories; but to the patriarchs and Jews they must have been very obscure: they saw, indeed, *through a glass darkly.* See, therefore, your privileges: *Many prophets,* as our Lord told his disciples, *many prophets and kings desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them.* And in the Gospels and Epistles we see these things still more clearly than even the disciples themselves had then seen them. You may think much of the different appearances and revelations of God to Abraham and Jacob, and other holy men of old. My friends, could they have heard what you have heard this day—(how imperfectly set forth by me, it matters not; it is the truth of God, from the bright revelations of the New Testament)—could they have heard it, could they have thus plainly heard of the blood of Jesus Christ cleansing from all sin—of the communication opened by Him between heaven and earth—of the life of faith—they would have rejoiced. See, therefore, and value your privileges. And be assured of

this;—with greater privileges, if those privileges are not improved, goes greater guilt. You cannot hear these things, and remain as you were. If they do not do you good, they must do you harm: if they are not *a savour of life unto life*, they will be *of death unto death:* if they do not raise you to heaven, they must sink you lower into hell. The way of salvation is plainly set before you; and if you despise it, there remaineth *no more sacrifice for sin, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries.*

2. The second observation I would make is—that which, indeed, I made to you at the first, but which will now come upon you with double force—*Search the Scriptures.* Surely, if there are these things in the Bible—if we do not dream—if the whole of religion be not a fable—then the Bible must be worth searching into. And if you cannot read, it must be worth all the pains you can take to learn to read. If you were a condemned criminal, and your life depended on your being able to read the king's pardon, you would quickly learn to read. If you were full of disease, and the method of certain cure were in some book in your hands, you would quickly learn to read. If you were in abject poverty, and had the title-deeds to some estate which might be yours, you would quickly learn to read, that you might go over the different particulars of your estate. Now, in the Bible is your pardon from

God; in the Bible is your method of cure from the loathsome disease of sin; in the Bible are all the blessings of the believer's inheritance: and will you take no trouble to be able to read your Bible? It is true, you hear parts of it every Sunday at church; and an inestimable privilege it is, that there is so much of the Sacred Scriptures in our Service: and, perhaps, sometimes you might be able to get a friend to read from the Bible to you: but what is this scanty supply, compared with what you might have, if you could always go for yourselves to the word of God; and compared with what you would have, if you valued spiritual blessings as you ought?

3. Lastly: while we are considering these types of Christ, let us never for one moment forget, that this is not a mere matter to amuse us; that we do not come to church, or read the Sacred Scriptures, for entertainment alone: no; our souls, our precious souls, our immortal souls, depend upon what we have now been hearing of Christ. It is no matter where, or how, Christ may be found in the Old or New Testament, unless we make Him our own by faith. It is no profit to us, if we understand all mysteries respecting Christ, unless we experience the power of Christ in our own hearts. Again, I say, our salvation depends upon it—OUR ETERNITY, yours and mine—our heaven or hell—depends upon it. If you know not Him *as the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world;* if you rest not

your souls, and all your hopes on Him, you are lost for ever. May God, of his infinite mercies, grant the power of His Holy Spirit to the words which have now been spoken! and may *Christ be formed* in the heart of each one among us, *the hope of glory!*

SERMON V.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

2 Cor. v. 20, 21.—Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. For he hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.

It is an amazing and most grievous consideration, what infinitely great and glorious things are revealed to us in the word of God, and how little we regard them; or rather, how entirely many disregard them. Holiness, and the eternal happiness of heaven, the love and tender mercy of God, the incarnation, life, and death of the Son of God, and the infinite blessings following thereupon—these are the things that they make so light of; these are things which they hear; and go away, *one to his farm, and another to his merchandize,* as unconcerned as if it were all an idle tale. And all the while, these are the things which the angels, those holy and happy spirits above, are desiring to look into. Salvation—the salvation of man—is the grand object of their wonder and their songs; but man—the being for whom this salvation was wrought out—man is utterly insensible

about the whole. Tell him the news of the day; tell him of something which may gratify his appetite or advance him in the world; and he is interested in what you have to say. Speak to him of his soul and its concerns; and, alas! *the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned**: *i. e.* man, by nature, is both disinclined to search into, and unable to understand, the things of God. And, my friends, it is the blessed Spirit of God alone that can either incline your hearts, or open the eyes of your understanding, to understand these things. *We have received*, says the apostle, *the spirit which is of God, that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God*†. Pray, therefore, with me, that the Holy Spirit may be with us, while we attempt to enter into some of these glorious truths. May He bring them near to our hearts! May He make them effectual for our conversion and edification, that they may produce in us holy, useful lives on earth, and fit us for the presence of God in heaven!

In the words which I have read as a text, there is mention made of reconciling people to God. *We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled unto God.* But who, then, you will say, is at enmity with God, that you should speak of reconciling them to God? Ah, my friend, whosoever you may be that ask that question, you show that you know little of a *world*

* 1 Cor. ii. 14. † 1 Cor. ii. 12.

*that lieth in wickedness**—little of your own heart—little of the Scriptures. All the world, by nature, and unless born again of the Spirit, are at enmity with God. Is it I, who say this? or do not the Scriptures say the same? Look at the general character given by St. Paul of men of the world. In the Epistle to the Romans, i. 30, you find one point of the character is this—that they are *haters of God.* And again, Romans viii., he tells us that *the carnal mind is enmity against God.* And St. James tells us, that *the friendship of the world is enmity with God. Whosoever will be a friend of the world, is the enemy of God*†. You are ready, perhaps, to say, "No; my heart is not so bad as that: I have forgotten God, I know; but surely I have not hated Him." Now, if you are only brought to think upon the subject, that is something: and I pray you to listen, while I endeavour to show you that, awful as this representation is, it is most certainly true. Feelings, you know, may be in our hearts, without our knowing it: for instance, you may dislike a man; and yet, if he keeps out of your way, and you are not at all reminded of him, you perhaps never think of him at all; and so your dislike sleeps, as it were; and you may be showing your dislike in a hundred ways, all the time that you are unconscious of it. Now, so it is with us. Perhaps you have never yet been brought to think seriously about God; but yet, surely, you have shown your dislike of Him. In the

* 1 John v. 19. † James iv. 4.

first place, you show it by your dislike to hear of God. You come, indeed, to church, and you hear of Him there; but you may come to church from habit, or because you do not know what else to do with your time on a Sunday, or to show your dress and ornaments; or because you think it is a duty, and dare not omit it. But how would you like a neighbour to come into your house, and begin speaking to you of God—of a holy and jealous God, who hates sin, and will finally condemn the unrepenting sinner? I say, would you not feel this conversation irksome, and be glad when such a troublesome neighbour was gone? Then, it is plain you hate to hear of God.—Again, how do you like the holy laws of God? Do you not think them needlessly strict and severe? For example, that *every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment* *; or that *whosoever shall say to his brother*, in anger, *Thou fool*—whosoever shall so give way to anger as to break forth in one angry expression, *shall be in danger of hell-fire* †. Do you not think such laws hard? And, ah! my friends, search your hearts, and see whether you do not hate the holy God who made them. But I need not go to the strict law of God;—I will speak of his mercies. Do you enjoy the thoughts of a life spent in communion with God—the thoughts of feasting, in your private meditations and prayers, on the love of God—the thoughts of being united to Christ by a

* Matt. xii. 36. † Matt. v. 22.

mystical union, as is his spouse and his body? Do you enjoy the thoughts even of heaven, where eternity shall be spent in the blissful enjoyment of God? I dare appeal to your own hearts;—you do not; you had rather—every unconverted man had rather—keep this life, poor and miserable, and full of troubles as it is,—I say, every unconverted man had rather keep this life for ever, than go and live with God. O strange debasement of the human heart! And can we doubt, after this, whether man, by nature, loves or hates God?—But again: how was Christ the Son of God, in whom dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, how was He received on earth? *He came unto his own; and his own received him not**. The world hated him; cried, *Away with him!* preferred a robber and a murderer before Him: the Jew gave him up to the Gentile; the Gentile crucified him; and Jew and Gentile together mocked him in his agonies on the cross. And how are the people of God treated in the world? *Ye shall be hated of all nations,* said our Lord: and why?—*for My name's sake*†: so that God, God in Christ, is the great object of hatred, and His people for His sake. There are, my friends, some in the world whom God honours with the high and holy name of His children, His sons and daughters; God the Holy Spirit dwells in their hearts; and by His blessed operations they are made, in some poor degree, even in this world, like God.

* John i. 11. † Matt. x. 22.

Now, these are the people whom the world; whom men, by nature, hate, and always have hated;—have persecuted them, when they had the power; and, when they had not, have ridiculed and reviled them. These are the people who have always been stigmatized with some name thought opprobrious by the world—Christian, Saint, Puritan, Methodist—men of whom the world was not worthy. And what can more strongly prove the hatred of the world to God, than this hatred of His people? Once more: are there not some sins, the only pleasure of which, and the only temptation to which, can be, that they show and proclaim some defiance of God? What can be the pleasure of swearing, but that it shows a man free from all fear of God, and does, as it were, defy His judgments? And do not many delight in showing, by every method in their power, their contempt of the Sabbath-day and of the word of God? And how strongly do all these things make out what I am attempting to prove—that there is, in the heart of the natural man, a hatred of God?

Let me, then, pause here. Let us think, for a moment, on the awful words, *An enemy of God!* It is the delight of angels, and of the glorified spirits above, to love God, to serve Him, to praise Him. *They fulfil his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word. They rest not, day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come*. They fall down before Him*

* Rev. iv. 8.

*that sitteth upon the throne, and worship Him that liveth for ever and ever, and cast their crowns before the throne, saying, Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honour, and power; for Thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created**. Nothing like hatred of God in heaven—nothing but pure, and holy, and ardent love. And again: on earth, the best of men have ever esteemed it their highest honour, and happiness, and privilege, to love God—have ever prayed for themselves, and those who were the dearest to them, that they might be *rooted and grounded in love*†. But you—(I speak to every unconverted person present, to every one on whom that great change, the work of the Holy Spirit, has not passed)—you, I say, are not of this blessed society; you do not love God. Nay, you are of another and a very different society: the devils and damned spirits hate God, hate his justice, his holiness, his mercy, his power, his truth: and, oh! can you bear the thought, that you are thus partakers with them in this horrid and devilish disposition—in hatred of the best, and holiest, and loveliest of beings—of that God who is the fountain of all blessings—that God who is love?

But what help? you say. If indeed the case be thus—if we are thus desperately wicked—if we do indeed thus hate God, and thus show our hatred of

* Rev. iv. 10, 11. † Ephes. iii. 17.

Him—what help, what hope for us? What possible expectation, but that He will execute vengeance upon us, saying, As for them that hate me, bring hither, and slay them before me? Truly, my friends, when we seriously reflect, this is what we might have expected. But, blessed be God! His ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts. After all our unkindness and foul departures from Him, He delights not in judgment, but in mercy. *Have I any pleasure at all that the wicked should die? saith the Lord God. As I live, saith the Lord God* —mark how it is confirmed by an oath!—*As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live. Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel**?* And what is the business of ministers of Christ now? *He has given to us the ministry of reconciliation; to wit, that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself*†. True, you have been enemies to God by wicked works; but he is willing to be reconciled—nay, he entreats, he beseeches you, by us his ministers, to be reconciled to Him. You hear the gracious invitations; they run through the book of God. *O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God, for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity*‡. *Come now, let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be*

* Ezek. xxxiii. 11. † 2 Cor. v. 18, 19. ‡ Hosea xiv. 1.

*red like crimson, they shall be as wool**. *Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon Him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon*†. *How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity; and the scorners delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge? Turn ye at my reproof; behold, I will pour out my Spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you*‡. See how God invites you to return! What condescension, what earnestness, what affection, in these sweet invitations of your souls to him! And do not his actions to you accord with these his invitations? Hath he not mercifully given you time for repentance? Hath he not seen you, for years and years, going on in folly and sin, and yet hath spared you? His hand hath been stretched out over you, not to destroy, but to preserve. Surely this is *the riches of his goodness, and forbearance, and long-suffering,* exercised towards you. Surely the goodness of God is meant to lead you to repentance. And does he not put the means of repentance in your power? Have you not his Holy Word in your hands? Have you not this day his Gospel preached in your ears? Perhaps, some of you He hath visited with affliction, in order to bring you, to force you, to Himself;—for *in their affliction,* saith God by his prophet Hosea, *they will seek me early.* Perhaps with some of you—(God grant it

* Isaiah i. 18. † Isaiah lv. 7. ‡ Prov. i. 22, 23.

may be so!)—with some of your hearts the Holy Spirit may even now be pleading, striving with you within, and urging you to be reconciled to God. And are not all these, blessed tokens of God's willingness to be reconciled?

But he hath shown this willingness still more strongly, even in the means of reconciliation which he hath provided. If your son had offended you, left your house, done all that he could to grieve and afflict you, thrown himself into vile company, made himself vile, you might yet, out of natural affection, say, "What would I give to be reconciled to him, consistently with my duty!" Now, what has God given to be reconciled to us miserable sinners? He has given His own Son, to bear the punishment of our sins, to pay the debt which we owed. And His own dear Son consented, in infinite love to a fallen world, to bear that punishment. Do not think that reconciliation with God was bought at an easy rate. This world was easily made, by the Almighty power of God: we hear of nothing, but "*God said*," and immediately it was. But the world was not so easily redeemed. When man had sinned away his happiness, his heaven—sinned away the favour and image of God—it cost more to redeem his soul. Sin must be punished; and punished in the human nature. Oh, then, must not human nature, must not the whole human race, sink under the punishment? Who can bear the wrath of God, and live? There was but One who

could; He, perfect God and perfect man, Christ Jesus. He bore the wrath of God, and died under it; but he revived and rose again, and he is alive for evermore. *He hath made him,* saith my text, *to be sin for us, who knew no sin.* This is the great mystery of godliness: Christ, the perfect spotless Lamb of God, was accounted as a sinner before God, because of our sins: our sins were laid upon His head; His soul was troubled on account of them; and, as if He had been really and indeed a sinner, God withdrew the light of his countenance from him, and he uttered that bitter cry upon the cross, *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?* Now, because this is the great fundamental point of the Gospel, because this is the sinner's only comfort in life, or stay and support in death, I shall mention to you one or two other passages, besides my text, which are very full to the purpose. In Isaiah liii. the prophet thus speaks of Christ: *Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows. He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we, like sheep, have gone astray; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. For the transgression of my people was he smitten. He bare the sins of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.* And John the Baptist's testimony of him was, *Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!* St. Peter says, *Who his ownself bare our sins in his own*

body on the tree: and again: *Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.* Among the Jews, when any one had committed a sin through ignorance, and the sin afterwards came to his knowledge, he was to bring a kid or a lamb, as a sin-offering, and to slay it; and the priest was to take of the blood of the animal so killed, and present it before the Lord. Thus an atonement was made for him, and his sin of ignorance was forgiven him*, and he was—so far as outward things went, as to the being received again into the congregation and sharing the outward privileges of the people of God—so far as these things went, I say, he was reconciled to God. Now, in this ceremony, when the offender laid his hands on the head of the beast, he did, as it were, confess his own sins, and transfer them, put them off from himself, and on to the beast. And when he slew the beast, he confessed that he was worthy of that death to which the justice of God dooms all sinners, but hoped that the death of that creature might be received, by the mercy of God, instead of his own. But, my brethren, *it* was *not possible for the blood of bulls or of goats to take away sin;* these sacrifices, these sin-offerings, all pointed forward to Christ, the great sacrifice for sin. Upon His head the sinner, by faith, puts his hands; humbly confesses his sins, and grieves over them: they are then imputed to Christ, and the sinner is reconciled to God. Thus

* Leviticus iv.

is Christ made to be sin for us. And then, when God forgives sin, he forgets it also, blots it out, casts it behind his back, casts it into the depths of the sea; the sinner is accepted in Christ, is no longer accounted a sinner, yea, is accounted righteous in the righteousness of Christ—*that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him**, *i. e.* that we might have all that perfect righteousness which Christ wrought out imputed to us, and appear before God clothed in that white and spotless robe.

Now, then, my friends, this is the way of reconcilement which God himself has provided—a reconciliation at the expense of the life and death, the sufferings and bitter agonies, of His own dear Son. See, then, if God does not wish the salvation of sinners. You pay dearly for that you prize much; see how dearly God paid for reconciliation with you! Oh, the love, the infinite mercies of God! and, oh, the ungrateful returns that we make! And then remember, that this love of God was free and unsought-for on our part. Had we been eager for reconciliation with God; had we turned to him, and sought it with bitter cries and tears; then it had been a great thing, an infinite blessing, if God had heard and granted our request. But it was not for poor humble suppliants that God provided this mercy; there were none such to provide it for; it was for proud enemies. *Peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die*†. *But God com-*

* 2 Cor. v. 21. † Romans v. 7.

mendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. When we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son†. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins‡.* And now, having thus reconciled us to Himself by Jesus Christ, he commits the ministry of reconciliation to us his ministers. *Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ.* It is, therefore, as an ambassador for Christ; it is as though God did beseech you by me; it is in Christ's stead; that I stand here to-day. Think, I entreat you, what the words mean—God beseeching you, praying you, to have mercy upon your own souls. In His name, then, I beseech you: but how can I find words to execute my office?—the ambassador, the messenger, of Christ to the souls for whom He bled and died! What arguments shall I use with you? I beseech you, for Christ sake. The salvation of your souls was the very reward set before Him, for which He *endured the cross, despising the shame.* The salvation of your souls was that for which He consented to be so humbled, to be tempted of the devil, mocked of men, set at nought, despised, rejected, spit upon, buffetted, nailed to the cross, numbered with transgressors, forsaken of his God, laid in the dust of death. Let him not lose his reward; let him *see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied;* let him have the delight this day of bringing home another

* Romans v. 8. † Ib. v. 10. ‡ 1 John iv. 10.

lost sheep to his fold, rejoicing. Nay, my friends let there be joy in heaven over you this day; let the angels carry up to their bright abodes the news of many a repenting sinner; let God Himself, whose eyes are now upon us, oh, let Him behold with complacency rebels overcome with love this day!—I beseech you, for my own sake, let me have the high honour of rescuing some this day from destruction, of presenting to my Master some souls that He died to save! Let me not return, saying, *Lord, who hath believed our report?*—I beseech you, for your own sakes! If as yet you know not God, you know not what happiness is. Alas, poor soul! all the happiness which thou hast is bounded to this world; thou hast no views beyond the grave; all is darkness and the shadow of death there. Thou canst not think of God without terror. Thou darest not to think of death at all; for after death comes judgment. When thou liest down at night, thou canst not look up to a Heavenly Father to watch over thee while asleep, or to receive thy soul, should it be called away in the night, to the arms of infinite and everlasting love. When thou risest up in the morning, thou hast no one to whom to commit thyself and thy concerns for the day. Thou knowest nothing of the sweet delight of serving God even here, and of feeling his love, of giving up thyself to him, body, soul, and spirit;—thou knowest nothing of looking forward to an eternity spent in his presence, where is fulness of joy;

and at his right hand, where there are pleasures for evermore. I invite you to be reconciled to God, in order that you may have these divine delights. Oh, taste and see how gracious the Lord is! True, you have kept Him waiting long, but He still waits to have mercy. He is still *in Christ, reconciling the world to himself.* Does your heart give way? Do you wish to come? Come, then! *The Spirit and the bride say, Come: and let him that is athirst, come*. Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price*†.

But if you still stand out—if you determine to persist in your rebellion—I have still a message from God; and it is this: *Prepare to meet thy God*‡; prepare to meet him—if such is thy mad determination—as an enemy, as a consuming fire! The day of Grace will soon be over: in hell there are no offers of mercy, no ambassadors of Christ entrusted with the ministry of reconciliation. But, before you thus despise the goodness of God, I beseech you to count the cost. Reconciled or not, you must stand before the judgment-seat of Christ; and if you appear there unpardoned and unsanctified, you must be condemned; you must hear the awful sentence, *Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels*§. Now then, I

* Rev. xxii. 17. † Isaiah lv. 1.
‡ Amos iv. 12. § Matt. xxv. 41.

say, pause! consider! *Can thine heart endure, or thine hands be strong, in the day that God shall deal with thee?* Have you made up your mind to endure what the wrath of God shall lay upon you? *Who among you shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among you shall dwell with everlasting burnings*?* What is it you set your hearts upon? What darling sin is it that keeps you away from God? Alas, at what a price do you buy the pleasures of sin! They must be pleasures, indeed, which are worth an eternity of torment; for which you madly endanger your souls; for which you are willing to risk that place of torment, *where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched*†. May God give you a better mind! May God, in richest mercy, grant you to see the error of your ways, to turn to him, to experience his pardoning mercy, and to know him as a *God in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself!*

* Isaiah xxxiii. 14. † Mark ix. 44.

SERMON VI.

GOD IS LOVE.

1 JOHN IV. 8.—God is love.

THE heart of man, ever since the Fall, has been alienated and averse from God. This is the great, original, fundamental sin. It is very easily seen, that men, by nature, are indifferent to God. You have but to listen to the conversation, and look at the lives, of the world around you;—alas! you have but to look ever so slightly into your own hearts, and examine the thoughts of a single day, to know assuredly that man is utterly careless about God, knows Him not, and does not want to know Him. I appeal to yourselves, what are your hearts set upon? what do you think about? what do you talk about? what do you desire after? Nay, my friends, unless you be in the small number of those whose hearts God has touched, your thoughts, and conversations, and desires, are all about the world, and the good things of the world. But there is something worse than this; the depravity of the human heart does not stop here. Man is not only thoughtless

about God; but, when he is compelled to think of Him, he hates Him; hates God! So the Scriptures declare. *The carnal mind*, says St. Paul, *is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be**. Again: *Whosoever will be a friend of the world—i. e.* whosoever is in his natural state, living as the world lives—*is the enemy of God*, says St. James. When a man is brought in any way to think of death, and judgment to come; when he remembers that he must appear before the judgment-seat of Christ; and when he looks back and sees what deeds those are which he shall have to answer for, what a long and foul catalogue of sins of life and sins of heart; then, unless the Spirit of God be present to humble and soften the heart, the natural feeling is a hatred and rising against God—a wish that the fool could indeed persuade him that *there is no God*. He looks upon God as none other than a powerful enemy, whom he can neither resist nor escape from; and this feeling makes him desperate. Now, it is the interest of Satan to maintain this feeling in the sinner's heart: and this he does by suggesting hard thoughts of God; by making him appear a harsh and unreasonable Master; by pointing out the hard things required in the law of God, and making religion and the ways of God appear every thing that is gloomy and disagreeable. So it was when he tempted Eve. God had forbidden our

* Romans viii. 7.

first parents, as a trial of their obedience, to eat of the fruit of one tree in the garden: what is the devil's suggestion? *Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden**?—wishing to make it appear that they were placed in a state of intolerable restrictions. And the very same are the temptations of the devil now. My dear friends, allow me to ask you, whether such representations of God have not had a sad effect on your hearts. Allow me to ask you these two questions—Do you ever think of God at all? If you do, is it not with a secret dread and recoiling; yea, a wish that there were no God, that so you might be left at liberty to walk in the way of your own heart?

The Apostles, and Ministers of the Gospel, come with a very different representation of God to you. They hold Him forth to your acceptance as the tenderest Friend, the Father of those who love Him, the God who is love. Observe the force of the word! the Apostle does not merely say, God is good in giving liberally to all; or merciful, in giving liberally to rebels: that might be without love. Let me illustrate this: Suppose a rich man living in the midst of poor neighbours; he might be very liberal to them, feed and clothe them, and supply their necessities; yea, and he might do this even to those who offended or injured him: still, you would not necessarily say, he loved all these his neighbours. He is kind to

* Genesis iii. 1.

them, and generous; but he does not love them, as he does his wife, his children, or his friend. Now, I give this familiar illustration, that we may a little enter into the word *love*, which the Apostle uses—*God is love;* and not slur it, under the general meaning of goodness and kindness. God is good to all, even to the unthankful and the evil; but He is LOVE to all those who will accept his love. Such love, such tenderness, such bowels of pity (to use the beautiful expression of the Scriptures) as a father has towards his children; such, yea, infinitely greater, hath the Lord towards His people. And, to enter a little into this love, seems, under the blessing of the Holy Spirit, the likeliest means of overcoming the enmity of the natural heart, and increasing the love and quickening the graces of the renewed. Where, then, are we to look for the love of God? I answer, in the great work of Redemption. In that work, we see all the three Persons of the ever-blessed Trinity employed for the everlasting happiness of man. And on this day, particularly set apart by our Church for the contemplation of that high mystery—three Persons in one God—I purpose to call your attention to this great work; and to the part which each of these Persons—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost—condescended to take therein. And while we are thus employed, lift up your hearts, I beseech you, to the Lord, that the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father hath sent, in the name of

the Lord Jesus, may be with us, to guide us into all truth, and to make us know and feel the love of God!

1. Consider, then, first of all, the love of the Father: *God so loved the world, that He gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life**. Think of Him as so loving the work of his hands, that, when lost, he would not lose it. Let me illustrate this. You find in the sixth chapter of Daniel, that the princes and great men of the Persian court, wishing to destroy Daniel, persuaded the king Darius to make a firm decree, that whosoever should pray to any one, save to the king himself, for thirty days, should be cast into the den of lions†. Daniel was soon found praying, and making supplications to his God; and was brought before the king, that he might give orders for him to be cast into the den of lions. Then, we find, *the King set his heart on Daniel, to deliver him.* This was not mere kindness and goodness in Darius; it was love to Daniel. But the thing might not be done: for the law of the Medes and Persians was, that no decree nor statute, which the king established, might be changed. Now, compare Daniel to fallen man. Consider the obstacles in the way of deliverance in the two cases. In the case of Daniel, there was a decree made according to the law of the Medes and

* John iii. 16. † Daniel vi. 7, 8.

Persians. In the case of fallen man, there was a decree made by the truth of God himself: *In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die.* (Gen. ii. 17.) Die, thou, and in thee all thy posterity. Die—to God; a death to a holy mind infinitely more terrible than the natural one! Die in thy soul; lose all spiritual feelings, affections, temper, and understanding, as much as the dead body does its natural. Die—and die eternally! Such was the awful sentence.—Adam eats, and dies. The truth of God demands his death; the justice of God demands it.—Were the decrees of the Medes and Persians unchangeable; and shall God's change? The holiness of God demands it; for how shall the God of purity enter into alliance and friendship with creatures so impure and utterly polluted? What communion hath light with darkness? Besides, (and here seems one great impossibility in the way,) if God were willing to receive man again into his favour, how should man again find his happiness in God? His very nature has become incapable of it. Thus we see the difficulties of the case, far exceeding that of Daniel. The attributes of the blessed God himself, on the one hand, seem to forbid the salvation of man; and the nature of man, on the other, seems to make him incapable of salvation. Darius laboured in Daniel's case till the going down of the sun, because he had set his heart upon Daniel to deliver him. And, oh, the love of God! that He, in the height of heaven, should

have condescended to think about the matter; that the whole offending race were not left to their own devices—to the master, and the work, and the wages they had chosen; the master, Satan; the work sin; the bitter wages, death. All the pains of Darius failed: but a greater than Darius is here; even He, who says, *My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure**. While Heaven was wondering if man could be saved, and Hell triumphing (like the courtiers of Darius) in the certainty of his perdition, behold, a gracious God has devised the means, that his banished ones be not expelled from him! Man shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord. Herein is love!

Again; see the love of the Father in the servant, whom he chose for the work. *Behold my servant whom I uphold; mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth*†. When we are much interested in a matter, we take care whom we employ about it. Oh, the interest, then, which God took in the salvation of man, when he employed none other in it than his only-begotten Son, co-equal and co-eternal with Himself! No inferior being must be trusted with the work for this favoured creature, man. Can any thing more strongly set forth the Father's love? Yes; one thing more—he employed and sacrificed the Son. How did Abraham show his love for God? *Now I know*, says the angel of the Lord, *that*

* Isaiah xlvi. 10. † Isaiah xlii. 1.

*thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from me**. Consider the point, I pray you, diligently; consider the import of the word, LOVE: it is that which I particularly wish to impress upon you. You may feed and clothe a man from pity or general kindness of disposition; but it must be love (and what manner of love!) that can induce you to give up your son, your beloved son, to die for him. Yet such was the love of God to us; yea, so was the matter at his heart, that he loved Christ Jesus, the man Christ Jesus, for accomplishing it. *Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life that I might take it again*†: and because he undertook and completed this work, *God hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father*‡. You are called, then, to love the Best of Beings—Him who hath so loved you! It is a mistake, therefore, and a very dangerous one, to imagine that the Father needed the sacrifice of the Son, to produce in him love to a fallen race. It was the Father's love which made this sacrifice, and which is always represented in the Scriptures as the origin of the scheme of Redemption.

* Gen. xxii. 12. † John x. 17. ‡ Philippians ii. 9—11.

2. But consider, in the next place, the love of the Son.—Look at men, what they are, what they are represented to be in the Scriptures—*altogether become abominable; none doing good, no not one.* It was on such that Christ set his love; out of such that He would make to himself a church, a glorious church, to be presented to Himself, not having spot or wrinkle; a church that should be, to use the words of our Ordination-service, "his spouse, and his body:" "yea, of his flesh, and of his bones." The Lord Jesus set his love upon us, and would have us for his own. But He must die for us. The objects of His pity and His love are a miserable race, under sentence of death, under wrath. The Father will, indeed, delight to be reconciled to us; but it can only be done by blood: *without shedding of blood is no remission**. Justice must be satisfied: man hath sinned; man must die. Here, then, is a trial of love. —Well; the love of Jesus can stand that trial. His is love indeed, *strong as death*†. Many waters cannot quench His love. He will become man, that, as man, He may die. The prize in view is sufficient; the reward proposed shall compensate for all the humiliation He must stoop to—the contradiction and revilings of ungrateful man, the temptation of the devil, the desertion of God. *He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied. By his*

* Heb. ix. 22. † Canticles viii. 6.

knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many. The salvation of our souls, the rescuing of His sheep, the giving to them eternal life—this was His reward. For this joy *set before him, he endured the cross, despising the shame.* See the willingness and alacrity with which He undertook this great office. *Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire; burnt-offering and sin-offering hast thou not required. Then said I, Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God**. Did the near prospect of His sufferings weaken his love? See him, on his last going-up to Jerusalem, pressing before his disciples, insomuch that they wondered at him. *They were in the way going up to Jerusalem; and Jesus went before them: and they were amazed; and as they followed, they were afraid.* Mark x. 32. And again in St. Luke: *When the time was come that he should be delivered up, he steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem*†. *Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end*‡. *I have,* said he, *a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished*§—till the work is finished, by my sufferings in the garden, and on the cross!

Scripture allows, nay, encourages us, to speak of heavenly things under images of earthly. God, in condescension to our weak faculties, continually speaks of Himself in language properly applicable

* Psalm xl. 6—8.
† Luke ix. 51.
‡ John xiii. 1.
§ Luke xii. 50.

only to man. Let me, then, illustrate love.—You go into a house; you see a sick child; you are moved; you would do much for its relief, out of mere general benevolence. Aye; but what, think you, will the mother do out of tender love to her own child? What weariness, and watching, and privations, will she undergo to save it, if she can? —Apply this to Gethsemane and Calvary. Look at the sufferings there. Ah! these were not the fruits of mere benevolence; but of true, of great, of unparalleled love. Approach near that sacred spot; see Him, who was in the glory of the Father before the world was, prostrate on the ground: now is his soul troubled; now, to use the prophetical language of the Psalmist, he sinks in deep mire; now is his pure and holy nature wrapped round with the imputed sins of a whole apostate race—with that abominable thing which he hates. Now is He, the beloved Son, put at a distance from the Father. Our sins had separated between God and Him. Now is He, whose name is "a blessing, in whom all the families of the earth are blessed," become "a curse for us." Now approach, and hear those prayers and supplications which he offered up, with strong crying and tears: hear those, surely the most astonishing words that ever were uttered in this world! "*Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me.* If the task which I have undertaken may be accomplished—if my beloved ones may be rescued from sin, and death, and hell, and I be

spared this bitter cup, let it be so. But it could not be; the cup must not pass away. And, oh! the agony of his mind, that forced the sweat of blood from his skin!—and oh! the humiliation, that he must receive strengthening and support from a created being! *And there appeared an angel unto Him from heaven, strengthening Him.* Oh, strange and unwonted office, for one of those ministering spirits to minister consolation and support, not to the Heir, but to the Author of salvation! Angels strengthened Him; but men—the creatures on whom all this love is lavished—men were the base tools of devils, in adding the sufferings of the body to those of his righteous soul, which were the fruits of their sins. Oh, wonderful transaction! when all shame belongs to us—all glory, and honour, and salvation, and power, to the Lamb that was slain. Is not love here? *Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us.* Did His love cease with death? Did He finish the work, and leave it, as though He were tired of it? Oh no! His church is His spouse, bought with His blood. Shall he cease to love her, when he hath purchased her? No, indeed! His people are engraved on the palms of his hands; and he cannot, as hath been beautifully observed, stretch out his hands to do any thing in heaven or earth, but he sees their memorial there, the marks of the nails that pierced them, the marks

of what he suffered for his people. He still, by his providence and by his ministers, goes after the sheep that is lost in the wilderness, until he finds it: and still, when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing to bring it home to his fold. Each believer can best look back, and trace for himself the way in which he hath been brought nigh—the love which so ordered different events of his life, as to make them eventually work towards his eternal good. All things are put under the feet of Christ; and he is *Head over all things to his Church*, watching over it with his love, and guiding it with his eye, till he shall have brought each individual believer safely home. Even now, in the many mansions of our Father's house, he is himself preparing a place for each one of his people; and as each falls asleep in him, he comes to receive them to himself, *that where He is, there they may be also.*

3. We have surely brought to light much of the love of God: but one of the most astonishing parts remains untold. Suppose a king has earnestly desired to save a rebel subject; suppose all difficulties surmounted, and offers of astonishing grace made; but the rebel stands aloof, and prefers his shackles, hates the mercy that is offered and the hand that offered it, and mocks at all the messengers that bring the tidings to him. Surely this, more than any thing, should try his king's love. My friends, thus it is with us: Christ is offered to us; salva-

tion is offered; pardon, reconciliation, peace, here; heaven and everlasting happiness hereafter: and who accepts them? No! the farm, the merchandize, the things that are to last the few poor years of this life—nay, the trifle that is to last but a moment—these have our hearts and affections: such is our degraded and debased state. But the love of God shall not be thus frustrated: it is proof even against this foul ingratitude: it has provided even against this obstacle. Behold another gracious Person at hand, even the Holy Ghost, that proceedeth from the Father and the Son! behold Him ready to subdue the enmity, to alter the taste, to change the will, to give a new heart! Hear the gracious promise, and observe how exactly suited to the case. Is your whole nature utterly without a relish of spiritual things? Do you find your heart hard; and, notwithstanding all the representations of divine love, still unmelted? Are you without any power to walk in the way of God's commandments? Well, then, here is the promise; do not look upon these as empty words; thousands and thousands that are now in heaven, and thousands that are yet on earth, have found them true, to their great and endless comfort. *A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh. And I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes; and ye shall keep my judgments,*

*and do them**. Here is the blessed work of the Holy Spirit upon the heart. And, oh, what is that love which shall bring Him into unholy hearts like ours! Think of the opposition between the tempers, the carnal affections, the foul passions therein, and that pure and heavenly visitant. Think of the striving which the unrenewed mind makes against him, of the wilful continuance in sin, of the quenching of his heavenly fires. Let me illustrate again, that, by things familiar to our apprehensions, we may, if it be possible, enter a little into the deep things of God. Suppose some kind visitant should see a cottage full of misery and poverty and disease; and should enter there, delighting to do good, and with the desire, in the fulness of his heart, of relieving the misery, and of giving medicines to heal the sickness: and suppose, instead of being welcomed there, the door should be shut in his face. This is the representation of our conduct towards the Holy Spirit. A man, for instance, finds certain misgivings in his heart; he begins to see that all is not right; that he is assuredly not in the way of life; that a life of holiness would be happier than that which he is leading; these are the strivings of the Holy Spirit with his conscience. What does the man do? Does he encourage these reflections? does he welcome this celestial visitor? Alas! how often does he fly to any thing, any

* Ezekiel xxxvi. 26, 27.

holy, any sin, that may drown such disagreeable and disturbing thoughts; thus grieving the Holy Spirit, and driving him, as far as in him lies, from his heart. And even in the true believer—even when the great change has taken place upon the heart—the mistrust, the unkindness, even of the children of God, prove that, although a new nature has been given, the old one still lingers. And how has the Holy Spirit to bear with the perverseness, the hardness of heart, the unbelief, the mistrust, the unkindness, even of the children of God! How deeply must the true Christian daily feel the love of God! How do I, must he say, how do I constantly provoke the Holy Spirit to depart from me! how carelessly do I seek after him! how carelessly improve the blessed moments of his presence! how little do I endeavour to profit by his teaching! how often prefer not to be taught! What but the tenderest love could bear this? *My people*, saith God by the prophet Hosea, *are bent to backslidings from me.* And yet he pursues, in the next verse: *How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? how shall I deliver thee, Israel? how shall I make thee as Admah? how shall I set thee as Zeboim? Mine heart is turned within me; my repentings are kindled together. I will not execute the fierceness of my anger; I will not return to destroy Ephraim: for I am God, and not man: the Holy One, in the midst of thee.*

Herein then is love—in the great work of man's redemption: and may this imperfect view enable

you to see, in some degree, why, Sunday after Sunday, you join in ascribing "Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost." It is chiefly and principally because of the offices they have condescended to bear in your salvation. The work begins in love: *I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee. When Israel was a child, then I loved him**. It is carried on, every step, by love; and finally it shall be completed in love. *The Lord thy God, in the midst of thee, is mighty. He will rejoice over thee with joy: he will rest in his love: he will joy over thee with singing*†. What an image, to represent to us the love of God! When in the company of one whom we love, the feeling is sometimes too deep for language, and we remain in a silent and ineffable complacency and satisfaction. Such is the image used by God towards his favoured Children; as the passage is rendered from the original in the margin of our Bibles, *He will be silent in his love.*

And to a person really interested in this love of God, all the blessings of life become gifts and pledges and signs of love. The bread which is given by a rich man to a beggar with ordinary kindness, is given to the child with a smile of endearment, and with tender expressions. And the love expressed is sweeter to the child than the bread given. And thus those blessings which are common

* Hosea xi. 1. † Zephaniah iii. 17.

to all mankind are covenant-mercies to the children of God. Yea, the troubles, and trials, and afflictions of life, how are we taught to consider them, but as the chastisements of a tender Father? How ill would that child reason, who should say, "My father loves me not, for he punishes me!" Nay, but thy father loves thee, and therefore punishes thee. In indulging a child, the father follows the bent of his own inclination; he pleases himself: it is when he punishes him that he most shows his love, for then he crosses himself, he denies himself, he forces himself. Oh, blessed state, then, of the Christian, that, whatever he enjoys, whatever he is deprived of, he sees and feels equally a Father's love! There is no point in the horizon of his views, in things present or things to come, in time or eternity, that specks this bright expanse of love.

Let us now, in conclusion, add a caution to the unbeliever, and a word of exhortation to the real believer.

1. A caution to the unbeliever.—The love of God has been a little opened before you; and all its fruits are offered—this day offered—to you. This day *the Spirit and the bride say, Come:* this day you are bid to the marriage-feast. But, remember, the day of grace may be trifled with too long. God may be provoked to swear in his wrath, *They shall not enter into my rest.* You have the offer of mercy to-day; and to-morrow, if the offer be slighted, you may be in hell. There is no love there, no pardon

mercy there. The wrath of God abideth there for ever. But now in your own *Behold, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.* What an astonishing thought! If a sinner would now stir himself up to lay hold of God, would cast himself now on the free grace of God in Christ, there is no power in earth or hell that shall hinder him from grasping everlasting life. Let me beseech you, by the mercies of God! Do you not know that the experience of a fellow-creature's love, a wife's, or a parent's, or a child's, is the sweetest thing which this world has to offer? And how sweet then, must be the love of God! *Thy loving-kindness,* says the Psalmist, *is better than life.* With such things set before you, *let us fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into His rest, any of you should seem to come short of it**.

2. But let me address a word of exhortation to the true believer. Are these your privileges? Then do not defraud yourselves of your comforts. If you have a solid Scriptural ground for concluding yourself to be in Christ, then it is nothing less than the love of God which is yours. Let nothing short of this satisfy your desires. Dwell on this. Study the Scriptures, to get a clear view of this. Let it be your constant prayer, that you may understand and enter into this. Here, methinks, my Christian friends, we are sadly wanting to ourselves. We are

* Heb. iv. 1.

willing to take up with inferior pleasures. We live short of our privileges. *The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God!* And may He, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; *that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend, with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God!*

Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

SERMON-NOTES.

GOOD FRIDAY.

1 CORINTHIANS xv. 22.—For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

I go up to Calvary—see three crosses—one especially the object of hatred and derision. In general, public punishment does away all evil feelings.—Not so here.—Crowned with thorns; mocked by high and low—by thieves themselves.

I ask one of the weeping women, "Who is this? and what has he done?"

He went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil. (Acts x. 38.) The blind received their sight, and the lame walked; the lepers were cleansed, the dead were raised up, and the poor had the Gospel preached to them. (Matt. xi. 5.) The Spirit of the Lord was upon him: He sent him to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, to set at liberty them that were bound, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord: (Luke iv. 18, 19.) We trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel. (Luke xxiv. 21.)

I stand, and gaze, and wonder.

"Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land, until the ninth hour. And about the ninth hour, Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani!" Follow with the women to the grave, and see where he is laid.

What shall we say to these things? How explain them? By the text, which is suitable for the day. God make us to feel it!

God entered into covenant with Adam. What are the terms of that covenant? Obey and live; eat and die. He ate, and died; and in him, as the text teaches, all his posterity.

A nobleman is attainted, &c. Adam lost his honour, as son of God: *So God created man in his own image; in the image of God*

created he him. (Gen. i. 27.) *And Adam lived an hundred and thirty years, and begat a son in his own likeness, after his image.* (Gen. v. 3.)

See a man impoverishing his family. So Adam. Happiness here, and hope of glory. Esau could not transmit the birth-right which he had sold.

Man transmitting disease. So Adam. *Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?* (Job xiv. 14.) Soul and body poisoned by the fruit. See what a frail mortal body, and heir to how many miseries, we inherit. But look at the soul: *here* the true death that we die in Adam. Dead to God, without any feeling of his presence.

Is it not an awful thing to have the eye of a holy God always upon us, upon our lives and hearts? How do you feel, if a person detects one of your secret sins?—how would you, if he should be a witness not only to actions and words, but to thoughts, for one day? See Psalm cxxxix. And then think of a man—of *yourself*—living in perfect unconcern of this holy Being.

Man is asleep:—awake him. Ah, he is dead, without any feeling of the goodness of God; cold to all offers of mercy; hard and dead. Tell him of the happiness of having God for his friend; of the glories of heaven; of the things which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, but which God hath prepared for them that love him. (1 Cor. ii. 9.) He has no ear, no eye, no life. Lament to him of his degraded state; that the glorious features of God are effaced; the beauty of holiness gone. As well lament to a dead body the loss of its beauty.

When the body dies, all is not over at once. Corruption goes on. But this is only the beginning of death.

Thus much of it you see: but sacred Scripture leads further; speaks of eternal death. *Then shall He say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.* (Matt. xxv. 41.) *Where their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched.* (Mark ix. 44.) This, three times repeated. *But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death.* (Rev. xxi. 8.)

Things must not be slurred over, as if belonging to any body but ourselves. I speak to you—to all of you. Not a man here, but this is his state by nature; and if not in covenant with Christ,

his state now? God give you grace to think of it! If the common feeling is, "All doing very well, and of course, unless guilty of some very bad act indeed, going on to heaven." But I say, all by nature are doing very ill, going on from bad to worse, and in the natural course, downward, to hell. This is the truth in the case; and a proof of it, the utter insensibility and carelessness about it.

1. Do you say, "If I die in Adam, I cannot help it?" Such a profane saying or feeling will do you no good. What! in such a state, and not try to help yourself?

2. The Judge of all the earth will do right, and at the Last Day will be seen to do so.

3. The matter does not stand there. True, you are condemned in Adam; but also in yourself. (Ezekiel xviii. 4; Galatians ii. 19; Romans iii. 19.)

But, 4th, Neither Adam's sin nor your error shall be your ruin, if you turn to God. The Jews of old said as you say: *If our transgressions and our sins be upon us, and we pine away in them, how should we then live? Say unto them, As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live. Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?* (Ezek. xxxiii. 10, 11.)

Man, we have said, was dead in law; lost his honours, rich estate here and hereafter. A king can restore them to a subject, and shall not God to his? But how? God has said, man shall suffer. Well, then, man shall suffer the consequences and punishment of disobedience. Here, then, is the explanation of the wondrous sight. *Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, &c.*

The Old-Testament Church saw this darkly. *I pray thee, of whom speaketh the prophet this? of himself, or of some other man?* (Acts viii. 34.) We see this fulfilled in the events of this day. We see one, who was holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, treated as a sinner labouring under the burden of sin. This is what St. Paul explains in 2 Cor. v. 21: *For he hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.*

With this expiation God was well pleased, and justice satisfied: it is offered for you, offered for me. All are made alive who accept this offer.

But methinks I hear you say, "How doth this do away the death of the soul, described as an alienation from God? Life! *this*, what is there in that?"—Jesus did not leave his work imperfect; He knew what was in man, and provided for it. *Thou hast received gifts for men, yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them.* God hath left man; but, being reconciled, he returns. Do you complain of the death of the soul? Go, by prayer, and put it under the quickening influences of His Spirit. Prayer, earnest, importunate, repeated.

Do you complain that you find no difference? That cannot be. This perception, and this lamenting of your dead state, is itself a beginning of life.

(Here illustrate by the pain of restoring to animation; yet pain felt is a proof of animation restored.)

But, with prayer, read the Scriptures, and meditate especially on the death and passion of Christ.

Do you complain that you cannot love God?

Go to Gethsemane and Calvary, and see how he loved you! Or, that you cannot see the evil of sin? See there, what sin has done; and, *your* sins! Think on your ingratitude to love like this. This, by the help of the Holy Spirit, will make the waters flow.

Mildenhall, April 7th, 1822.

THE FAITH OF NOAH.

HEBREWS xi. 7.—By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house; by the which he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith.

OBJECTED to those who preach the doctrines of the Apostles, that they preach mere notions: "If a man will but *believe* this or that, he shall be saved." Now, persons who say so, blur the truth, in never specifying what is meant by *believe*; and would have it thought, not only that we teach, as St. Paul (Rom. iii. 28), *that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law*, but by a faith *not* producing good works. What faith is—what does, or does not produce fruits—let us inquire to-day.

Faith, nothing but belief in another's word. Now let us inquire, in things of this life, whether such belief leads to action.

Invited by a relative to India, under promises, &c. Well; things are alluring; you give up country, and undertake the voyage. Here faith produces works.

You are ill; you send for the physician; take medicines you know nothing of, in reliance on him.

But now see the drunkard ruining his constitution; he believes, but acts not, that is, refrains not: *his* belief is only a notion; it will do him no good.

Such, the faith of most men, (James ii. 20.) yea, *of all* men, by nature. You may drive a man to this faith: he cannot deny the Bible, but does not obey it.

But when the Holy Spirit works faith, then the heart is changed; the wrath of God then appears dreadful, His favour better than life, sin distasteful, holiness beautiful. Now, how will faith act upon him? See the case of Noah, in the text, and in his history. (Gen. vi)

Noah believed the revelation of God, though it seemed—

1. Improbable:—Would God destroy his own work?

2. At a distance: one hundred and twenty years seem an eternity.

3. People will mock me.

4. And if all the world is to be drowned, plenty of company.

5. People endeavouring by various ways to draw him off.

But, 1. Hath God said it?

2. Are not one hundred and twenty, and twice one hundred and twenty years, past already?

3. Mocking turned into envy, when the Flood comes.

4. Is a person less frightened in shipwreck, because *all* the crew perish? The danger *mine* in particular.

Now apply this part of the subject spiritually,

1. Improbable: but hath God said it? *The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God.* (Psalm ix. 17.) And shall finite and fallen understanding judge of divine probabilities? Ah, trust not vain unscriptural reasonings against Scripture!

2. Age and death seem afar off. So, Luke xii. 19, 20. But suppose you could promise yourself age, and death were ever so long in coming: it *will* come, it must. And what matter, then, how distant?

3. Mockery? Choose, then, between that of man now, and of God hereafter. For hear the wisdom of God: (Prov. i. 24—27.) *But ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof. I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh*, &c.

4. Company? Yes, such as will enhance the soul's misery. (Matthew xxv. 41.) Parents with children, children with parents. See the rich man. (Luke xvi. 27, 28.)

5. People persuade you to the contrary? But listen to God and his people.

What then are we to do? What did Noah? *Moved with fear*, he would reason thus: "It is an awful thing to be destroyed by the Flood; but yet that is not the point of fear: a good man may be drowned; but this flood is the wrath of God." Now, then, reason in the same manner. *It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the Living God.* (Heb. x. 31.) This is the fearful thing: hell, no hell without this.

In his fear, then, what did Noah do? Exactly what God commanded: he *prepared an ark.* Here he showed his faith in the warning of God;—first, by doing something to avoid impending danger; faith led to works; secondly, by doing exactly what God directed.

He might have raised objections. "Is there no other way? This way is disagreeable; or, it is insecure." We hear of no such objections.

ALLEGORIES.

VISIT TO THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE.

CHRISTIAN READER,

Having lately, in a dream, seen one who was called to tread the road which our old friend Christian, the pilgrim, trode so long ago; and having seen, when he was shown at the house of the Interpreter, things worthy of notice; I shall lay some of them before thee; praying that a gracious God would *open the eyes of the understanding* (Ephes. i. 18.)—of thee who readest, and of me who write; that we, *receiving the Spirit which is of God*, may know those things that are spiritually discerned. (1 Cor. ii. 12—14.)

And first of all, the pilgrim of whom I speak, whose name is called "Teachable," was had into a room, where were windows opening different ways; and the Interpreter, taking him by the hand, led him to one of the windows, and bade him look out.

Then said the Interpreter to one of his servants, "Bring hither the three pieces of gold which were set by." So they were brought. Now on all of them was the *image and superscription of Cæsar* (Matt. xxii. 20); but that of the one was much rubbed and very dim, so that indeed the face of Cæsar could not be clearly recognised, nor the superscription easily read. Then said Teachable, "Is that piece sterling?" "There is a counterfeit among them," answered the Interpreter: "weigh them, and thou shalt know it." Then the servants brought the scales, and the pieces were weighed; and behold, one of those two was found wanting, which was bright and unworn. Then Teachable wondered, and said, "But how then shall the King's coin be known?" "The Master of the Mint," said the Interpreter, "hath His own marks, whereby he knoweth the coin which is sterling, and that which is counterfeit. And had thy *senses, by reason of use,* been *exercised to discern both good and evil* (Heb. v. 14.), and hadst thou now attentively considered the two, thou hadst not so wrongly decided the matter."—Now, when Teachable diligently examined the two, and compared them together, he found that the imitation was by no means perfect. The letters of the superscription on the counterfeit were not well formed, and some of the words were ill spelt; moreover, the head had more ornament about it, but wanted the majesty and beauty of the true one. I observed, also, that there was by no

means the same comparative prominence of the parts in the two pieces. "It is a hypocrite," said the Interpreter: "yet such will often pass current in the world." "But," said Teachable, "is it not a scandal to the King, that his coin should be defaced, as the other piece is?" "It is indeed," answered the Interpreter, "yet it is genuine gold; and if you look at it more closely, you will find the work upon it very different from that upon the counterfeit." "How came it thus worn and dimmed?" asked Teachable. "It has come into contact," answered the Interpreter, "with many fingers in the world, and those not clean ones. But the Master of the Mint hath means, and sharp tools, to restore the image and superscription to its original fairness."—Then understood I, that this worn piece represented a true believer, in whom, through much conformity to the world, the life of God had lost some of its lustre, but which should be restored, by salutary trials and afflictions.

Then I looked, and behold a field; and in the field were many props stuck in the ground, of different shapes and heights. And as I looked, a great multitude were in the field, carrying planks in their hands; and they seemed weary, and willing to rest themselves. And I saw that every man took his plank, and endeavoured to rest it on the props that were in the field, that he might sit thereon. And some set their plank upon one prop, and some upon

two, and some upon more. But lo, when each man went to sit down upon the seat which he had thus made, the props, on which he had placed his plank, broke, and he fell to the ground. And I looked, and saw that the props were utterly rotten and worm-eaten. Then I waited to see what they, who had thus fallen, would do. And no sooner had they risen, but they took up each man his plank; and began to place them again, some upon the props which had already given way under them, and some upon others which they sought out for themselves; and again they sat down, and again they fell to the ground. And thus they did continually.

And one man I especially noted, who, having oft fallen, was bruised and sore weary. And while he was looking to see if there might be any resting-place for him, behold a winged-one came unto him, and took him to a part of the field where was one sound prop, and, behold, it was very broad and strong. And he bade the man place his plank thereon, and rest himself securely. Then I saw that the man, having examined the prop, and perceived that it was sound, looked out for another prop also; and resting the two ends of his plank upon the two props, he sat upon the seat which he had made. Now the prop which he had looked out for himself was, like all the rest, very rotten; and it broke; and because the plank rested with one end upon it, it gave way, and the man fell

again to the ground. Now, when he rose again, he examined the broken prop, and put together the broken pieces thereof, and fastened them with nails and bands: *and again* he placed his plank upon the two props, and sat down, and fell as before. And this he did several times; and he became more weary and vexed than before. Then I saw that the winged-one came again to the man, and chode with him, for that he had sought out another prop, besides that sound and strong and broad one; and left not the man, till he had placed his plank firmly upon that one prop. Then the man sat down, and fell not; and he rested himself, and was comforted.

Then said I, What meaneth this?

And the Interpreter answered, "The field that thou seest is the world, and the men therein are the men of the world, seeking rest and happiness in it. The props are those things whereon they lean for happiness, as money, or worldly pleasure, or sensual enjoyment, or carnal learning, or human greatness, or the applause of men, or domestic comfort. And whereas thou seest that whoso resteth his plank on these props, and sitteth thereon, presently falleth to the ground; thus shall it be with every one who seeketh his happiness from this world: that whereon he leaneth shall soon fall from under him, and he shall fall, and weary and bruise himself."

Then I would know the meaning of the man who

had bound up the broken prop so often, and had endeavoured to sit securely thereon.

Then said the Interpreter, "The sound prop which thou sawest, is the merits of Jesus Christ. Blessed is he who resteth thereon! it is the only dependence that shall never fail the sinner. But the man whom thou sawest, was not willing for a while to rest on it alone; but would fain lean on the rotted prop of human righteousness. And whereas thou sawest that he endeavoured to piece the broken prop, and to fasten the broken splinters thereof with nails and bands; so is it with the sinner who would rest on his own righteousness for acceptance with God, and peace in his own conscience. When he hath mended his life, and cleansed his heart by his own endeavours, his dependence is as vain as it was at first. Blessed is the man who is taught this; and *who maketh the Lord his trust; for whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe.*" (Psalm xl. 4; Proverbs xxix. 25. Isaiah xlv. 24, 25.)

Then I was led to another window; and I looked, and behold a large plain; and the plain was covered with multitudes of people, and they were all going one way. And at the end of the plain ran a river, black and deep. Moreover, I saw that over the plain was spread a thick mist, so that nothing could be clearly seen by those thereon; but through that mist, as through other mists, objects did appear

larger than they really were, and also diversely coloured. Moreover, when I had considered awhile, I perceived that, as in other mists so in this, each one seemed to himself to have a space clear therefrom round himself; and, while he pitied those who walked at a distance as altogether blinded by the fog, yet imagined that he himself, and they who were with him, saw all things plainly. Now, over the river I observed that the fog was thicker than any where else, so that few of those on the plain could at all see across; and many indeed affirmed that there was nothing beyond. Few, I perceived, turned their eyes that way, though all were journeying towards it; and the reason I found to be this—that out of the thick fog, which was over the river, appeared oftentimes strange and horrible faces and phantoms, which no one cared to look upon. So they looked any other way; but still they journeyed forwards, and sought carefully after the common pebbles and weeds which were thickly strewed upon the plain, and which, as I said, appeared, by reason of the fog, larger, and more beautifully coloured than they really were. And I saw that all were very intent upon collecting them; and many were the quarrels about them, even among those who had seemed to be walking most friendly together. But when any one came to the brink of the river, forthwith he dropped them all. Then I wondered that, seeing the journey was so short, the

travellers should give themselves so much trouble about that of which I could not discover, at the end, any use whatever.

Then would I have looked into the parts beyond the river; but ere I had fixed my eyes steadily thereon, the Interpreter called to me. Yet did I hear doleful voices from beyond the river, that sighed forth that word—ETERNITY.

Then said the Interpreter to me, "Hast thou considered this?" "Is not this," said I, "the plain of Vanity? and are not these they *whose eyes the the god of this world hath blinded* (2 Cor. iv. 4), they who are *disquieted in vain, heaping up riches and not knowing who shall gather them* (Ps. xxxix. 6.), who having *brought nothing into this world, can carry nothing out?*" (1 Tim. vi. 7.) "Thou hast judged aright," answered the Interpreter;—"but look again."

So I looked again; and over the plain was a causeway thrown up, the midst of which was raised high above the plain, but the sides sloped down thereto. And I saw that the upper parts of the causeway were very much cleared from the mist that lay upon the plain, insomuch that the atmosphere on the top was almost entirely clear. And some persons were walking on this causeway; but the number was very small, compared with those below in the plain. Moveover, I saw that the sides of the causeway were steep and rough, and that the greater part of those who were thereon troubled not themselves to climb to the top (where, nevertheless, the

walking was very easy and delightful), but travelled along at the bottom; nay, many were so low down upon it, that they were walking side by side, and indeed arm in arm, with those in the plain. Of this, however, I cannot speak positively, as the fog, which lay thick at the edges of this causeway, prevented me from seeing exactly where it first began to rise.

Then said I, "What is this?" "This," said the Interpreter, "is the causeway of Salvation: the prophet Isaiah calleth it *The way of holiness* (Isaiah xxxv. 8.) blessed are they who walk therein!" "But," said I, "are those persons, whom I see, walking thereon, or walking in the plain? for the mist lieth thick at the bottom, and my eye cannot pierce through it." Then said the Interpreter, "*The Lord knoweth them that are his*: (2 Tim. ii. 19.) But consider the thing more diligently."

Then I looked again, and I saw that many of those that seemed to be walking on the causeway, but went arm in arm with those upon the plain, were, by degrees, drawn quite away into the plain, nay, into the remotest parts thereof, and were lost in the fog, and I saw them no more. Then remembered I that it was written, *Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?* (2 Cor. vi. 14.)

Then I sought to know what it was that made the atmosphere so clear at the top of this raised way:

and, behold, immediately beyond the river was a *city, having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper-stone, clear as crystal:* (Rev. xxi. 11.) and the light from this city streamed directly on to the causeway of salvation, dispersing the mist, and cheering the eyes and gladdening the hearts of those who walked thereon. And the light, as I said, was stronger, and the atmosphere clearer, the higher any one walked on the raised way, diminishing the blackness thereof; yea, sometimes making it look sparkling and beautiful. And on the other side of the river stood winged-ones, ready to bear those who crossed it from the causeway to the shining city. And the light that proceeded from the city was more glorious than any that my eye ever beheld; for the city *had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it.* (Rev. xxi. 23, 24.)

But I saw that the light from the city did not always shine across the river on the causeway with equal brightness. Nay, sometimes, by reason of the fog, which at those times grew thicker, they who were thereon walked *in darkness*, and had *no light:* (Isaiah l. 10.) Then was I anxious to know how they could keep on their way without stumbling. And I saw that each one on the causeway was furnished with a lamp, the light of which did

not, indeed, always reach far into the surrounding gloom, but never failed brightly to illuminate a small circle round the feet of him that carried it; so that he who attended thereto was never in doubt where he ought to set, at least, his next step. And I remembered that David was furnished with one of these lights; for he said, *Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path:* (Psalm cxix. 105.) But one thing was very observable; that whereas, at the worst, the dimness here was nothing equal to that upon the plain, yet those who walked in it complained much of it, and were grievously troubled by it; but they in the plain, as I said before, knew not that they were in the midst of a thick fog.

Now, when I saw how clear, comparatively speaking, the atmosphere was, and how pleasant the walking at the top of the causeway, I could not but wonder that so many were content to walk low down on the sides, where the light was dimmer, and the walking more uneven and uneasy. And setting myself to find out the reason thereof, I saw that it was two-fold; for, first, the sides of the causeway were steep; and, secondly, those who were walking towards the bottom of it were but too busy in picking up the stones and weeds that I mentioned before, and which were strewed there, as well as upon the plain. Then, considering their folly, who, walking in a clearer light, could more clearly discern the real nature, and size, and colour

of these things, and yet would stoop so eagerly to pick them up, neglecting thereby the sight of the glorious city, and forbearing to climb higher up the causeway, I marvelled and grieved, and would fain have called out to them, that, *laying aside every weight, and the sin which did so easily beset them*, they should *run with patience the race set before* them: (Heb. xii. 1.)

Moreover, it grieved me to observe with how much complacency some of them on the raised way did look down into the plain, and how eagerly they watched what was going on there; nay, some, I verily thought, at times, would fain have returned thither, had it not been that they feared the faces and phantoms which appeared out of the thick fog that lay upon the river. It was so of old, when the Israelites said, *It was well with us in Egypt:* (Numb. xi. 18.) But there were some, I saw, who looked into the plain with another motive; even to call them, who walked in the fog and thick darkness thereof, up to the raised way, that they also might be *the children of the light, and the children of the day:* (1 Thessalonians v. 5.) Whom when I observed, I wished them God speed.

Now, when I had attentively considered these things awhile, the Interpreter led me to another window, and bade me look out therefrom. So, when I looked, I saw a large village, and the streets thereof were very filthy, and the houses were very poor,

and mean, and decayed, and dirty, and miserable. Moreover, the people who inhabited therein were squalid, and diseased, and wretched in their appearance. And without the village, on a hill, stood a large and beautiful mansion, which I understood to be that of the Lord of the Manor. Then said I, "Why doth the Lord of the Manor suffer this village to remain in this miserable state?" "It is not," answered the Interpreter, "his desire that it should thus remain. He is the best of lords; and many are the schemes which he hath devised for the bettering the condition of the villagers; but they will not hear of any. Rather wonder, therefore, that having, as He hath, full power for the same, he doth not entirely pull down the village, which looketh like a disgrace to his property, and banish the inhabitants out of his demesne. And this he hath, indeed, said that he will do; and will build another and a very different town, which will join even to his own mansion, and into which *there shall in no wise enter any thing that defileth:* (Rev. xxi. 27.) But he is very patient, and trieth all methods to bring the inhabitants of the present village to a better mind. Nay, in order hereto, some of his own sons are living in the midst of the village, away from their Father's house, to try if they may induce any one to adopt their Father's wise and beautiful plans for the bettering of the village, and for the cleansing and healing themselves of the loathsome disease under which they labour. Now, observe."

Then I looked, and saw the sons of the Lord of the Manor; and they went about from street to street, and from house to house, in the village; and wherever they came, they found the villagers speaking evil of their Father, and doing whatever was most disagreeable to him, and most strictly forbidden by him; wasting his property, mocking at his threatenings, and utterly despising all his kind offers. Also, they cast dirt at his sons as they walked about, and laughed them and their plans to scorn. Then I looked to see what the sons of the Lord of the Manor would do; and they cast their eyes towards their Father's house, and said, *Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come, thy will be done, in earth, as it is in heaven.*

Then was I conscious how often I had used those words, and not felt their meaning.

After this, I was had into the house, to see some of the sights therein. And in one room I was shown a man who was naked, and very meagre through famine. And I observed till one brought clothes and laid them before him: and he measured them, to find whether they would fit him; and he examined them, to see whereof they were made; and, behold, when he found that they would fit him, and moreover that they were very warm and comfortable, I expected that he should have put them on; but he recommended them

to those who stood by, but did not clothe himself with them. And, again, I saw one bring him food, and it was rich and strengthening: and he set himself to know the name and the ingredients thereof, and cried out that it was food for hungry people, but ate not thereof himself. Then said I, "Why is this? The man is naked and hath clothes, yet putteth them not on; and he is hungry and hath food, yet he eateth not of it. He recommends them to others, yet is he not the better for them himself." Then said the Interpreter, "This is one who knoweth the Gospel, yea, and can preach it too; yea, and acknowledgeth its fitness for himself; yet doth he not receive it himself as *the garments of salvation*, (Isaiah lxi. 10.) or *the living bread which came down from heaven*:" (John vi. 51.)

Then he took me by my hand, and brought me into another room, where was a man preparing for a journey. And his garment hung loose about him, and encumbered his steps, and very much hindered his progress, and tripped up his feet, and threw him to the ground. And what much surprised me was, that, notwithstanding this, he was still adding to the width and length of his clothes, yea, and putting more on, so that he became continually more and more encumbered; and whereas, at the first, he had set himself to run in the way, by degrees he was brought down to very slow walking, and I much feared that he would stop altogether.

Of which when I had asked the interpretation, "This," said the Interpreter, "is he who, setting out on a spiritual course, *entangleth himself with the affairs of this life* (2 Tim. ii. 4.); *having food and raiment*, and not being *therewith content:* (1 Tim. vi. 8.) He desireth and gaineth many of the good things of the world; which, twisting themselves round his heart and affections, do sorely let and hinder him as he walks, cause him many falls, yea, and too often, as was the case with Demas of old, (2 Tim. iv. 10.) entirely put a stop to his progress."

Lastly, I was taken out into the garden belonging to the house: and here I was shown many strips of ground lying alongside of each other, in which were many curious shrubs and flowers. But these gardens were, for the most part, in a very dry and withering condition. In some of them, indeed, there was no sign of life and vegetation; the ground was parched, the trees burnt up, and the gardeners to whom they were severally entrusted had forsaken their charge; some declaring that they could do the borders they were placed over no good, and some more strangely asserting that they were in a most flourishing state, and needed no care from them. Some gardeners, again, I observed very diligent in their respective strips of ground, hastening about from shrub to shrub, with watering-pots in their hands; yet the effect produced was scarcely perceivable, the water not being given in any thing

like sufficient quantities, and being besides of an unwholesome quality, and drawn, as I was told, from a neighbouring spring, called 'Moral Exhortation.' Now, while I grieved hereat, that so much ground should be lost, and so many beautiful and valuable plants perish for want of water, my eyes were caught by the verdant appearance of one of these strips. The shrubs were covered with leaves, the flowers in full blow, and the branches of the fruit-trees weighed even to the ground with fruit. And, while I was admiring this beautiful spot of garden-ground, and wondering at the superiority of its appearance to that of the plots around, I found out the art by which the gardener had produced such an effect. He watered not the ground with any little water-pot of his own, or with water fetched from any unwholesome spring in the neighbourhood; but he had discovered the secret of drawing down the watery treasures from the clouds above in plentiful showers, and his labour was employed in directing the streams thus obtained to the several parts of his garden and to the different plants therein. "Then," said I, "do not these gardeners represent the Ministers of the Gospel, and their gardens their respective charges?" "It is indeed," said the Interpreter, "pity it should be so; but, so it is. Those dry and withered strips of ground, that look as though they were under the curse of God, proclaim but too plainly the neglect of the overseers; nor do those that border upon them,

where you see the gardeners diligently at work, show any very beneficial effects of *mere* moral arguments and exhortations to virtue. But he who has the treasures of heaven at *command*, (Isaiah xlv. 11.) who by prayers draws down upon the plot of ground entrusted to him the plentiful rain of the Holy Spirit, he it is whose garden shall be *as the garden of the Lord*. That Holy Spirit it is, "*who visiteth the earth and watereth it; who greatly enricheth it with the river of God, which is full of water; who watereth the ridges thereof abundantly; who maketh it soft with showers, who blesseth the springing thereof; who crowneth the year with His goodness: the little hills rejoice on every side; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.*" (Psalm lxv. 9—13.)

Then was I taken to the fourth window; and, behold, darkness and obscurity; yet were the first beams of the sun beginning to mix with the gloom, and it was *as the morning spread upon the mountains:* (Joel ii. 2.) And in the midst of the darkness I espied a traveller fretting and disquieting himself for want of light, and running from side to side*.

* The Author appears in this to have been describing his own experience. In one of his Sermon-Notes, dated August 26th, 1821, he has the following remarks; alluding, not to the rising sun, but to the Word of God, given as a lamp to our feet. "He who walks with a lamp in a dark night finds it safe for his feet, and comfortable to his sight; but then he diligently uses his lamp; and wherever he finds his path to lie, there he follows. His lamp enlightens

"This man is unwise," I exclaimed; "for I see the first beamings of the dawn, and the thick darkness beginneth to disperse itself. Why doth he not wait for the full light of morning?" "He doth not consider that it is approaching," said the Interpreter. "He hath the pledge of it," said I, "in that the darkness is more visible than it was. Methinks, too, he is unthankful for this light, which is sufficient to show him where he is." "He doth not remember," said the Interpreter, "that awhile ago he had none." "Surely," said I, "he will fall into some dangerous place or other, as he thus disquiets and turmoils himself." "It is likely," said the Interpreter; "but, in thus saying, hast thou not condemned thyself? Hast thou been thankful for the beginnings of spiritual light; remembering, that there was a time when thou wast altogether in darkness? Hast thou borne in mind, that it was only *through the tender mercy* of

a small circle about himself, and leaves the surrounding objects in obscurity. Nay, his path at a distance is still dark; but he knows that, as he advances, his lamp shall light up each part of his way, in its turn. And thus he goes on confidently.

"Christian, thy lamp is the Word of God. Dost thou really and conscientiously use it for the purpose of ordering thy steps thereby? ..... But thou must be content with having thine own way cleared before thee: shadows and darkness, and often thick darkness, will lie on the providences of God in the world about thee. What He doth, thou knowest not now: (John xiii. 7.) Thine own way, too, at a distance may be dark; but, be of good cheer; thou hast a light which shall assuredly shine upon it, when thou comest thither. Some promise, or some precept, which as yet thou understandest not, because, perhaps, thou hast never yet been in the circumstances for which it is suited, shall be opened and applied to thee; and there shall arise *light in the darkness.*"

thy God that ever *the Day-spring from on high hath visited* thee? (Luke i. 78.) Hast thou accepted these beginnings as the pledge that *the Sun of Righteousness* was rising (Mal. iv. 2.); as a pledge of a full noon-day light; yea, of that light of the sun which *shall be seven-fold?* (Isaiah xxx. 26.) And, in expectation of this fuller light, hast thou waited without murmuring, and in the way of duty, *trusting in the name of the Lord*, and staying *upon thy God?*" (Isaiah l. 10.)—Then was I confounded at my hasty words.

EDUCATION.

HINTS, DOMESTIC SKETCHES, CONVERSATIONS, AND SPECIMENS OF BIBLE-TEACHING.

HINTS ON HIS SON'S EDUCATION.

Make Religion the first thing; including, the knowledge of God and the Gospel; great reverence to them; amiableness of disposition; then, the opening of the mind; then, human knowledge. And endeavour always to impress it on his mind, that human knowledge is only good as it subserves the ends of God.

Let him be taught, that he learns to read in order that some day he may read the Bible;—not to let any one admire how forward he is; not even to please yourself.

Do not let him read the Bible till he can read quite well*. Do not let him learn any thing out of the Bible, till he can in some degree understand it.

* It should be remembered, that this direction was given as applicable to the writer's own children; and certainly had no reference to the children of the poor

Do not let him use any prayer that he cannot understand: and make him say it very distinctly and slowly.

In teaching to read, I would not let the child read the same lesson over and over; first, because it wearies him; and, secondly, because he gets it partly by heart before your are aware, and there is then an end of reading. He knows what the word is, not from itself, but its place and contents. Give him a new lesson every time; but let the same words occur very often.

There are very few fables fit to tell children, the moral is so worldly. I should not fear the telling them that beasts and trees can speak, because you can easily make them understand why you do this. But take an example in the fable of the Fox and the Crow: which is the worse, the liar or the deceived? yet, the liar is rewarded, and the crow punished by the loss of her cheese. A grown person understands, that you do not mean to recommend lying, but to discommend vanity: but how should child?

Do not make a show of him in any of his learning, especially his religious. You give him a wrong motive thereby, and one that is most difficult to eradicate. Promise him a bit of barley-sugar if he read well, and you do no harm. Invite him to get up a lesson well for his grandmamma to hear, and you do much towards engendering a most dangerous taste, that of display.

Cannot the motive of emulation be done without? May we not pray and hope for the blessing of God upon an education conducted upon godly motives? I teach you to read, that you may hereafter read the Bible: I endeavour to give you this learning, that you may hereafter serve God by it. O God! call my children even from their childhood!

Do not pray God to make your children His, and all the time educate them as if they were to be the world's.

A single eye is the grand thing in education, as in every thing else. There is some little thing a parent would have, besides eternal life, for his child. There should not be. And if there be one, there will soon be another.

Do not let a child know any thing of mythology, till you have rooted and grounded him in the Christian faith; and then, not as elegances, but as abominations, which must be known, defiling though they be, that they may be fought against. It is easy to make such a selection from the Latin and Greek authors, as shall need no Pantheon in the explanation.

Make a child useful in God's work, as soon as you can—at least, as a hewer of wood or drawer of water—in making clothes for the poor, teaching a child to read, &c. &c.: and this must be looked on as a *business;* and a very important one.

Even in your child's religious knowledge, remember, that you may have your reward without your

child's being saved, if your end and aim has been the applause of men, the *bravo* of the religious world.

Endeavour to give him a great command over his own thoughts; shutting out some, and steadily fixing on others. How useful may this be hereafter, in a religious point of view!

Nothing can be more unwise than the system of Rousseau: The tutor is to be always at play with the pupil (and seemingly with the same interest), in order to impart knowledge to him!—What! is the child to be taught, and taught by a lie too, that the end, for which his tutor and he came into the world, is *play?* No; teach him he is a child, and therefore must be indulged with the pleasures of a child, and, out of kindness, you condescend to take a share in them; but he must learn—what? to be a man?—(so far the Edgeworths go)—no; to be a Christian.

Arithmetic is a child's logic: teach him its principles thoroughly; but have as little to do with money in it as may be.

St. Paul's advice should never be out of mind: *Provoke not your children to wrath.* Before the words of reproof are out of your mouth, recollect yourself. Are you about to reprove for the child's good?—No other motive is allowable. Reproof on any other motive provokes to wrath: it is better even not to reprove at all, than so.

Look at your child's love to you—his fear to offend

you—eager desire to be near you. Think of your Heavenly Father, and your feelings towards Him.

Do you instruct your child in Religion, in the hope and expectation of converting his soul; or only because it is your duty, which you *must* perform?

A child is often fretful, and *there* is the trial of your own temper: then, beware! you may be fretful in return, and scold and slap: this will do the child harm. You may send it out of the way to maids and nurses; this will do the same thing: they will, in all probability, be fretful and scold, and do the child harm. You would choose to be as much as possible with it, if its body were ill; why not when the soul is?—But, how to treat it? With kindness, but not with indulgence; with punishment, but not with anger; with nothing exciting, with nothing provoking; with such reasoning as its age will bear, especially religious; and, with prayer.

When an accident happens between you and your child, do not scold the child: in all probability, the fault was yours: and if it were his, you look so much like a partner in it, that he finds it very hard to bear the blame.

Nothing is more common, but nothing more contrary to the Gospel, than to estimate a child's fault by the mischief done. "You have been very careless!" But the breaking of a glass worth twenty guineas does not add to his carelessness, though it

may serve to convince him of it. You have, in a violent passion, thrown a knife at another; but the wounding, or not wounding him, makes no difference in the sin. This consideration acts two ways: to mitigate punishment, that would often be too heavy, if we suffered ourselves to look at the mischief done; and to increase our sense of the sin, and with it the punishment, when *no* mischief is done.

A child should be kept going on in learning, or the mind languishes. If he has read a book through, do not put him (by way of lesson) to read it over again: it will be easier, instead of harder. If he can read fluently, he must have some other lesson, something to engage the mind.

Learning Dictionary by heart is a most laborious way of getting at—(what may be gotten at without any labour)—the meaning of words. Learning Grammar [by heart] employs time very dully; and does not give an idea, not even a grammatical idea.

A vast number of the regular routine lessons have been devised only to take up a great deal of the pupil's time, and very little of the tutor's.

A child comes in to family-prayer in the morning, and perhaps at night: what does he hear of religion in the intermediate time? and what does he see of it?

I would not teach a child a catechism *by heart*. Dr. Watts's Catechisms are very good; but it is surely better to alter the questions continually, and to give a question for every answer, which Dr.

Watts certainly does not. For example: "Who made you?" Dr. Watts makes the child answer this, and two other questions, in one; one, as to the greatness of Him who made him; and another, as to the other things which He made. "The great God, who made heaven and earth." The answer of Dr. Watts is not the child's natural answer. I would rather say, "Who made you? Did He make any thing else? Is He not, then, very great?" These questions, again, may be interspersed and varied with historical questions, and such texts in proof as the child may have learned. Thus you get the child, in answering your questions himself, to give out his own knowledge. From catechisms, as they are commonly taught, the child does not soon acquire knowledge; he learns something by heart. Rather let him learn the Bible; it is most useful, and more interesting.

God condescends to be called our Father. Behave in such a manner to your child, that this title, thus assumed by God, may indeed convey to him the highest and tenderest idea of which he is capable.

DOMESTIC SKETCHES.

Mr. Burnett was the clergyman of a moderately-sized parish, in one of the midland counties of England. His health was by no means robust; and

being deeply aware of the necessity of a constant and familiar attendance upon his flock, he had engaged the assistance of a very pious young man, Mr. Springfield, as his curate. Mr. Burnett had thus more time afforded him for the education of a young family; in which work he was most faithfully and tenderly helped and supported by his wife, a woman of very sound sense, and of a deep-rooted piety.

They had lost several children in infancy. "I have given them all up," said Mr. Burnett to his wife, "to God, from the womb; and that He will accept them all at my hands, I am firmly convinced. Shall I repine because he has already answered my prayers for some of them, and because my Saviour has suffered some of my little children to come to Him?"

They had five children still living. Mary, the eldest, was fourteen years of age, and her brother Samuel nearly thirteen. Emma was just nine, and Elizabeth between seven and eight; little Charles was not yet four.

The first—indeed, it might almost be said, the only—wish of Mr. and Mrs. Burnett for their children was, that they might be children of God; that they might exemplify that religion which is "by faith of Jesus Christ," in the holiness and usefulness of their lives, and experience its comforts in life and in death. "This is what we daily pray for," said Mr. Burnett: "let us show, by the way in which we

deal with these dear little-ones, that it is what we *really* pray for: let us not ask in our closet that they may be God's, and then come out of it, and educate them for the world: let us not tell them that religion is every thing, and then show, by our neglect of it, that it is, to us, the merest *by-the-bye* in the world.

That such was the conduct of many—he hoped, real Christians—Mr. Burnett saw with wonder and concern. He saw children, in houses professing godliness, made to attend family-prayers, made to repeat their own prayers morning and evening, made, perhaps, to read a chapter once in the day, and all this occasionally enforced as a duty; but no appeal to the feelings, no attempt to *draw with the cords of love*, no affectionate prayer with them, no constant reference of all that is done to God, no subordination of all other things to the *one thing needful;* no such thing *practically* taught, as the *seeking first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness.* The prayers over, the chapter read, then begins the real business of the day; then languages, sciences, accomplishments. But where is God? where is religion? and where is the Bible? Where is even usefulness of life, command of temper, regulation of motives? Are we in the school-room of a family devoted to God or to the world? nay, of a Christian or a Heathen? What shall tell us? the studies—the books—the incitements?

"But what! (said Mr. Burnett, after spending the

whole morning in the school-room of a religious friend,) were the Jews to teach the words of the Law diligently unto their children, to talk of them when they sat in their house, and when they walked by the way, and when they lay down, and when they rose up; to bind them as a sign upon their hands, and as frontlets between their eyes; and to write them upon the posts of their houses, and upon their gates? (Deut. vi. 7—9.) and do we spend a whole morning in geography and arithmetic, in history and poetry, nay, in mythology and word-catching, and no reference to God, to His Law, or His word, or the most holy and comfortable doctrines of His Gospel?"

"Convince your judgment," said he, in a letter to a younger friend;—"but it is impossible;—pray to God to convince it, that seventy years, to eternity, is nothing; and then act accordingly. Most parents educate their children for the seventy years, and leave eternity to God."

And again, to another friend: "Do you desire spiritual mercy for yourself—not as a supplement to earthly blessings—not as a quieting of the conscience, that you may go on undisturbed in the pursuit of carnal enjoyments; but, as the great thing—for itself, and sufficient in itself? If you do not, how can you for your children?"

And at another time, to the same friend: "You must wait God's time, you say. Well and good, if understood aright; but take care that this be not an

excuse for neglecting God's way. You must wait God's time: yes, but when is it not God's time? Does He not out of the mouths of babes and sucklings ordain praise? Is nineteen or twenty more his time than seven or eight? Why should it be? Is a person less set on the world then? Is his heart softer? Has he less need of the Holy Spirit, to enlighten and convert? You must wait God's time; but you may pray to Him to hasten it; you may put your child in the way of His blessing. You are only to expect conversion in the use of the means of grace.—And what are the means of grace to Him? Not so much attendance at church or family-prayers: it is but little he can understand there, at his tender age; and, finding so little, he will not, perhaps, attend very diligently for that: but earnest, affectionate exhortation to him; and earnest, affectionate prayer for him, and with him."

That I may put the reader, as far as I can, in possession of Mr. Burnett's principles of education, I will quote a part from a letter of his to Mrs. Burnett, at a time when she was absent from her family with little Emma, for the benefit of the child's health.—Emma was then about five years of age.—"Do not tire Emma with the Bible, if you can help it. I pray God she may, like Mary and Samuel, listen with love and delight to your religious instructions. But if she does not, we must therefore forbear it. But it will be necessary to watch more attentively for the times when she may be the

most disposed to hear. When the subject is historical, and the instruction to be conveyed is addressed *immediately* to Eli, to Saul, or to Solomon, you will find, I suppose, little difficulty in exciting her attention: where it is practical, and addressed to herself, I think four or five minutes the longest time that you should detain her. Occasional observations—a word now and a word then throughout the day—never omit these. It is not enough that the business of *your* life be religion: she must be taught, that, by the blessing of God, it is to be hers."

Such were some of the principles on which this excellent man conducted the education of his children. As a lover of children, let me be allowed to dwell on these with delight, and to utter my earnest prayer that all parents, in bringing up their families, may be actuated by the same motives, and may walk by the same rule.

A CHILD'S MORNING DEVOTIONS.

"Good morning, little love," said Mrs. Burnett to Charles one morning; "is my little Charles quite well this morning?"

Charles. Yes, mamma.

Mrs. B. And quite happy?

Charles. Yes, mamma.

Mrs. B. And quite ready for breakfast?

Charles. Yes, mamma.

Mrs. B. Come, my love, and, before we go to breakfast, let us think who it is that makes us quite well and quite happy; that gives us breakfast, and kind friends to get it ready for us. Does my Charles know who it is?

Charles. God.

Mrs. B. What did David say, when he slept comfortably all night, and awaked in peace?

Charles. I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the Lord sustained me. (Psalm iii. 5.)

Mrs. B. Did David expect that God would take care of him in the day too, and wherever he went?

Charles. Yes.

Mrs. B. What did he say?

Charles. Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. (Psalm cxxxix. 3.)

Mrs. B. When you are with me, I do what I can to take care of you; but you are often out of my sight. Oh, my love, what a thing is it to be able to think, God sees all my ways, and God will preserve me in them! Does he preserve and love all people?

Charles. Those who believe in Jesus.

Mrs. B. Whom does David say God will send to take care of those whom he loves?

Charles. Good angels. *For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.* (Psalm xci. 11.)

Mrs. B. How does Jesus teach us to address this good God?

Charles. "*Our Father, which art in heaven.*" Matt. vi. 9.

Mrs. B. Children love their fathers and mothers.

Charles. I am sure I love you, mamma, and papa.

Mrs. B. And I trust, and every day I pray earnestly for my little Charles, that he may love his Heavenly Father. How does God wish to be loved?

Charles. "*With all the heart, and with all the soul, and with all the mind, and with all the strength.*" Mark xii. 30.

Mrs. B. I pray that you and I may love him so.

Charles. I am happy when I love you, mamma.

Mrs. B. Yes, my dear; love for one another, or, as it is sometimes called in the Bible, charity, makes us happy: but to love God makes us happiest of all. If a child did not love his father or mother, what should we call him?

Charles. Very ungrateful.

Mrs. B. I have no reason to call you ungrateful; for in your love to your papa and mamma, you are a good boy. But it is sad to think that to our Heavenly Father we are all ungrateful: nobody loves God, till He is pleased to send his Spirit into our hearts, and to make us love him. And so that disciple whom Jesus loved—you know who that was?

Charles. St. John.

Mrs. B. Well, so he says of those who love God, "*We love him, because He first loved us.*" 1 John iv. 19.

Charles. Did you ever *not* love God, mamma?

Mrs. B. Ah, my child! May *you* love him betimes! Now, kneel down, and pray to Him solemnly, my love, and with your heart.

Charles. My Father, which art in heaven, I thank thee for taking such a care of me this night, and that I am alive and well this morning. O Lord, send thy Holy Spirit into my heart, that I may love Jesus who died upon the cross for me. O Lord, bless papa and mamma, and my brothers and sisters, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

Then Mrs. Burnett took Charles into the breakfast parlour, to breakfast.

BIBLE CONVERSATIONS.

When little Charles was five years old, he could read very well: and one day his mamma brought him a book, and said, "I have told you a great many stories out of the Bible; but now you can read well enough to read the Bible yourself." So she gave him the story of Joseph to read: he had often heard it, but he was very much pleased to read it himself, and he asked a great many questions about it. He asked his mamma why the merchants carried their spices on camels, and not on horses.

Mamma. Camels are more useful in that part of the world.

Charles. Why, mamma?

Mamma. Because there are great deserts there, which the merchants have to travel over. There is very little water in those deserts. Now and then they come to a spring; and then they fill their water-skins with water, and use that till they come to another spring. If the merchants had horses with them, the horses would drink up too much of the water; but the camel can go many days without drinking. It has a stomach that it fills with water at the spring, and then it lives a long time without a fresh supply.

Charles. How long, mamma?

Mamma. I have read of camels going without a fresh supply of water for nine days.

Charles. Are they like the camel that I saw once?

Mamma. Yes, that camel was brought over the sea, in a ship.

Charles. But that was so tall, I do not know how men could put a burden on his back. He was taller than a man.

Mamma. He will kneel down when he is bidden; for though he is so big, he is very gentle. Then, when he kneels down, he is loaded or unloaded.

Charles. Is the camel of any use, except to carry burdens?

Mamma. Yes, the Arabs drink its milk, and eat its flesh, and make stuffs of its fine soft hair.

Charles. Do they shear the camel, then?

Mamma. No; the hair falls off every year, and

leaves it quite bare. Till the hair comes again, the Arabs smear it with pitch, that the flies may not trouble it.

Charles. How curious!

Mamma. The dromedary is a kind of camel. He has but one hunch on his back: the camel has two.

Charles. Mamma, I did not think Joseph would have been so kind to his brothers.

Mamma. Why not, my love?

Charles. They had been very unkind to him.

Mamma. Well.

Charles. And I thought, perhaps, he would have put them in prison, or not let them have any corn.

Mamma. They would have died in the famine.

Charles. Joseph could not love them much, for selling him for a slave into Egypt.

Mamma. My little dear, do you think it would have made Joseph happy to use his brothers ill? It might for a little while, and then he would have been very unhappy. He would have displeased God, and been angry with himself. But, by doing good to them instead of harm, he pleased God; and he had the comfort of having them and his father with him all the rest of his life. Was not that better than the pleasure of punishing them? My Charles remembers the verse I taught him about that.

Charles thought for a little while, and then said: *Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you.*

SPECIMENS
OF
BIBLE-TEACHING.

Extracts from the Preface to the "Bible-Teacher's Manual."

WITH schools established, as they now are, all over the country, both for the Sabbath and week-day—with Bibles, moreover, in almost every cottage—you might expect, among the young and middle-aged, much of that knowledge of the Bible which human teaching can give. You might expect, at least, a good acquaintance with its histories, its precepts, its doctrines, and the plainer of its prophecies.

And such a knowledge, though falling infinitely short of real conversion, is yet invaluable. It paves the way for conversion, prepares the mind for it, opens the understanding to understand exhortation, conveyed in Scriptural language, and under Scriptural allusion. Where this knowledge is not, you have every thing to do—the head to instruct, as well as the heart to touch. The very allusion which would explain your meaning the most clearly, has itself to be explained. For instance, what plainer illustration of the end and means of the Gospel, than that of our Lord himself, John iii. 14: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness"? But suppose a person knows nothing of the history referred to? I have myself, in reading this very chapter, to a poor and, I believe, a very good woman, found that she was unacquainted with the whole account contained in Numb. xxi. 5—9. Here, then, you have first to relate the history, and then explain the doctrine; and, after all, from a want of familiarity with the history, the doctrine gains no light from it, nay, perhaps, becomes confused and bewildering.

The fact is this. Some excellent men do not, I think, look upon their parish schools as the important things they really are: and some are necessarily so taken up with other parish duties, as not to have the requisite time for them. And, whatever may be the case in large towns, in villages it is a very difficult thing to meet with teachers who may, in any degree, make up for the absence of the clergyman. Not all pious persons are qualified for the task of at once interesting the affections and instructing the minds of children. So to question a class, as pretty much to get out all that is contained in a chapter, is not a thing to be expected from every one whose piety might urge him to a diligent attendance in a Sunday School. And it is to afford help to the plain and pious teacher, that the work has been attempted, of which the First Part is now offered to the public.

The points aimed at, are—the repetition of the whole history contained in the chapter, so that the learner's attention may be secured—an explanation of any thing difficult that has occurred, that he may read with understanding—a reference to other Scriptures bearing upon the chapter in reading, especially those which have gone before, that his memory may be kept awake—a suggestion of practical and spiritual topics, that his heart and conscience may be touched.

The answers to the questions are generally not put down, but a reference made to the Scriptures where they may be found. Some of the questions are included in brackets, (and indeed those in some whole chapters,) as not to be asked in a first reading of the Bible. But here, of course, something must be left to the judgment of the teacher. There is, however, not a single question in the whole which a well-educated child of six years old would not be able to answer.

And here I cannot but recommend, to all parents, the Bible, as the chief book in which their children are to be instructed. The Bible, read regularly through by a parent to a child, (I mean, of course, with those omissions which the understanding of the child requires—and they are much fewer than is generally imagined) would form, to both, one of the most profitable and delightful employments of the day;—provided that the parent were to make all that is read intelligible to the child: and, in doing this, the Author hopes he may receive some help from the present Work.

The questions have been compiled with Mr. Scott's most valuable notes and references continually at the Author's side.

EXPLANATION OF THE MARKS.

When the answer is contained in the chapter in reading, you are referred to the verse, or verses, by a figure, or figures.

If the answer is in some chapter of the same book, you are referred to the chapter and verse by numerals and figures.

Q. refers to some question or questions in some chapter before.

cf. means, *compare.*

f. m. l. refers you to the *former, middle,* or *latter* part of a verse.

GENESIS, CHAP. I.

1. How many days was God in making the world?—A. *Six.*
2. What was the world at first? 2.
3. What did God make the first day? 3.
4. How did God make, the light, and every thing else?—A. *By a word.* 3, 9, &c. Ps. xxxiii. 6.
5. What did God say of the light, when it was made? 4.
6. What was the work of the second day? 6, 7.
7. What is the firmament?—A. *Heaven,* i. e. *the sky and clouds.*
8. What is the firmament for? 6, 7.
9. What are the waters above the firmament?—A. *Rain.*
10. What are the waters under the firmament?—A. *Rivers, &c.*
11. What was the first work of the third day? 9.
12. What did God call the dry land? 10.
13. What did God call the gathering together of the waters? 10.
14. What did God do further on the third day? 11, 12.
15. How did God provide that the herbs and trees might remain continually on the earth without being continually created afresh?—A. *They had their seed in themselves.* 12.
16. Is not here one great difference between the works of God and of man?—A. *Yes.*
17. What was the work of the fourth day? 14.
18. What are these greater and lesser lights?—A. *The sun and moon.* 16.
19. What did God make on the fifth day? 20, 21.
20. What were the fowl and fish made out of? 20.
21. What was the first work of the sixth day? 24, 25.
22. What were the beast and cattle made out of? 24.
23. What did God make last? 26.
24. God said, "Let *us* make."—Did any one, then, help God in making man?
25. Whom, then, did God mean, when he said *Us*?—A. *God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.*

26. Where is it expressly said that God the Son made all things? John i. 1—3. Col. i. 16. Heb. i. 10.

[27. What is said about that also in the Nicene Creed?—A. *By whom all things were made.*']

28. Is it not said, also, that all things are upheld by Him? Heb. i. 3.

29. Where is it said that God the Holy Ghost assisted at the creation of the world? 2.

30. Whom was man made like? 26.

31. In what was man like God? In his body?

32. Has God a body?

33. What is God? John iv. 24.

34. In what, then, was man made like God?—A. *In his soul.*

35. How was his soul made like to God?—A. *In that he had understanding; but, chiefly, in that he was holy.*

36. Is man like God now?—A. *No.*

37. Whom does Christ say that men, by nature, are more like? John viii. 44.

38. In what are men like the devil? John viii. 44. James iii. 14, 15. 1 John iii. 8, 10, 12.

39. Can men ever become like God again? Eph. iv. 24.

40. How? John iii. 5.

41. Are men made entirely like God again in this world?—A. *No.* 1 John i. 8. Rom. vii. 18.

42. Shall the Christian be made entirely like God? 1 John iii. 2.

43. Shall not also our bodies be made like Christ's? Phil. iii. 21.

44. Over what did God give Adam dominion? 26. 28. Ps. viii. 6—8.

45. What did God give to man for his food? 29.

45. When God looked upon every thing, how did he find it? 31.

47. Is every thing very good now?—A. *No.*

48. What has made the difference?—A. *Sin.*

EXODUS, CHAP. XII.

1. What alteration did God command the Israelites to make in their year? 2.

2. What month had it been before?—A. *The seventh.*

3. What was it called?—A. *Abib*, or *Nisan.*

4. What time of the year was it in?—A. *March or April.*

5. Should the first-born of the Israelites as well as of the Egyptians be destroyed?

6. What were they ordered to do, that they might be spared? 7, 13.

7. What blood was this? 3.

8. When were they to choose out this lamb? 3.

9. And when to kill it? 6.

10. Was one lamb to serve for all the Israelites?—A. *No.* 3, *i.*

11. But suppose the family was small? 4.

12. What two points were they to observe, in choosing out the lamb? 5, *f.*

13. And what were they to observe, in killing it? 46, *l.*

14. At what time of the day was the lamb to be killed? 6, *l.*

15. What is that called, in the margin? 6, *marg.*

16. [What are we to understand by the two evenings?—A. *Probably the first began after noon, and the other at sunset; and so, 'between the two evenings' would answer to our afternoon.*]

17. Whereabouts were they to strike the blood? 7.

18. How? 22.

19. And what to do with the flesh? 8.

20. How drest? and with what? 8, 9.

21. How were the Israelites afterwards commanded to dress all those parts of the offerings which were eaten?—A. *By boiling, as appears from* Lev. vi. 28.

22. The whole of it? 9, *l.*

23. And if any part should be left? 10.

24. In what posture, and how, were they to eat it? 11.

25. And where were they to remain all night? 22, *l.*

26. What is the lamb called? 11, *l.*

27. Why?—A. *Because the Lord passed over the houses of the Israelites; and did not enter in, to smite their first-born.* 13, 23, 27.

28. Now this passover, or paschal lamb, was a type of Christ. 1 Cor. v. 7, *l.* How can sinners be saved from the wrath of God which will be revealed at the Last Day?—A. *Only by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.* Acts xvi. 30, 31.

29. What is Christ called in the New Testament? John i. 29.

30. What was signified by the paschal lamb's being "without blemish"?—A. *That Christ should be without spot of sin.* 1 Pet. i. 19. ii. 21—23.

31. What was signified by its being "a male of the first year"? A. *Perhaps, that our Lord should suffer in the prime of life.*

32. What was our Lord's age when he was crucified?—A. *About thirty-three, or thirty-four.*

33. Why was it ordered that no bone of the lamb should be broken? John xix. 32, 33, 36.

34. At what time of day did our Lord die?—A. *About the ninth hour, that is, about three o'clock in the afternoon.* Matt. xxvii. 46, 50.

35. What was meant by the Israelites "striking of the blood on the lintel and the door-posts?"—A. *Believers having the blood of Christ sprinkled upon their hearts and consciences.*

36. What do you mean by that?—A. *Their trusting alone for the saving of their souls to the blood of Christ, as the Israelites did for the saving of their first-born to the blood of the lamb.*

37. What was meant by the bunch of hyssop?—A. *Faith, whereby the blood of Christ is, as it were, sprinkled on the heart.*

38. Would it have done the Israelites any good, if the lamb had been killed, but the blood not sprinkled on the door?—A. *No.*

39. Will it do us any good that Christ has died, if we do not by faith apply His blood to our own hearts?

40. Why was the blood to be sprinkled elsewhere, but not on the floor?—A. *That we might account the blood of Christ most holy, and not as a thing to be trampled on, or thought lightly of.* Heb. x. 28, 29.

41. Why was the lamb to be roasted with fire?—A. *As representing the agonies of our dying Lord in the garden and on the cross.*

42. What is fire often the type of?—A. *The wrath of God.*

43. Did Christ, then, the dearly beloved Son, suffer under the wrath of the Father?—A. *Yes, because our sins were imputed to him.* Isaiah liii. 6, *l.*

44. What are we to understand by the Israelites eating the paschal lamb?—A. *Believers feeding in their hearts by faith upon Christ.* John vi. 51—56.

45. Why were the Israelites commanded to eat every part of the lamb, and to leave none unto the morning?—A. *To show that we must promptly, and without putting off, receive Christ altogether, his righteousness and his sanctification, his crown and his cross.* 2 Tim. ii. 11, 12.

46. What was meant by the Israelites putting away leaven out of their houses?—A. *The believer's putting away hypocrisy and malice and wickedness out of his heart, all which, in the New Testament, are compared to leaven.* Luke xii. 1. 1 Cor. v. 8.

47. What was meant by the bitter herbs with which the lamb was eaten?—A. *Perhaps, repentance and self-denial, and mortification of sin.*

48. What was meant by the posture in which the Israelites ate the passover?—A. *The posture of Christians who go forth now from a world that lieth in wickedness, from a "house of bondage," and are waiting to be delivered from a body of sin and death.* Luke xii. 35, 36. 1 Pet. i. 13.

49. What was signified by the order not to go out of their houses until the morning?—A. *The continued trust of Christians in Christ alone, till the hour of death, which is the morning of their better life.*

50. How long were they to eat unleavened bread? 15.

51. And if any one should eat leaven in that time? 15, *l.*

52. Which of those days, in particular, were to be observed? 16.

53. How? 16.

54. What is a holy convocation?—A. *An assembly for religious purposes.*

55. Was the passover ever to be kept again? 14, 24.

56. What was it likely their children would do, when they saw them afterwards observing the passover? 26.

57. What were they to answer their children? 27.

58. What would the Lord do that night to the Egyptians, besides destroying their first-born? 12, *l.*

59. When the people heard all this from Moses, how did they express their assent? 27, *l.* 28.

60. What was heard that night in Egypt? 30.

61. Was the judgment upon all? 30, *l.*

62. What was Pharaoh's permission now? 31, 32.

63. And what was his request? 32, *l.*

64. Is not this often the request of wicked men, in the day of their calamity, to holy men whom, in their prosperity, they have hated and despised?

65. What else was there to hasten forth the Israelites? 33.

66. How did this haste of the Egyptians tend to the fulfilling of the Word of God?—A. *It made them willing to lend the Israelites whatever they wanted.* 35, 36.

67. And how did this haste tend to the right observance of the passover?—*It obliged the Israelites to go forth with their dough unleavened.* 34, 39.

68. How many were the Israelites, who went up out of Egypt? 37.

69. Who went with them? 38.

70. Why should they go up?—A. *Perhaps out of fear; or out of curiosity; or having intermarried with the Israelites.*

71. What are these "four hundred and thirty years?"—A. *Probably, from the time of God's calling Abram.* Gen. xii. 1.

72. Why is it said, "even the self-same day?"—A. *That we may remember that God's words shall most punctually come to pass.*

73. What is said of that night when the Israelites came out from Egypt? 42.

74. Should not all God's gracious providences be observed and remembered by us? Psalm lxxvii. 11, 12.

75. Why?—A. *To make us thankful, and to encourage us in times of difficulty and distress.*

76. Might any one besides the Israelites eat the passover?—A. *If they were circumcised.* 43—45, 48, 49.

77. In which of the Psalms are the plagues of Egypt described? Psalm lxxviii. 42—51. cv. 26—36.

EXODUS, Chap. XXV.

1. What offerings did God now require? 3—7.

2. Who were to bring these offerings? 2, *l.*

3. And who are to bring offerings to God now? 2 Cor. ix. 7.

4. What were these offerings for? 8.

5. What is a sanctuary?—A. *A holy place set apart to God, such as the tabernacle, the temple, synagogues, churches, chapels.*

6. What is God's temple or church now?—A. *All real believers in Jesus Christ, throughout the world.* Eph. ii. 20—22. 1 Cor. vi. 19.

7. How was Moses to make this sanctuary? 9.

8. What is a tabernacle?—A. *A tent, or kind of house made with posts and curtains, easily taken down and put up, and carried about.*

9. And what was the tabernacle here spoken of?—A. *The church, which was to be carried about with the Israelites in the wilderness, and put up wherever they stopped.*

10. What was the first thing commanded to be made? 10, *f.*

11. What was the size of this ark or box? 10.

12. And what is a cubit?—A. *A foot and three quarters.*

13. And what was the ark made of? 10, *f*, 11.

14. What was this crown of gold?—A. *A border or rim round the ark.*

15. What contrivance was made for the carrying of the ark? 12—15.

16. What was to be put into this box of shittim-wood?—A. *The testimony, or the two tables of stone containing the Ten Commandments.* 16.

17. What was the mercy-seat?—A. *A lid to be put upon the ark.* 21, *f.*

18. Made of what? 17, *f.*

19. And what was to be made upon the mercy-seat? 18, 19.

20. Made of what? *The same piece of gold as the mercy-seat.* 19, *k.*

21. What are cherubim?—A. *Angels.*

22. And how were these cherubim to be made?—A. *With their wings spread out on high, covering the mercy-seat, their faces towards one another, and stooping towards the ark.* 20.

23. Why was this lid called the mercy-seat?—A. *Because God would dwell there, and meet those in mercy who came to meet Him there.* 22.

24. What is God called on this account? Psalm lxxx. 1, *l.*

25. The mercy-seat was a type of Christ. What then did its bars of gold signify?—A. *The excellency of Christ's person.*

26. What was signified by its having, beneath, the tables of commandments?—A. *The perfect holiness of Christ, according to the commandments of God.*

27. What was signified by God's meeting Moses there?—A. *That we can only find God, as a God of mercy, in Christ.* 2 Cor. v. 19, *f.*

28. What emblem had we of this before? Gen. xxviii. 12, 13, *f.* 13—15.

29. What are we to understand by the cherubim stooping over the mercy-seat?—A. *That the angels desire to inquire into the wonders of salvation by Christ Jesus.* Eph. iii. 10. 1 Pet. i. 12, *l.*

30. What is the next thing commanded to be made? 23.

31. Of what? and of what size? and with what ornaments and furniture? 23—25, 29.

32. How to be carried? 26—28.

33. What was to be put on this table? 30.

34. What was that?—A. *Twelve loaves of bread continually set on this table before the Lord, and new every Sabbath.* Lev. xxiv. 5—8.

[35. What may this shew-bread signify to us?—A. *That in God's House there is bread, even bread for the soul.*]

36. Of what was the candlestick made? 31, *f.*

37. How many lights in this candlestick?—A. *Seven*, 37; *one in the shaft, and six in the branches.*

38. What were the lights supplied with? 6, *f.*

39. What was this candlestick typical of?—A. *The light which is in the House of God, from the illumination of the Holy Spirit.*

40. With what was Moses particularly charged? 40.

41. What does that teach us?—A. *That in the worship of God we are not to follow our own devices, but His revealed will.*

With similar assiduity, Mr. Neale pursued this plan of education, even in his letters. The following little notes, written to his son, then quite young, will exemplify his earnest desire to render the Holy Scriptures both intelligible and attractive. The letters are given, as will be clearly seen, without any alteration.

Those who have been pursuing a similar plan, will readily believe the interest with which the Bible, with its marginal references, was taken down, and the leaves eagerly turned over to find the corresponding passages; and the unwillingness with which the employment was relinquished, when the time allotted was spent; which was always limited to a short period, so that the whole of the texts quoted were never allowed to be found out at one time.

MY DEAR LITTLE BOY,

I SHOULD enjoy to be with Mamma and all of you on Christmas-day: and as I cannot be with you to read the Bible with you and to teach you, I have sent you a list of the principal texts I could find, which will show you how Joseph was a type of Christ. I have put the texts about Joseph on one side, and those about Christ on the other; and you may find them all out, first those on line 1, then 2, and so on: *f.* means the former part of the verse, and *l.* the latter. Give my love to Susannee.

Your affectionate Papa.

PART I.

1. Gen. xxxvii. 3, *f.*		Matt. iii. 17.
2.	4.	John vii. 7. and xv. 18.
3.	8.	Luke xix. 14. and John xix. 15

4. Gen. xxxvii.	11, *l.*	Luke ii. 19, 51.
5.	18.	Matt. xxi. 37.
6.	18.	..... 38. and John i. 11.
7.	20, *l.*	..... xxvii. 39—43.
8.	23.	John xix. 23, 24.
9.	28.	Matt. xxvi. 14, 15.
10.	35.	Luke xxiv. 21. and John xvi. 22.
11. ..... xxxix.	17, 18.	Matt. xxvi. 59, 60.
12.	20.	..... xxvii. 59, 60, 66.

PART II.

13. Gen. xli. ...	14.	Acts ii. 24.
14.	38.	Isaiah xi. 1, 2.
15.	41.	Matt. xxviii. 18. and Eph. i. 20—22.
16.	43.	Philippians ii. 9, 10.
17.	55.	John xvi. 23. and Eph. i. 3.
18. ..... xlv....	3, *f.*	Acts ix. 5.
19.	3, *l.*	Mark vi. 50.
20.	10.	John xiv. 2, 3.
21.	13.	..... xvii. 24.
22.	24.	..... xv. 12, 17.
23.	28.	Luke ii. 29, 30.
24. ..... xlvi...	4, *l.*	Psalm xxiii. 4.
25. ..... xlviii.	2.	John xi. 3. and Psalm xli. 3.

PAPA has sent his little boy some beautiful references. The texts in the first column contain an account of the things mentioned: those in the second tell you of the wonders that God does by them; and those in the third give you an emblem, or something that you should think of when you see them.

	SUN.	
Ps. xix. 4, *l.* 5, 6. Eccl. xi. 7.	Isa. xxxviii. 8. Matt. xxvii. 45.	Matt. xiii. 43.
	MOON.	
Ps. civ. 19.	Josh. x. 12, 13.	Ps. viii. 3, 4.
	STARS.	
Gen. i. 16, *l.* Job ix. 9. Ps. cxlvii. 4.		Gen. xv. 5. Dan. xii. 3.

CLOUD.

Job xxvi. 8.	Ps. cv. 39.	Hosea vi. 4. ..... xiii. 3.

SNOW.

Job xxxvi. 6, 7. Ps. cxlvii. 16.		Isa. lv. 10, 11.

RAIN.

Job xxxvi. 27, 28.	Ps. lxv. 10, 11.	Ps. lxxii. 6.

HAIL.

Job xxxviii. 22, 23.	Ex. ix. 23. Josh. x. 11.	Isa. xxviii. 2.

LIGHTNING.

Jer. x. 13. Job xxxviii. 35.	Ex. xix. 16.	Matt. xxiv. 27.

WIND.

Prov. xxx. 4. Eccl. i. 6.	Ps. cxlviii. 8, 7. Jonah i. 4.	Acts ii. 2—4.

VAPOUR.

Ps. cxxxv. 7.	Gen. ii. 6.	James iv. 14.

MY DEAR LITTLE LOVE,

I WAS obliged to get up this morning before it was light; and the man that takes the letter-bags to the mail-coach came and drove me to the coach in his little chaise. By-and-bye it began to get a little lighter, and all the east was a beautiful bright yellow; and up rose the sun, and made every thing look beautiful. Look at Genesis xix. 23.

Your affectionate Papa.

EMBLEMS,

AND

HYMNS IN PROSE.

Emblems.

THE SETTING SUN.

THE sun is setting; the light is going.—It is set; we have lost the sun.—No, Little-one, the sun will rise again, amidst glowing clouds, to-morrow, and ride in brightness through the clear blue sky.

Little-one, as the sun sinks behind the hills to-night, and looks no longer on this part of the earth, so ere long must thou go to the grave, and no more behold the things of this world. But he that loves our Lord shall not be lost: he shall be raised from the grave, more glorious than to-morrow's sun, and "shall shine as the brightness of the firmament," yea "as the stars, for ever and ever." Dan. xii. 3.

TEXTS.

Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth; my flesh also shall rest in hope. For Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption. Thou wilt

show me the path of life: in Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.—Psalm xvi. 9—11.

Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun, in the kingdom of their Father.—Matt. xiii. 43.

Behold, I show you a mystery: We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.—1 Cor. xv. 51—53.

THE SEED'S PRODUCE.

My Little-one, dost thou love a garden? dost thou sow thy seeds in spring? That which thou sowest, thou expectest to see spring up. If thou sowest the fragrant mignionette or the elegant balsam, in time thou shalt delight thyself with the sweet scent and beautiful blossom; but if thou sowest weeds, the flaunting poppy or the noxious nightshade, with weeds must thy garden be overspread.

Thus, if thou sowest folly and sin, what canst thou expect but folly and sin to spring up? And their flower is short-lived as the poppy, and their fruit deadly as the berries of the nightshade. But if thou, by grace, dost sow the seeds of repentance and faith, thou mayest wait awhile ere they burst

into flower; but that flower shall be bright and lasting, and the fruit shall be glory.

TEXTS.

Be not deceived: God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting. And let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.—Gal. vi. 7—9.

Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.—Psalm xcvii. 11.

For they have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind: it hath no stalk: the bud shall yield no meal: if so be it yield, the strangers shall swallow it up.—Hosea viii. 7.

Sow to yourselves in righteousness; reap in mercy; break up your fallow ground: for it is time to seek the Lord, till he come and rain righteousness upon you.—Hosea x. 12.

Even as I have seen, they that plow iniquity, and sow wickedness, reap the same.—Job iv. 8.

THE STONY WASTE.

I have seen a waste of stones, with scarcely any thing of soil amongst them. Yet, even there, were one or two solitary flowers in blossom. The wind

had scattered there the seeds; the dews of heaven had fallen upon them; the little germs within had found something wherein to strike root; and the plants had sprung up, and flowered unobserved. Those plants shall wither there and decay, and form a vegetable mould, the fit receptacle of other seeds, that shall spring up into other flowers, till the stony waste be covered with soil, and the soil with verdure and bloom.

Thus are the seeds of the Gospel carried abroad into heathen lands: thus are they fostered by the blessed Spirit of God; thus do they find in one or two happy hearts a soil wherein to strike: and thus do they spring up into the beautiful flower of a holy life. And thus do the holy life and happy death of every saint of God afford a precious help to the preached Gospel; and the soil becomes deeper and the verdure extends further, till, according to the sure word of prophecy, the whole waste of heathen land be turned into "the garden of the Lord."—Isaiah li. 3.

TEXTS.

And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth: and it was so. And the earth brought forth grass; and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself,

after his kind; and God saw that it was good. Gen. i. 11, 12.

Is it not yet a very little while, and Lebanon shall be turned into a fruitful field, and the fruitful field shall be esteemed as a forest? Isaiah xxix. 17.

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing; the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it; the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God. Isaiah xxxv. 1, 2.

THE VIOLET.

Hast thou passed by the hedge-row at eventide? and has a delicious fragrancy been all about thee, and thou knewest not whence it came? Hast thou searched and found the sweet violet, hidden beneath its leaves, and known that it was that which gave its odours to the air around thee?

Thus, my child, should the Christian make sweet the place of his abode, with the perfume of his good deeds; and thus, in all humility, should he endeavour to remain unnoticed himself. When thou seest the hungry fed and the naked clothed, the sick man visited and the widow comforted, search, and thou shalt find the flower whence all

this odour arose: thou shalt find full often, that the Christian hath been there, constrained by the love of Christ.

TEXTS.

Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south! blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out!—Canticles iv. 16.

But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth; that thine alms may be in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret himself, shall reward thee openly.—Matt. vi. 3, 4.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.—Matt. v. 16.

THE STARRY HEAVEN.

Lift up thine eyes to the nightly sky, and behold it sown with stars. So many, so beautiful, so bright are the people of God; and such hereafter shall they appear in a better heaven. Canst thou behold the whole number of the stars? No; some are stars of the other hemisphere, and never rise above thy horizon: and some in the depths of space cannot be discovered by thine eye, unassisted by the telescope. Canst thou number the people of God? No: multitudes are in other kingdoms,

and climates, where thine eye shall never behold them; and multitudes are already gathered before the throne of God, in a state and in a blessedness which, here below, thou canst not understand. Seest thou, too, how large and bright are some of the heavenly luminaries—how small and dim are others? So it is with the people of the Lord. To what faith, what fervent love, what holy devotedness, have some attained! and how far behind are others!

TEXTS.

And He brought him forth abroad, and said, Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them: and he said unto him, So shall thy seed be.—Gen. xv. 5.

Who can count the dust of Jacob, and the number of the fourth part of Israel?—Numbers xxiii. 10.

He telleth the number of the stars: he calleth them all by their names.—Psalm cxlvii. 4.

There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory.—1 Cor. xv. 41.

FROST.

See the earth bound up by frost. All nature seemeth dead; there is no circulation of her juices: thou canst not guess at her wondrous powers. But

let a gentle warmth pervade the atmosphere, and what a change! For a while, indeed, the air is overcharged with moisture, and thou couldest almost wish for a frost again. But the frozen soil unbindeth, the congealed juices move, the bud beginneth to unwrap itself in the hedge-row, the snow-drop and the crocus and the hepatica to peep forth in the garden. Thou enjoyest the delightful change.

Oh, most expressive picture of the change that is wrought in the heart of man by the sweet influences of grace! Look at the natural heart, and thou canst not know its capabilities: thou canst not recognise the thing that God made, and made in His own likeness. It is frost-bound; it is dead. But let the Holy Spirit brood thereon: for a time, indeed, the sweet effect may be unseen, amidst fear and overwhelming sorrows; but wait, and thou shalt see the change, the softening, the expansion, the bud that is bursting into leaves, the blossom that is promising the beautiful fruits of holiness.

TEXTS.

By the breath of God, frost is given, and the breadth of the waters is straitened.—Job xxxvii. 10.

He casteth forth his ice like morsels; who can stand before his cold? He sendeth out his word, and melteth them: he causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.—Psalm cxlvii. 17, 18.

For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth.—Canticles, ii. 11, 12.

And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins.—Ephes. ii. 1.

Hymns in Prose.

THE SABBATH.

It is the day of rest, the Sabbath of our God. There is silence, and a pleasant calm in the fields and lanes. The plough lies idle in the furrow: the waggon creaks not along the road: the barn is shut: for the ploughman, the waggoner, and the thrasher lay by, for a time, their work: the cattle, too, cease from their labours, and graze quietly in the green fields. Let us praise God for his day of rest, for his holy Sabbath. Labour is the curse of sin*: to-day the curse ceases awhile, and we enter into rest†. Let us praise our God; for He is good; for his mercy endureth for ever‡.

Chorus. For He is good; for his mercy endureth for ever.

There is one house open to-day: it is the House of God. There is one sound over the fields and lanes, on the hills, and in the valley: the bells

* Gen. iii. 19. † Heb. iv. 3. ‡ Psalm cxxxvi. 1.

from the village-church. Thither the labourers are hastening, with their wives and children, in their Sunday-clothes, and with cheerful faces. Still, as they go, the bell invites them; and the white spire glitters in the sunshine. Happy labourers, and happy children! this day the Lord allows you whole, that you may hear his Word, and sing his praises; that your bodies may rest from the labours of this world, and your souls be refreshed with good tidings* from another. Let us praise our God, for He is good; for his mercy endureth for ever.

Chorus. For He is good; for his mercy endureth for ever.

This day, ere the sun was risen†, our Saviour left the sepulchre, where he had lain for us. Let us think of his love; let us sing his praises. The disciples and the women, wept, that their Lord was taken from them; that the grave had shut him in; that they should see him no more. But the grave could not hold him‡. An angel hath rolled away the stone§; and the Lord is risen indeed‖. This day he comforted Mary, as she wept¶; sent a message of love to repenting Peter**; made the hearts of the two disciples at Emmaus burn within them††; and said unto the eleven that were gathered together, Peace be unto you‡‡. This day let us, like them, be glad§§; let us talk of his love; let us

* Luke ii. 10. † John xx. 1. ‡ Acts ii. 24. § Matt. xxviii. 2.
‖ Luke xxiv. 34. ¶ John xx. 15. ** Mark xvi. 7.
†† Luke xxiv. 32. ‡‡ Luke xxiv. 33—36. §§ John xx. 20.

praise him, for He is good; for his mercy endureth for ever.

Chorus. For He is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

But a few hours, and this day must end: the House of God will be shut, and the voice of praise there will be hushed. To-morrow the labourer must return to his labours, and the cattle to their work. But ere long, an everlasting Sabbath shall rise! ere long, the redeemed from the earth * shall meet in God's own house above; and from angels and archangels, from the living creatures before the throne, from the seraphim with their six wings †, from the harpers harping with their harps ‡, from the great multitude which no man can number §, shall one eternal song arise—"To Him that loved us ‖!" Then shall we know, indeed, that He is good, that his mercy endureth for ever.

Chorus. That He is good; that his mercy endureth for ever.

THE BIBLE.

As the lamp, which in the dark night, and over the rough and winding road of the traveller, when far from home, throws its light around the feet, and

* Rev. xiv. 3.
† Isaiah vi. 2.
‡ Rev. xiv. 2.
§ Rev. vii. 9.
‖ Rev. i. 5.

shows him where he may safely tread; even thus, in a benighted world, where are so many paths that lead astray, and the end of those paths is death, where is but one straight and narrow way that leadeth unto eternal life—even thus doth the Bible afford its heavenly light to the traveller towards Zion; *and Thy word is a lamp unto my feet.*

As the bud which the gardener grafteth into the wild and bitter stock, which straightway infuseth virtue into it, making it to yield new and delightful fruit—even thus doth the Bible, when received with faith into the evil heart of man, send forth a healing power there, making it to bring forth the fruits of the Spirit, and becoming *the engrafted word, which is able to save* the soul.

As the pure and sweet milk ministereth nourishment to the infant, and maketh it to grow and thrive, and wax strong and beautiful—even thus doth the Bible give its wholesome nutriment to the children of God, and they grow firm in faith and fervent in love, being fed *with the sincere milk of the Word.*

Yet the nightly traveller must look carefully to his steps, or in vain will the lamp lend its light unto him; and carefully must Zion's pilgrim look to the Word of God, and order his goings thereby, or he will stumble in the light.

Yet the bud must be received within the rind of the tree, must sprout and fructify there, or the fruit will still be wild and bitter. And into the inmost

heart must the Word of God be received, in the heart must it live and spring; or it cannot bring forth fruit in the life.

Yet the babe must come to the breast with the appetite of health, and digest the milk aright, or it pineth away in the very midst of nourishment. And eagerly must the Word of God be desired, and inwardly must it be digested; or how shall not the child of God also languish and consume away?

THE HARVEST.

Dost thou love, O Little-one, to see the ripe brown corn waving in the fields? Dost thou love to hear the rustling of the ears, when the wind gently passeth over them? Dost thou love to see the sun-burnt harvest-man putting in the sickle, and binding up the wheat in the sheaves? Dost thou love to watch the wain, with its yellow load? or to hear the flail of the labourer sounding upon the barn-floor?

Remember, Little-one, that before the reaper can reap with delight, the husbandman must sow with care; before the field can look gay with its yellow harvest, it must be plowed and harrowed by the strong arm of the peasant. The useless weed springeth up without culture; but corn, that is

for the use of man, groweth not without care, and toil, and anxious thought, and patient waiting!

Wouldest thou be as the weed that is gay for a moment, that is of no profit to any one, and leaveth no remembrance? Or, wouldest thou be as the wheat, that is long before it is ripe, but when it is brought to maturity, maketh the whole face of the earth glad, and strengtheneth the limbs, and rejoiceth the heart of man?

If thou, then, wouldest be useful in thy day, if thou wouldest have men reap fruit from thee, remember, that now must thy mind be plowed and sown, now must the lesson of wisdom be dropped in, now must we labour and have patience, now is the seed-time, and by-and-bye shall be the harvest.

Dost thou love, O Little-one, to see the vine, with its ripening clusters, amidst green leaves and curling tendrils? Dost thou love to taste its luscious fruit, or to wet thy lips with the red wine?

Remember, that before the grapes appear, the gardener must be busy in lopping and training the branches; before the vintage, must come the pruning-time; else would the sap waste itself in useless boughs, and in autumn thou wouldest find leaves instead of fruit.

So, if thou wouldest be pleasant among men, if thou wouldest have them to delight in thee, thy temper must be trained, and thy evil passions be lopped away; else wilt thou run to waste, and produce no good fruit.

Can the husbandman make the corn to grow, or can the gardener make the grapes to ripen? Is it the plough that causeth the wheat to spring up, or the pruning-knife that produceth the clusters of the vine?

No, it is God that maketh the corn to grow, and produceth the clusters of the vine. His showers cause the wheat to spring, and the grape to swell; and it is His sun that ripeneth them.

Can the teaching of man make thee good and useful? Can the lesson of wisdom make thee wise unto salvation?

No, Little-one! Pray to God, and He will teach thee; cry unto Him, and He will bless thee. If He teach thee, thou wilt be wise: if He bless thee, thou wilt be good and happy.

POEMS.

SCADBURY GROVE.

ON LEAVING SCHOOL.

Les moindres faits de ce temps-là me plaisent, par cela seul qu'ils sont de ce temps là ——*Rousseau.*

Now steals th' eleventh year away,
Since first within this grove I stray,
O'ercome with pleasing fear:
'Twas novelty that charm'd before,
But novelty is now no more,
And habit makes thee dear.

I know each alley and each glade,
Each bank that offers noon-tide shade,
Or sun at shut of day;
I know where Spring's first violet blows,
Or lingers the last wilding rose,
That scents the silent way.

Ah me! as thus alone I rove,
How former pleasures fill the grove!
From every dusky glen
Forth seems an ancient friend to start,
That shared my walks, that shared my heart,
And join'd my boyish strain.

Awhile we play'd thine elms beneath,
And softer seem'd the gale to breathe,
And lovelier went the day:—
They part, where choice of fortune leads,
And still another race succeeds,
As thoughtless and as gay.

Thus, on thy boughs of giant size,
The quivering leaves successive rise,
And flourish but to fall:
When Autumn strips the fading year,
Again the folding buds appear,
And wait the Zephyr's call.

By Isis one the Muses lead,
And some along the classic mead
That Camus loves to lave;
Some lightly weave the thoughtless dance;
And now, perhaps, the sport of chance,
One plows th' Atlantic wave.

Me too shall envious cloister, soon,
And silent cell, and studious gown,
Bid leave thy haunts behind;
To scan the heavens, the depths explore,
And sow with mathematic lore
The fertile fields of Mind:—

Yet never, Scadbury! to forget
The dearest spot I've look'd on yet,
Thy venerable grove;
Where I have spent, in weal or woe,
Those choicest hours that mortals know,
And spent with those I love.

"HERSELF A FAIRER FLOWER."

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

She planted me that lovely flower,
She watched it day by day,
She fed it with the kindly shower,
She kept the blast away;
And now, the Summer-season's come,
The lovely flower is full in bloom.

'Tis full in bloom, and all for me,
And for my gay parterre;
Come, Autumn! and I'll take the tree,
And gently plant it there:
And oh, the joy, to watch it grow,
And think, "Before, she watch'd it so!"

She watch'd it so, the lovely maid,
"Herself a fairer flower,"
Blooming beneath the quiet shade
Of that dear parent-bower;
Blooming, oh, might I say for me,
In unambitious privacy!

Oh, might I say it!—might I too,
Like that, transplant thee hither!
Have thee for ever in my view,
To bloom when that shall wither!
As thou hast watch'd o'er that for me,
Oh, so might I watch over thee!

TO HIS WIFE.

IN SICKNESS.

I SAID, I would love thee in want or in wealth,
Through cloud and through sunshine, in sickness, in health:
And fear not, my love, when thy spirits are weak,—
The troth I have plighted I never may break.

Aye, sickness;—I know it, long day upon day,
But the sun must come through, and the clouds melt away;
Melt away every vapour, and leave upon high
Not a spot, not a speck, in the Midsummer-sky.

Aye, sickness;—but sickness it touches the heart
With a feeling, where how many feelings have part!
There 's a magic in soothing the wearisome hour;
Pity rears up the stem, and Hope looks for the flower.

The rose smells as sweetly in sunshine and air,
But the green-house has all our affection and care:
The lark sings as nobly while soaring above,
But the bird that we nurse is the bird that we love.

I have loved thee in sickness; I'll love thee in health;
And, if want be our portion, why love be our wealth:
Thy comfort in sorrow, thy stay when most weak,
The troth I have plighted I never will break.

THE GARDEN'S REFUSE.

TO THE SAME.

THOU askest a nosegay:—the garden is reft;
The choice of the flowers, the prime of the trees,
All rifled; not one have the pilferers left;
They have pilfer'd, these ages past, all at their ease.

The poets have stolen the lily and rose
For the cheeks of their mistresses, time out of mind;
And the bay and the laurel, as every one knows,
Are theirs round their own flowing tresses to bind.

The myrtle ('twas Venus's shrub) gives its leaves,
Its leaves and its buds, to the breast of the lover;
And the vine-leaf and ivy the Bacchanal weaves
In a chaplet, his rosy-red temples to cover.

The holly and mistletoe's dark glossy sheen
We place in our halls in the old Christmas-tide,
To shelter the spirits that sport in their green,
But the keen cutting blasts may no longer abide.

The maid that's forsaken must crown her with willow;
For remembrance there's rosemary, daisies for thought;
We scatter the poppy on sickness's pillow;
And the wreath of the hopeless, of cypress is wrought.

A chaplet of oak is the meed of the chief,
Who hath rescued his fellow in battle and blood;
And the robin hath hallow'd the strawberry-leaf
To the poor little babies that died in the wood.

Then ask for a nosegay!—the garden is reft;
The choice of the flowers, the prime of the trees,
All rifled:—no! yet there's a floweret left,—
May I gather it for thee?—the gentle Heart's-ease.

ON THE BIRTH OF HIS SISTER'S INFANT.

Could I, like gifted seer, turn
At will from things that are,
And, through the mist of years, discern
The future as it were;

I would not know an empire's date,
A monarch's short career;
But I would learn thy humbler fate,
Thy noiseless fortunes here.

And yet, thou may'st be mark'd by Heaven
For deeds of deathless fame;
And I, a worthless bard, be given
To sanctify thy name.

Perchance, in after years, thine eye
Shall wake to watch the realm;
And our good ship ride merrily,
Thou, baby, at the helm.

Perchance the field shall be thy care;
And, in the day of woe,
Thou 'lt bid thy shouting myriads spare
The remnant of the foe.

Yet far more happy, as I deem,
More happy and more wise,
Content with conscious self-esteem,
And Heaven's approving eyes.

Let others emulate at will
The torrent's wasting force;—
Be thou the fertilizing rill,
Whose soft and silent course

Leaves nothing for the traveller's eye
To mark where it hath been,
But, mid the meadows summer-dry,
A tract of darkest green.

He died at the age of two years.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT NEPHEW.

TO HIS SISTER.

(MS.)

"WHILES there was hope, I wept and pray'd;
For, weeping, praying, still I said,
'Who knows if He above may spare
The child of tears and bitter prayer?'

"The child is dead!—How short an hour
Hath dimm'd the radiance of that flower!
In vain I wept, in vain I pray'd;—
The child, the dearly lov'd, is dead."

In vain thy weeping, praying?—No;—
It is thy Father—say not so;
That prayer, that silent agony,
If not for him, was heard for thee.

Is there not virtue in this hour?—
Affliction hath a holy power:
'Tis then that faith best shows its worth,
As the bruis'd leaf breathes fragrance forth.

Once more, the child of so much love
Has join'd thy family above;
And rising, vanishing from view,
Calls thy affections upward too.

November 15th, 1819.

OLD AGE.

TO HIS MOTHER, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.*

SINCE first I learnt to welcome in
Thy birth-morn with a lay,
Dear Mother, twice three years have been—
Have been and past away;
And lightly have they past with me,
In song and thoughtless revelry.

And yet, I've mark'd thee growing weak,
And, not without a sigh,
Have seen less bloom upon thy cheek,
Less lustre in thine eye;
Have heard thee, backward to complain,
Yet speak of weariness and pain.

I've thought sometimes the hour was near
When we must meet no more,
And I be left deserted here
For ever to deplore
The smile, without whose power to bless
This world would seem a wilderness.

* See Memoir, p. 8.

But moods like these would pass away,
And gayer hopes arise,
Hopes that would yet awhile delay
Thy passage to the skies,
To bless thy sons, and bless the poor,
With many a cheerful winter more.

Nor deem we every joy forsakes
The head that's hoary; though
The harp for him no music makes,
For him no flowerets blow;
Though falters every wither'd limb,
And every worn-out sense is dim.

True, growing years the body wear;
But can they reach the soul?
The joys thou hast are seated there,
And mock their poor controul;
For o'er those joys no sorrowing hour,
Not pain, not age, not death, has power.

Ask we those joys?—Can age erase
The memory of the past?
Those pleasures, which our early days
Have treasur'd for our last?
No; past the sound, its echo lives,
And the dead rose fresh fragrance gives:

And every good our hand has done,
How small soe'er it be,
The portion'd daughter, 'prentic'd son,
The prisoner set free;
All these are still in memory's store
These still are left;—and ask we more?

And then, if Fancy's frolic powers,
And Hope's gay visions die,
Those better feelings still are ours
That cheer'd the days gone by;
Though glowing with a milder ray,
Sweet sunset of a summer-day.

Friendship, like wine, with every year
Improving, ne'er is old;
And when did converse fail to cheer
The heart of human mould;
Or filial tenderness to 'suage
The natural aches of drooping age?

Said I, that Hope's gay dreams are gone?
There 's one that is not past;
One that grows bright as years come on,
And brightest at the last;
For, as thou bidst this world adieu,
A better opens to thy view.

O, ask the seaman what he feels,
His voyage almost o'er,
And nothing now but night conceals
His own, his native shore;—
Ev'n that thou feel'st, my mother dear,
Thy home, thy heav'n, thy God so near!

THE BASKET OF HOPE.

Now weave me a basket, that's frail, but fair,
For the things that fairest and frailest are;
I'll pluck the sweet hopes of the earliest year,
The gift to the broken heart that's dear.

First, broken heart, I pull for thee
The folding bud of the lilac-tree;
It took its seat when the boughs were bare
And kept it the live-long winter there.
Here's the snow-drop, that cleft the frozen ground,
When there was not a peep of green around:
Here's the primrose, that flower'd a day too soon,
Beguil'd by a warm and sunny noon:
Here's the beautiful blue of an April morn:
Here's the earliest flower of the sweet May-thorn!
Here's the first cuckoo-note that is heard in the air,
When the winds are hush, and the sky is fair:
Here's the egg of the lark: here's the wild bee's hum,
Wheeling above the strawberry-bloom;
Here's the almond-blossom; is't not gay?
But keep the hail and frost away:
And three green ears of the milky grain,
Glistening with drops of summer rain.—
Poor wretch! thy basket is bright to-day:
To-morrow the buds all wither away.
Then think thou thus;—and let it be
A lesson, thou broken heart, to thee;
"These would have been lovely and sweet in their time,
But they were pluck'd before their prime."

TO-MORROW, AND YESTERDAY.

SENT IN A LETTER TO A YOUNG SISTER-IN-LAW. 1820.

(MS.)

To-morrow and Yesterday, once on a time,
As each of them hung on an arm of To-day,
Are said to have quarrell'd—perhaps not in rhyme,
But an old Persian poet reported, they say.

Says Yesterday, "Sister, you promise so fair,
And things which you know you can never fulfil,
That I am reflected on everywhere,
As if I did nothing—or nothing but ill."

"Nay, sister," To-morrow says, "take back the ball,
Since mine's the misfortune, and yours is the guilt;
There's nobody now will believe me at all,
Because you have prov'd—you'll excuse me—a jilt."

"Sister, sister," quoth Yesterday, "you're a coquette,
And your aim is with each one to dazzle and shine;"
"You're a prude," quoth To-morrow, "and look with regret,
On your joys that are past, and would envy me mine."

"Be at peace," says To-day, "be at peace, pray ye do!
Since I am the suff'rer, so far as I see:
While flirting with you, dear, and wrang'ling with you,
There's no one will waste e'en a look upon me."

THE BEE-ORCHIS.

SENT TO HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.

(MS.)

ROMANTIC freak of nature, this!—
The bard, in lighter mind,
A moral metamorphosis
In thee might haply find.

I'd fancy that a vagrant bee,
Some sunny hour of spring,
Pale three-leaf'd flower! had lit on thee,
And staid his idle wing.

Upon thy honey all intent,
He pierc'd thy little cup;
And pierc'd again, as if he meant
To suck, and suck thee up;

When, fearing for a favourite flower,
The sylph of the parterre
Lifted her little wand of power,
And fix'd the rifler there.

Sad monument, for ever fix'd!
The Serious Muse shall deem:
(E'en with the garden may be mix'd
A sad and serious theme.)

The soul that fixes upon earth
Unsatisfied desires,
Forgetful of its heavenly birth,
And what that birth inspires,

That soul shall mourn itself too late,
Its winged nature gone;
Degraded from its higher state,
To that it feeds upon.

FUTURITY HIDDEN.

(MS.)

Oh, never let me know what Heaven
Hath wiselier hid from sight;
But walk content where light is given,
And rest me in the night;
Thankful for what He gives to view,
And thankful for the darkness too!

The path of life is set with snares,
Foreknowing cannot 'scape;
Sorrows, and deaths, and crazed cares,
In every hideous shape;
And who would thank th' unfriendly hand
That points us where those terrors stand?

Who, when the rose had op'd its bud
Upon his infant's cheek,
And eye, and pulse, and bounding blood
Of health and vigour speak;
Oh, who would see the fatal hour
Must rifle that so beauteous flower?

No! heavenly love in pity shrouds
Our pains awhile from view,
Curtains the future with its clouds;
Hope only may pierce through;
But leaves the past in open light,
And gives to memory perfect sight;—

That wise experience still may build
The schemes of future life;
And hope with fancied sunshine gild
A sky with tempests rife;
And heaven-born faith at both may smile,
And trust a gracious God the while;—

Trust Him, when foes are hard on thee,
When compass'd round with ill;—
Yea, if toward the raging sea
He lead thee, trust Him still;
And He shall make the troubled wave
A rampart, which thou thought'st a grave.

THE LAND THAT IS VERY FAR OFF.*

(MS.)

Oh, happy land above!
My soul would fain be there;
A land of life and love,
Unsullied with a tear.

Oh, happy men, whose toil
Hath gain'd those hills of light,
Put off this mortal coil,
For natures heavenly bright!

Their work on earth is wrought,
Their race of trial run,
The field of glory fought,
And, Oh! the battle won!

My soul would fain be there!—
To Him I've lov'd below,
To shining worlds (how fair,
No human heart may know),

From sighs and sorrowing,
From frail and feeble clay,
Oh, had I a dove's wing,
How quickly I'd away!

* Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

THE UNSEEN WORLD.

(MS.)

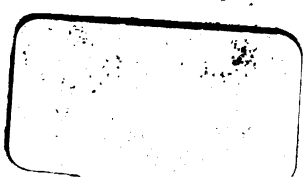
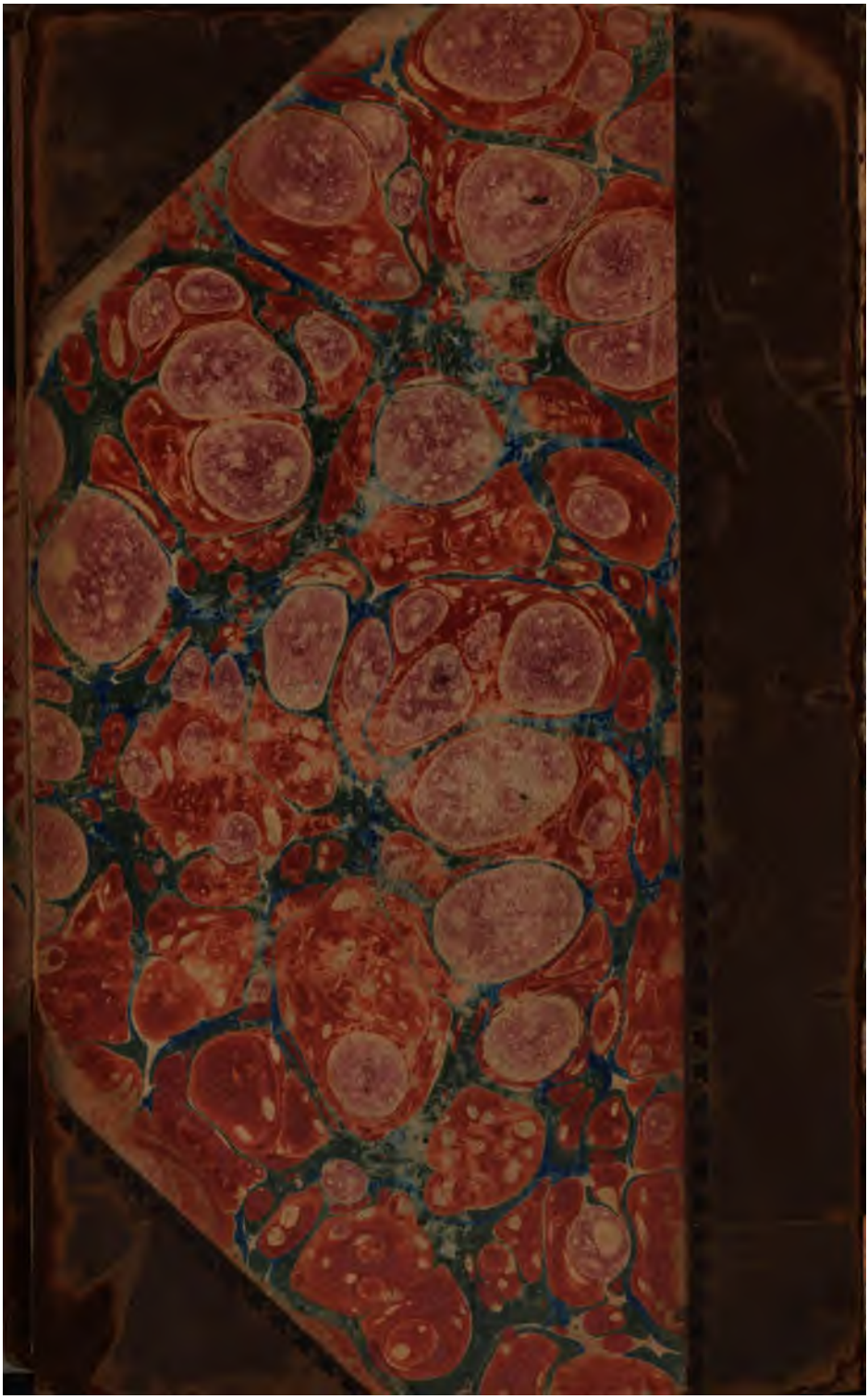
'Tis but a film of flesh divides
Us from the heav'nly place;
'Tis heaven to be where God resides,
And see Him face to face.

Our God is everywhere around;
But, while we sojourn here,
Thick mists from earth the sense confound,
And heaven may not appear.

But could we lay the body by,
And wash our eye-sight clean,
Then look into the boundless sky,
How different 'twould be seen!

What now is void and silent space,
Were full and vocal then;
Its 'habitants a heav'nly race,
Though once our brother-men:

Our brethren once, our brethren now,
Still knit in holy love;—
We praise and serve Him here below;
They praise and serve above.

THE END.

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